



LIBRARY

UNIVE OF  
CALI: . . . A  
SAN . . . GO

*Shelf*..... *Book 2079*

**D. L. DAVIS,**  
SALEM, OHIO.

PR

4795

A+

1857



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation





















# Poetical Works



BOSTON



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS HOOD.

---

BOSTON:  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

1857.



# CONTENTS.

---

## POEMS.

	PAGE
The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies .....	15
Hero and Leander .....	55
The Elm Tree: A Dream in the Woods .....	82
The Dream of Eugene Aram .....	98
The Haunted House: A Romance .....	106
The Bridge of Sighs .....	119
The Song of the Shirt .....	123
The Lady's Dream.....	126
The Workhouse Clock: An Allegory.....	129
The Lay of the Laborer.....	132
Fair Ines.....	135
The Departure of Summer .....	137
Ode: Autumn.....	142
Song, for Music.....	144
Ballad .....	145
Hymn to the Sun .....	146
Autumn.....	147
To a cold Beauty.....	147
Ruth .....	148
Ballad .....	149
I Remember, I Remember.....	150
Ballad .....	151
The Water Lady .....	152
To an Absentee.....	153
Song .....	154
Ode to the Moon.....	155
To —— .....	157
The Forsaken .....	158
Autumn .....	159
Ode to Melancholy.....	160

## Sonnets.

Written in a Volume of Shakspeare .....	164
To Fancy .....	164
To an Euthusiast .....	165
“ It is not death, that sometime in a sigh ” .....	165
“ By every sweet tradition of true hearts ” .....	166
On receiving a Gift .....	166
Silence .....	167
“ The curse of Adam, the old curse of all ” .....	167
“ Love, dearest lady, such as I would speak ” .....	168
The Lee Shore .....	168
The Death-Bed .....	169
Lines on seeing my Wife and two Children sleeping in the same Chamber .....	170
To my Daughter, on her Birthday .....	171
To a Child embracing his Mother .....	171
Stanzas .....	172
To a False Friend .....	173
The Poet's Portion .....	174
Time, Hope, and Memory .....	175
Song .....	175
Flowers .....	176
To —— .....	177
To —— .....	178
To —— .....	179
Serenade .....	179
Ballad .....	180
Sonnets.	
To the Ocean .....	180
Lear .....	181
Sonnet to a Sonnet .....	181
False Poets and True .....	182
To —— .....	182
For the Fourteenth of February .....	183
To a Sleeping Child .....	183
“ The world is with me, and its many cares ” .....	184

## HUMOROUS POEMS.

Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg .....	187
A Morning Thought .....	262
Love and Lunacy .....	263
Morning Meditations .....	289

A Tale of a Trumpet .....	291
No! .....	316
The Irish Schoolmaster .....	316
To —— .....	325
Love .....	326
The Season .....	327
Faithless Sally Brown: An Old Ballad .....	328
Bianca's Dream: A Venetian Story .....	330
Over the Way .....	339
Epicurean Reminiscences of a Sentimentalist .....	343
The Carelesse Nurse Mayd .....	345
Ode to Perry, the Inventor of the Patent Perryan Pen .....	346
Number One, versified from the Prose of a Young Lady .....	352
Lines on the Celebration of Peace .....	354
The Demon-Ship .....	355
Spring: A New Version .....	359
Faithless Nelly Gray: A Pathetic Ballad .....	361
The Flower .....	364
The Sea-Spell .....	364
A Sailor's Apology for Bow-Legs .....	369
The Bachelor's Dream .....	371
The Wee Man: A Romance .....	374
Death's Ramble .....	376
The Progress of Art .....	378
A Fairy Tale .....	382
The Turtles: A Fable .....	386
Love Lane .....	391
Domestic Poems.	
I. Hymeneal Retrospections .....	393
II. "The sun was slumbering in the west, my daily labors past" .....	394
III. A Parental Ode to my Son, aged three Years and five Months .....	395
IV. A Serenade .....	397
A Plain Direction .....	398
Equestrian Courtship .....	401
An Open Question .....	402
A Black Job .....	407
Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire .....	415
A Table of Errata .....	430
A Row at the Oxford Arms .....	434
Etching Moralized: To a Noble Lady .....	441
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy .....	449

A Retrospective Review .....	453
Fugitive Lines on Pawning my Watch .....	456
The Broken Dish.....	458
Ode to Peace: written on the Night of my Mistress's Grand Rout.....	459
Pompey's Ghost: A Pathetic Ballad.....	461
Ode to Dr. Hahnemann, the Homœopathist .....	464
Ode for St. Cecilia's Eve.....	469
The Lost Heir.....	475
Those Evening Bells.....	480

THE PLEA  
OF  
THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

## TO CHARLES LAMB.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I thank my literary fortune that I am not reduced, like many better wits, to barter dedications, for the hope or promise of patronage, with some nominally great man; but that where true affection points, and honest respect, I am free to gratify my head and heart by a sincere inscription. An intimacy and dear-ness, worthy of a much earlier date than our acquaintance can refer to, direct me at once to your name; and with this acknowledgment of your ever kind feeling towards me, I desire to record a respect and admiration for you as a writer, which no one acquainted with our literature, save Elia himself, will think disproportionate or misplaced. If I had not these better reasons to govern me, I should be guided to the same selection by your intense yet critical relish for the works of our great Dramatist, and for that favorite play in particular which has furnished the subject of my verses.

It is my design, in the following Poem, to celebrate by an allegory that immortality which Shakspeare has conferred on the Fairy mythology by his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But for him, those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years; they belong, as the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of Time: but the Poet has made this most perishable part of the mind's creation equal to the most enduring; he has so intertwined the Elfin with human sympathies, and linked them by so many delightful associations with the productions of nature, that they are as real to the mind's eye as their green magical circles to the outer sense.

It would have been a pity for such a race to go extinct, even though they were but as the butterflies that hover about the leaves and blossoms of the visible world.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours, most truly,

T. HOOD.

THE PLEA OF  
THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

---

'Twas in that mellow season of the year  
When the hot Sun sings the yellow leaves  
Till they be gold, and with a broader sphere  
The Moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves ;  
When more abundantly the spider weaves,  
And the cold wind breathes from a chillier clime ;  
That forth I fared, on one of those still eves,  
Touched with the dewy sadness of the time,  
To think how the bright months had spent their prime.

So that, wherever I addressed my way,  
I seemed to track the melancholy feet  
Of him that is the Father of Decay,  
And spoils at once the sour weed and the sweet ; —  
Wherefore regretfully I made retreat  
To some unwasted regions of my brain,  
Charmed with the light of summer and the heat,  
And bade that bounteous season bloom again,  
And sprout fresh flowers in mine own domain.

It was a shady and sequestered scene,  
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,  
Planted with his own laurels ever green,

And roses that for endless summer blow ;  
And there were fountain springs to overflow  
Their marble basins ; and cool green arcades  
Of tall o'erarching sycamores, to throw  
Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades ;  
With timid conies cropping the green blades.

And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish,  
Argent and gold ; and some of Tyrian skin,  
Some crimson-barred ; — and ever at a wish  
They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin  
As glass upon their backs, and then dived in,  
Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom ;  
Whilst others with fresh hues rowed forth to win  
My changeable regard, — for so we doom  
Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

And there were many birds of many dyes,  
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,  
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,  
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,  
Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,  
Besides some vocalists, without a name,  
That oft on fairy errands come and go,  
With accents magical ; — and all were tame,  
And peckéd at my hand where'er I came.

And for my sylvan company, in lieu  
Of Pampinea with her lively peers,  
Sate Queen Titania with her pretty crew,  
All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears ;  
For she was gracious to my childish years,  
And made me free of her enchanted round ;  
Wherefore this dreamy scene she still endears,

And plants her court upon a verdant mound,  
Fenced with umbrageous woods and groves profound.

“Ah, me,” she cries, “was ever moonlight seen  
So clear and tender for our midnight trips?  
Go some one forth, and with a trump convene  
My lieges all!” — Away the goblin skips  
A pace or two apart, and deftly strips  
The ruddy skin from a sweet rose’s cheek,  
Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips,  
Making it utter forth a shrill small shriek,  
Like a frayed bird in the gray owl’s beak.

And, lo! upon my fixed delighted ken  
Appeared the loyal Fays. Some by degrees  
Crept from the primrose buds that opened then,  
And some from bell-shaped blossoms like the bees,  
Some from the dewy meads, and rushy leas,  
Flew up like chafers when the rustics pass;  
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees  
Dropped, like shed blossoms, silent to the grass,  
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antie,  
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;  
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,  
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,  
Fresh dripping from a cloud — some bloomy rain,  
Then circling the bright Moon, had washed her car,  
And still bedewed it with a various stain:  
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,  
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

But Oberon, that night elsewhere exiled,  
Was absent, whether some distempered spleen

Kept him and his fair mate unreconciled,  
Or warfare with the Gnome (whose race had been  
Sometimes obnoxious) kept him from his queen,  
And made her now peruse the starry skies  
Prophetical with such an absent mien ;  
Howbeit, the tears stole often to her eyes,  
And oft the Moon was incensed with her sighs —

Which made the elves sport drearily, and soon  
Their hushing dances languished to a stand,  
Like midnight leaves when, as the Zephyrs swoon,  
All on their drooping stems they sink unfanned, —  
So into silence drooped the fairy band,  
To see their empress dear so pale and still,  
Crowding her softly round on either hand,  
As pale as frosty snowdrops, and as chill,  
To whom the sceptred dame reveals her ill.

“ Alas ! ” quoth she, “ ye know our fairy lives  
Are leased upon the fickle faith of men ;  
Not measured out against fate’s mortal knives  
Like human gossamers, we perish when  
We fade, and are forgot in worldly ken, —  
Though poesy has thus prolonged our date,  
Thanks be to the sweet Bard’s auspicious pen  
That rescued us so long ! — howbeit of late  
I feel some dark misgivings of our fate.

“ And this dull day my melancholy sleep  
Hath been so thronged with images of woe,  
That even now I cannot choose but weep  
To think this was some sad prophetic show  
Of future horror to befall us so, —  
Of mortal wreck and uttermost distress, —

Yea, our poor empire's fall and overthrow, —  
For this was my long vision's dreadful stress,  
And when I waked my trouble was not less.

“Whenever to the clouds I tried to seek,  
Such leaden weight dragged these Icarian wings,  
My faithless wand was wavering and weak,  
And slimy toads had trespassed in our rings —  
The birds refused to sing for me — all things  
Disowned their old allegiance to our spells;  
The rude bees pricked me with their rebel stings;  
And, when I passed, the valley-lily's bells  
Rang out, methought, most melancholy knells.

“And ever on the faint and flagging air  
A doleful spirit with a dreary note  
Cried in my fearful ear, ‘Prepare! prepare!’  
Which soon I knew came from a raven's throat,  
Perched on a cypress bough not far remote, —  
A curséd bird, too crafty to be shot,  
That alway cometh with his soot-black coat  
To make hearts dreary: for he is a blot  
Upon the book of life, as well ye wot! —

“Wherefore some while I bribed him to be mute,  
With bitter acorns stuffing his foul maw,  
Which barely I appeased, when some fresh bruit  
Startled me all aheap! — and soon I saw  
The horridest shape that ever raised my awe, —  
A monstrous giant, very huge and tall,  
Such as in elder times, devoid of law,  
With wicked might grieved the primeval ball,  
And this was sure the deadliest of them all!

“ Gaunt was he as a wolf of Languedoc,  
With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown ;  
So from his barren poll one hoary lock  
Over his wrinkled front fell far adown,  
Well nigh to where his frosty brows did frown  
Like jagged icicles at cottage eaves ;  
And for his coronal he wore some brown  
And bristled ears gathered from Ceres’ sheaves,  
Entwined with certain sere and russet leaves.

“ And, lo ! upon a mast reared far aloft,  
He bore a very bright and crescent blade,  
The which he waved so dreadfully, and oft,  
In meditative spite, that, sore dismayed,  
I crept into an acorn cup for shade ;  
Meanwhile the horrid effigy went by :  
I trow his look was dreadful, for it made  
The trembling birds betake them to the sky,  
For every leaf was lifted by his sigh.

“ And ever, as he sighed, his foggy breath  
Blurred out the landscape like a flight of smoke :  
Thence knew I this was either dreary Death  
Or Time, who leads all creatures to his stroke.  
Ah, wretched me ! ” — Here, even as she spoke,  
The melancholy Shape came gliding in,  
And leaned his back against an antique oak,  
Folding his wings, that were so fine and thin,  
They scarce were seen against the Dryad’s skin.

Then what a fear seized all the little rout !  
Look how a flock of panicked sheep will stare —  
And huddle close — and start — and wheel about,  
Watching the roaming mongrel here and there, —

So did that sudden Apparition scare  
All close ahead those small affrighted things;  
Nor sought they now the safety of the air,  
As if some leaden spell withheld their wings;  
But who can fly that ancientest of Kings?

Whom now the Queen, with a forestalling tear  
And previous sigh, beginneth to entreat,  
Bidding him spare, for love, her lieges dear:  
“Alas!” quoth she, “is there no nodding wheat  
Ripe for thy crooked weapon, and more meet,—  
Or withered leaves to ravish from the tree,—  
Or crumbling battlements for thy defeat?  
Think but what vaunting monuments there be  
Buildd in spite and mockery of thee.

“O, fret away the fabric walls of Fame,  
And grind down marble Cæsars with the dust:  
Make tombs inscriptionless—raze each high name,  
And waste old armors of renown with rust:  
Do all of this, and thy revenge is just:  
Make such decays the trophies of thy prime,  
And check Ambition’s overweening lust,  
That dares exterminating war with Time,—  
But we are guiltless of that lofty crime.

“Frail, feeble sprites!—the children of a dream!  
Leased on the sufferance of fickle men,  
Like notes dependent on the sunny beam,  
Living but in the sun’s indulgent ken,  
And when that light withdraws, withdrawing then;  
So do we flutter in the glance of youth  
And fervid fancy,—and so perish when  
The eye of faith grows aged;—in sad truth,  
Feeling thy sway, O Time! though not thy tooth!

“Where be those old divinities forlorn  
That dwelt in trees, or haunted in a stream?  
Alas! their memories are dimmed and torn,  
Like the remainder tatters of a dream;  
So will it fare with our poor thrones, I deem;—  
For us the same dark trench Oblivion delves,  
That holds the wastes of every human scheme.  
O, spare us then, — and these, our pretty elves.  
We soon, alas! shall perish of ourselves!”

Now as she ended, with a sigh, to name  
Those old Olympians, scattered by the whirl  
Of fortune's giddy wheel, and brought to shame,  
Methought a scornful and malignant curl  
Showed on the lips of that malicious churl,  
To think what noble havocs he had made:  
So that I feared he all at once would hurl  
The harmless fairies into endless shade, —  
Howbeit he stopped a while to whet his blade.

Pity it was to hear the elfins' wail  
Rise up in concert from their mingled dread;  
Pity it was to see them, all so pale,  
Gaze on the grass, as for a dying bed;—  
But Puck was seated on a spider's thread,  
That hung between two branches of a brier,  
And 'gan to swing and gambol heels o'er head,  
Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,  
For him no present grief could long inspire.

Meanwhile the Queen, with many piteous drops,  
Falling like tiny sparks full fast and free,  
Bedews a pathway from her throne; — and stops  
Before the foot of her arch enemy,  
And with her little arms enfolds his knee,

That shows more gristly from that fair embrace ;  
 But she will ne'er depart. "Alas!" quoth she,  
 "My painful fingers I will here enlace,  
 Till I have gained your pity for our race.

"What have we ever done to earn this grudge  
 And hate — (if not too humble for thy hating?) —  
 Look o'er our labors and our lives, and judge  
 If there be any ills of our creating ;  
 For we are very kindly creatures, dating  
 With nature's charities still sweet and bland : —  
 O, think this murder worthy of debating!" —  
 Herewith she makes a signal with her hand,  
 To beckon some one from the Fairy band.

Anon I saw one of those elfin things,  
 Clad all in white, like any ehorister,  
 Come fluttering forth on his melodious wings,  
 That made soft music at each little stir,  
 But something louder than a bee's demur  
 Before he lights upon a bunch of broom,  
 And thus 'gan he with Saturn to confer, —  
 And, O, his voice was sweet, touched with the gloom  
 Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

Quoth he, "We make all melodies our care,  
 That no false discords may offend the Sun,  
 Music's great master — tuning every where  
 All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one  
 Duly to place and season, so that none  
 May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn  
 The shrill, sweet lark ; and when the day is done,  
 Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,  
 That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

“We gather in loud choirs the twittering race,  
That make a chorus with their single note ;  
And tend on new-fledged birds in every place,  
That duly they may get their tunes by rote ;  
And oft, like echoes, answering remote,  
We hide in thickets from the feathered throng,  
And strain in rivalship each throbbing throat,  
Singing in shrill responses all day long,  
Whilst the glad truant listens to our song.

“Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou dost love  
The raining music from a morning cloud,  
When vanished larks are carolling above,  
To wake Apollo with their pipings loud ; —  
If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud  
The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,  
Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,  
And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell  
Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel.”

Then Saturn thus : “Sweet is the merry lark,  
That carols in man's ear so clear and strong ;  
And youth must love to listen in the dark  
That tuneful elegy of Tereus' wrong ;  
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,  
For sweet is sweet but when a little strange,  
And I grow weary for some newer song ;  
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range  
Through all things mutable from change to change ?

“But wouldst thou hear the melodies of Time,  
Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll  
Over hushed cities, and the midnight chime  
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll  
Like a last knell over the dead world's soul,

Saying, Time shall be final of all things,  
Whose late, last voice must elegize the whole, —  
O, then I clap aloft my brave, broad wings,  
And make the wide air tremble while it rings !”

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,  
Saying, “ We be the handmaids of the Spring,  
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,  
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.  
We tend upon buds’ birth and blossoming,  
And count the leafy tributes that they owe —  
As, so much to the earth — so much to fling  
In showers to the brook — so much to go  
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow.

“ The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,  
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green ;  
Pansies, and those veiled nuns, meek violets,  
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen ;  
And golden daffodils, plucked for May’s Queen ;  
And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath ;  
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,  
Whose tuneful voice, turned fragrance in his breath,  
Kissed by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

“ The widowed primrose weeping to the moon,  
And saffron crocus, in whose chalice bright  
A cool libation hoarded for the noon  
Is kept — and she that purifies the light,  
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,  
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame ;  
And the most dainty rose, Aurora’s spright,  
Our every godchild, by whatever name —  
Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same !”

Then that old Mower stamped his heel, and struck  
His hurtful scythe against the harmless ground,  
Saying, "Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck  
With gaudy buds, or like a wooer crowned  
With flowery chaplets, save when they are found  
Withered? — Whenever have I plucked a rose,  
Except to scatter its vain leaves around?  
For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,  
And bring decay on every flower that blows.

"Or when am I so wroth as when I view  
The wanton pride of Summer; — how she decks  
The birthday world with blossoms ever new,  
As if Time had not lived, and heaped great wrecks  
Of years on years? — O, then I bravely vex  
And catch the gay Months in their gaudy plight,  
And slay them with the wreaths about their necks,  
Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,  
And raise great trophies to my ancient might!"

Then saith another, "We are kindly things,  
And like her offspring nestle with the dove, —  
Witness these hearts embroidered on our wings,  
To show our constant patronage of love: —  
We sit at even, in sweet bowers above  
Lovers, and shake rich odors on the air,  
To mingle with their sighs; and still remove  
The startling owl, and bid the bat forbear  
Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

"And we are near the mother when she sits  
Beside her infant in its wicker bed;  
And we are in the fairy scene that flits  
Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,  
And whilst the tender little soul is fled

Away, to sport with our young elves, the while  
 We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,  
 And tickle the soft lips until they smile,  
 So that their careful parents they beguile.

“O, then, if ever thou hast breathed a vow  
 At Love’s dear portal, or at pale moon-rise  
 Crushed the dear curl on a regardful brow  
 That did not frown thee from thy honey prize —  
 If ever thy sweet son sat on thy thighs,  
 And wooed thee from thy careful thoughts within  
 To watch the harmless beauty of his eyes,  
 Or glad thy fingers on his smooth, soft skin,  
 For love’s dear sake, let us thy pity win!”

Then Saturn fiercely thus : “What joy have I  
 In tender babes, that have devoured mine own,  
 Whenever to the light I heard them cry,  
 Till foolish Rhea cheated me with stone?  
 Whereon, till now, is my great hunger shown,  
 In monstrous dints of my enormous tooth ;  
 And, — but the peopled world is too full grown  
 For hunger’s edge, — I would consume all youth  
 At one great meal, without delay or ruth !

“For I am well-nigh crazed and wild to hear  
 How boastful fathers taunt me with their breed,  
 Saying, ‘We shall not die nor disappear,  
 But in these other selves ourselves succeed,  
 Even as ripe flowers pass into their seed  
 Only to be renewed from prime to prime,’  
 All of which boastings I am forced to read,  
 Besides a thousand challenges to Time  
 Which bragging lovers have compiled in rhyme.

“Wherefore, when they are sweetly met o’ nights,  
There will I steal, and with my hurried hand  
Startle them suddenly from their delights  
Before their next encounter hath been planned,  
Ravishing hours in little minutes spanned ;  
But when they say farewell, and grieve apart,  
Then like a leaden statue I will stand,  
Meanwhile their many tears incrust my dart,  
And with a ragged edge cut heart from heart.”

Then next a merry Woodsman, clad in green,  
Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood  
Each at his proper ease, as they had been  
Nursed in the liberty of old Shérwood,  
And wore the livery of Robin Hood,  
Who wont in forest shades to dine and sup, —  
So came this chief right frankly, and made good  
His haunch against his axe, and thus spoke up,  
Doffing his cap, which was an acorn’s cup :

“We be small foresters and gay, who tend  
On trees and all their furniture of green,  
Training the young boughs airily to hend,  
And show blue snatches of the sky between ;  
Or knit more close intricacies, to screen  
Birds’ crafty dwellings, as may hide them best,  
But most the timid blackbird’s — she, that seen,  
Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,  
Lest man should cage the darlings of her breast.

“We bend each tree in proper attitude,  
And founting willows train in silvery falls ;  
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,  
And verdant aisles leading to Dryads’ halls,  
Or deep recesses where the Echo calls ; —

We shapè all plumy trees against the sky,  
 And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals, —  
 When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,  
 Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh.

“ Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,  
 And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,  
 That haply some lone musing wight may spell  
 Dainty Aminta, — gentle Rosalind, —  
 Or chastest Laura, — sweetly called to mind  
 In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ; —  
 And sometimes we enrich gray stems, with twined  
 And vagrant ivy, — or rich moss, whose brown  
 Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.

“ And, lastly, for mirth's sake and Christmas cheer,  
 We bear the seedling berries, for increase,  
 To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year,  
 Careful that mistletoe may never cease ; —  
 Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace  
 Of sombre forests, or to see light break  
 Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release  
 Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ake,  
 Spare us our lives for the Green Dryad's sake.”

Then Saturn, with a frown : “ Go forth, and fell  
 Oak for your coffins, and thenceforth lay by  
 Your axes for the rust, and bid farewell  
 To all sweet birds, and the blue peeps of sky  
 Through tangled branches, for ye shall not spy  
 The next green generation of the tree ;  
 But hence with the dead leaves, whene'er they fly,  
 Which in the bleak air I would rather see,  
 Than flights of the most tuneful birds that be.

“For I dislike all prime, and verdant pets,  
 Ivy except, that on the aged wall  
 Preys with its worm-like roots, and daily frets  
 The erumbled tower it seems to league withal,  
 King-like, worn down by its own coronal : —  
 Neither in forest haunts love I to won,  
 Before the golden plumage 'gins to fall,  
 And leaves the brown bleak limbs with few leaves on,  
 Or bare — like Nature in her skeleton.

“For then sit I amongst the erooked boughs,  
 Wooing dull Memory with kindred sighs ;  
 And there in rustling nuptials we espouse,  
 Smit by the sadness in each other's eyes ; —  
 But Hope must have green bowers and blue skies,  
 And must be courted with the gauds of spring ;  
 Whilst Youth leans godlike on her lap, and cries,  
 What shall we always do, but love and sing ? —  
 And Time is reekoned a discarded thing.”

Here in my dream it made me fret to see  
 How Puck, the antic, all this dreary while  
 Had blithely jested with ealamity,  
 With mistimed mirth mocking the doleful style  
 Of his sad comrades, till it raised my bile  
 To see him so reflect their grief aside,  
 Turning their solemn looks to half a smile —  
 Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide ; —  
 But soon a novel advocate I spied.

Quoth he, “We teach all natures to fulfil  
 Their fore-appointed crafts, and instincts meet, —  
 The bee's sweet alchemy, — the spider's skill, —  
 The pismire's care to garner up his wheat, —  
 And rustic masonry to swallows fleet, —

The lapwing's cunning to preserve her nest, —  
But most that lesser pelican, the sweet  
And shrilly ruddock, with its bleeding breast,  
Its tender pity of poor babes distrest.

“ Sometimes we cast our shapes, and in sleek skins  
Delve with the timid mole, that aptly delves  
From our example ; so the spider spins,  
And eke the silk-worm, patterned by ourselves :  
Sometimes we travail on the summer shelves  
Of early bees, and busy toils commence,  
Watched of wise men, that know not we are elves,  
But gaze and marvel at our stretch of sense,  
And praise our human-like intelligence.

“ Wherefore, by thy delight in that old tale,  
And plaintive dirges the late robins sing,  
What time the leaves are scattered by the gale,  
Mindful of that old forest burying ; —  
As thou dost love to watch each tiny thing,  
For whom our craft most curiously contrives,  
If thou hast caught a bee upon the wing,  
To take his honey-bag, — spare us our lives,  
And we will pay the ransom in full hives.”

“ Now by my glass,” quoth Time, “ ye do offend  
In teaching the brown bees that careful lore,  
And frugal ants, whose millions would have end,  
But they lay up for need a timely store,  
And travail with the seasons evermore ;  
Whereas Great Mammoth long hath passed away,  
And none but I can tell what hide he wore ;  
Whilst purblind men, the creatures of a day,  
In riddling wonder his great bones survey.”

Then came an elf, right beauteous to behold,  
Whose coat was like a brooklet that the sun  
Hath all embroidered with its crooked gold,  
It was so quaintly wrought and overrun  
With spangled traceries, — most meet for one  
That was a warden of the pearly streams; —  
And as he stept out of the shadows dun,  
His jewels sparkled in the pale moon's gleams,  
And shot into the air their pointed beams.

Quoth he, “ We bear the gold and silver keys  
Of bubbling springs and fountains, that below  
Course through the veiny earth,—which, when they freeze  
Into hard chrysolites, we bid to flow,  
Creeping like subtle snakes, when, as they go,  
We guide their windings to melodious falls,  
At whose soft murmurings so sweet and low  
Poets have turned their smoothest madrigals,  
To sing to ladies in their banquet-halls.

“ And when the hot sun with his steadfast heat  
Parches the river god, — whose dusty urn  
Drips miserly, till soon his crystal feet  
Against his pebbly floor wax faint and burn,  
And languid fish, unpoised, grow sick and yearn, —  
Then scoop we hollows in some sandy nook,  
And little channels dig, wherein we turn  
The thread-worn rivulet, that all forsook  
The Naiad-lily, pining for her brook.

“ Wherefore, by thy delight in cool green meads,  
With living sapphires daintily inlaid, —  
In all soft songs of waters and their reeds, —  
And all reflections in a streamlet made,  
Haply of thy own love, that, disarrayed,

Kills the fair lily with a livelier white, —  
By silver trouts upspringing from green shade,  
And winking stars reduplicate at night,  
Spare us, poor ministers, to such delight.”

Howbeit his pleading and his gentle looks  
Moved not the spiteful Shade : — Quoth he, “ Your taste  
Shoots wide of mine, for I despise the brooks  
And slavish rivulets that run to waste  
In noontide sweats, or, like poor vassals, haste  
To swell the vast dominion of the sea.  
In whose great presence I am held disgraced,  
And neighbored with a king that rivals me  
In ancient might and hoary majesty.

“ Whereas I ruled in chaos, and still keep  
The awful secrets of that ancient dearth,  
Before the briny fountains of the deep  
Brimmed up the hollow cavities of earth ; —  
I saw each trickling Sea-God at his birth,  
Each pearly Naiad with her oozy locks,  
And infant Titans of enormous girth,  
Whose huge young feet yet stumbled on the rocks,  
Stunning the early world with frequent shocks.

“ Where now is Titan, with his cumbrous brood,  
That scared the world ? — By this sharp scythe they fell,  
And half the sky was curdled with their blood :  
So have all primal giants sighed farewell.  
No Wardens now by sedgy fountains dwell,  
Nor pearly Naiads. All their days are done  
That strove with Time, untimely, to excel ;  
Wherefore I razed their progenies, and none  
But my great shadow intercepts the sun ! ”

Then saith the timid Fay, "O, mighty Time!  
 Well hast thou wrought the cruel Titans' fall,  
 For they were stained with many a bloody crime:  
 Great giants work great wrongs, — but we are small,  
 For Love goes lowly; — but Oppression's tall,  
 And with surpassing strides goes foremost still  
 Where Love indeed can hardly reach at all;  
 Like a poor dwarf o'erburthened with good will,  
 That labors to efface the tracks of ill.

"Man even strives with Man, but we eschew  
 The guilty feud, and all fierce strifes abhor;  
 Nay, we are gentle as sweet heaven's dew,  
 Beside the red and horrid drops of war,  
 Weeping the cruel hates men battle for,  
 Which worldly bosoms nourish in our spite:  
 For in the gentle breast we ne'er withdraw,  
 But only when all love hath taken flight,  
 And youth's warm gracious heart is hardened quite.

"So are our gentle natures intertwined  
 With sweet humanities, and closely knit  
 In kindly sympathy with human kind.  
 Witness how we befriend, with elfin-wit,  
 All hopeless maids and lovers, — nor omit  
 Magical succors unto hearts forlorn: —  
 We charm man's life, and do not perish it; —  
 So judge us by the helps we showed this morn  
 To one who held his wretched days in scorn.

"'Twas nigh sweet Amwell; — for the Queen had tasked  
 Our skill to-day amidst the silver Lea,  
 Whereon the noontide sun had not yet basked;  
 Wherefore some patient man we thought to see,  
 Planted in moss-grown rushes to the knee,

Beside the cloudy margin cold and dim ; —  
Howbeit no patient fishermen was he  
That cast his sudden shadow from the brim,  
Making us leave our toils to gaze on him.

“ His face was ashy pale, and leaden care  
Had sunk the levelled arches of his brow,  
Once bridges for his joyous thoughts to fare  
Over those melancholy springs and slow,  
That from his piteous eyes began to flow,  
And fell anon into the chilly stream ;  
Which, as his mimicked image showed below,  
Wrinkled his face with many a needless seam,  
Making grief sadder in its own esteem.

“ And, lo ! upon the air we saw him stretch  
His passionate arms ; and, in a wayward strain,  
He 'gan to elegize that fellow-wretch  
That with mute gestures answered him again,  
Saying, ‘ Poor slave, how long wilt thou remain  
Life's sad weak captive in a prison strong,  
Hoping with tears to rust away thy chain,  
In bitter servitude to worldly wrong ? —  
Thou wear'st that mortal livery too long ! ’

“ This, with mere spleenful speeches and some tears,  
When he had spent upon the imaged wave,  
Speedily I convened my elfin peers  
Under the lily-cups, that we might save  
This woful mortal from a wilful grave  
By shrewd diversions of his mind's regret,  
Seeing he was mere Melancholy's slave,  
That sank wherever a dark cloud he met,  
And straight was tangled in her secret net.

“Therefore, as still he watched the water’s flow,  
 Daintily we transformed, and with bright fins  
 Came glancing through the gloom; some from below  
 Rose like dim fancies when a dream begins,  
 Snatching the light upon their purple skins;  
 Then under the broad leaves made slow retire;  
 One like a golden galley bravely wins  
 Its radiant course, — another glows like fire, —  
 Making that wayward man our pranks admire.

“And so he banished thought, and quite forgot  
 All contemplation of that wretched face;  
 And so we wiled him from that lonely spot  
 Along the river’s brink; till, by Heaven’s grace,  
 He met a gentle haunter of the place,  
 Full of sweet wisdom gathered from the brooks,  
 Who there discussed his melancholy case  
 With wholesome texts learned from kind Nature’s books,  
 Meanwhile he newly trimmed his lines and hooks.”

Herewith the Fairy ceased. Quoth Ariel now —

“Let me remember how I saved a man,  
 Whose fatal noose was fastened on a bough,  
 Intended to abridge his sad life’s span;  
 For haply I was by when he began  
 His stern soliloquy in life’s dispraise,  
 And overheard his melancholy plan,  
 How he had made a vow to end his days,  
 And therefore followed him in all his ways,

“Through brake and tangled copse, for much he loathed  
 All populous haunts, and roamed in forests rude,  
 To hide himself from man. But I had clothed  
 My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued  
 Where only foxes and wild cats intrude,

Till we were come beside an ancient tree  
Late blasted by a storm. Here he renewed  
His loud complaints, — choosing that spot to be  
The scene of his last horrid tragedy.

“It was a wild and melancholy glen,  
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,  
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,  
Pushed through the rotten sod for fear’s remark ;  
A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,  
Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,  
Besides sleek ashes, with their dappled bark,  
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,  
With many blasted oaks, moss-grown and gray.

“But here upon this final desperate clause  
Suddenly I pronounced so sweet a strain,  
Like a panged nightingale it made him pause,  
Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,  
The sad remainder oozing from his brain  
In timely ecstasies of healing tears,  
Which through his ardent eyes began to drain ; —  
Meanwhile the deadly fates unclosed their shears : —  
So pity me and all my fated peers !”

Thus Ariel ended, and was some time hushed :  
When with the hoary shape a fresh tongue pleads,  
And red as rose the gentle Fairy blushed  
To read the record of her own good deeds : —  
“It chanced,” quoth she, “in seeking through the meads  
For honeyed cowslips, sweetest in the morn,  
Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy beads,  
And Echo answered to the huntsman’s horn,  
We found a babe left in the swaths forlorn.

“A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,  
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting ;  
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring ;  
And too soon banished from a mother’s petting,  
To churlish nurture and the wide world’s fretting,  
For alien pity and unnatural care ; —  
Alas ! to see how the cold dew kept wetting  
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,  
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

“His pretty, pouting mouth, witless of speech,  
Lay half-way open, like a rose-lipped shell ;  
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,  
Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,  
But quickly rolled themselves to pearls, and fell,  
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,  
Or haply wandered to the dimpled well,  
Which love beside his mouth had sweetly planned,  
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

“Pity it was to see those frequent tears  
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes ;  
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,  
As any mother’s heart might leap to prize ;  
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies  
Softened betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild ; —  
Just touched with thought, and yet not over wise,  
They showed the gentle spirit of a child,  
Not yet by care or any craft defiled.

“Pity it was to see the ardent sun  
Scorching his helpless limbs — it shone so warm ;  
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,  
Nor mother’s gentle breast, come fair or storm.  
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform

Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly cries,  
 All round the infant noisily we swarm,  
 Haply some passing rustic to advise —  
 Whilst providential Heaven our care espies,

“ And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,  
 Who, wondering at our loud, unusual note,  
 Strays curiously aside, and so doth find  
 The orphan child laid in the grass remote,  
 And laps the foundling in his russet coat,  
 Who thence was nurtured in his kindly cot : —  
 But how he prospered let proud London quote,  
 How wise, how rich, and how renowned he got,  
 And chief of all her citizens, I wot.

“ Witness his goodly vessels on the Thames,  
 Whose holds were fraught with costly merchandise, —  
 Jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly dames,  
 And gorgeous silks that Samarcand supplies :  
 Witness that Royal Bourse he bade arise,  
 The mart of merchants from the East and West ;  
 Whose slender summit, pointing to the skies,  
 Still bears, in token of his grateful breast,  
 The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest —

“ The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest,  
 That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,  
 Makes merry chirpings in its grassy nest,  
 Inspired with dew to leap and sing : —  
 So let us also live, eternal King !  
 Partakers of the green and pleasant earth : —  
 Pity it is to slay the meanest thing  
 That, like a mote, shines in the smile of mirth : —  
 Enough there is of joy's decrease and dearth !

“ Enough of pleasure, and delight, and beauty,  
Perished and gone, and hasting to decay ; —  
Enough to sadden even thee, whose duty  
Or spite it is to havoe and to slay :  
Too many a lovely race, razed quite away,  
Hath left large gaps in life and human loving : —  
Here then begin thy cruel war to stay,  
And spare fresh sighs, and tears, and groans, reproving  
Thy desolating hand for our removing.”

Now here I heard a shrill and sudden cry,  
And looking up, I saw the antic Puck  
Grappling with Time, who clutched him like a fly,  
Victim of his own sport, — the jester’s luck !  
He, whilst his fellows grieved, poor wight, had stuck  
His freakish gauds upon the Ancient’s brow,  
And now his ear, and now his beard, would pluck ;  
Whereas the angry churl had snatched him now,  
Crying, “ Thou impish mischief, who art thou ? ”

“ Alas ! ” quoth Puck, “ a little random elf,  
Born in the sport of nature, like a weed,  
For simple, sweet enjoyment of myself,  
But for no other purpose, worth, or need ;  
And yet withal of a most happy breed ;  
And there is Robin Goodfellow besides,  
My partner dear in many a prankish deed  
To make dame Laughter hold her jolly sides,  
Like merry mummers twain on holy tides.

“ ’Tis we that bob the angler’s idle cork,  
Till even the patient man breathes half a curse ;  
We steal the morsel from the gossip’s fork,  
And curdling looks with secret straws disperse,  
Or stop the sneezing chanter at mid verse :

And when an infant's beauty prospers ill,  
 We change, some mothers say, the child at nurse ;  
 But any graver purpose to fulfil,  
 We have not wit enough, and scarce the will.

“ We never let the canker melancholy  
 To gather on our faces like a rust,  
 But gloss our features with some change of folly,  
 Taking life's fabled miseries on trust,  
 But only sorrowing when sorrow must :  
 We ruminatè no sage's solemn cud,  
 But own ourselves a pinch of lively dust  
 To frisk upon a wind, — whereas the flood  
 Of tears would turn us into heavy mud.

“ Beshrew those sad interpreters of nature,  
 Who gloze her lively, universal law,  
 As-if she had not formed our cheerful feature  
 To be so tickled with the slightest straw !  
 So let them vex their mumping mouths, and draw  
 The corners downward, like a watery moon,  
 And deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw —  
 We will not woo foul weather all too soon,  
 Or nurse November on the lap of June.

“ For ours are winging sprites, like any bird,  
 That shun all stagnant settlements of grief ;  
 And even in our rest our hearts are stirred,  
 Like insects settled on a dancing leaf : —  
 This is our small philosophy in brief,  
 Which thus to teach hath set me all agape :  
 But dost thou relish it ? O, hoary chief !  
 Unclasp thy crooked fingers from my nape,  
 And I will show thee many a pleasant scrape.”

Then Saturn thus : — shaking his crooked blade  
O'erhead, which made aloft a lightning flash  
In all the fairies' eyes, dismally frayed !  
His ensuing voice came like the thunder crash —  
Meanwhile the bolt shatters some pine or ash —  
“Thou feeble, wanton, foolish, fickle thing !  
Whom nought can frighten, sadden, or abash, —  
To hope my solemn countenance to wring  
To idiot smiles ! — but I will prune thy wing !

“Lo ! this most awful handle of my scythe  
Stood once a May-pole, with a flowery crown,  
Which rustics danced around, and maidens blithe,  
To wanton pipings ; — but I plucked it down,  
And robed the May Queen in a church-yard gown,  
Turning her buds to rosemary and rue ;  
And all their merry minstrelsy did drown,  
And laid each lusty leaper in the dew ; —  
So thou shalt fare — and every jovial crew !”

Here he lets go the struggling imp, to clutch  
His mortal engine with each grisly hand,  
Which frights the elfin progeny so much,  
They huddle in a heap, and trembling stand  
All round Titania, like the queen bee's band,  
With sighs and tears and very shrieks of woe ! —  
Meanwhile, some moving argument I planned,  
To make the stern Shade merciful, — when, lo !  
He drops his fatal scythe without a blow !

For, just at need, a timely Apparition  
Steps in between, to bear the awful brunt ;  
Making him change his horrible position,  
To marvel at this comer, brave and blunt,  
That dares Time's irresistible affront,

Whose strokes have scarred even the gods of old ; —  
Whereas this seemed a mortal, at mere hunt  
For conies, lighted by the moonshine cold,  
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold.

Who, turning to the small assembled fays,  
Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap,  
And holds her beauty for a while in gaze,  
With bright eyes kindling at this pleasant hap ;  
And thence upon the fair moon's silver map,  
As if in question of this magic chance,  
Laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap ;  
And then upon old Saturn turns askance,  
Exclaiming, with a glad and kindly glance : —

“ O, these be Fancy's revellers by night !  
Stealthy companions of the downy moth —  
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,  
Shunners of Sunbeams in diurnal sloth ; —  
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth, —  
The gnat with shrilly trump is their convener,  
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,  
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,  
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

“ These be the pretty genii of the flowers,  
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew —  
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,  
King Oberon and all his merry crew,  
The darling puppets of romance's view ;  
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves, we call them,  
Famous for patronage of lovers true ; —  
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,  
So do not thus with crabbed frowns appall them.”

O, what a cry was Saturn's then! — it made  
The fairies quake. “What care I for their pranks,  
However they may lovers choose to aid,  
Or dance their roundelays on flowery banks? —  
Long must they dance before they earn my thanks, —  
So step aside, to some far safer spot,  
Whilst with my hungry scythe I mow their ranks,  
And leave them in the sun, like weeds, to rot,  
And with the next day's sun to be forgot.”

Anon, he raised afresh his weapon keen;  
But still the gracious Shade disarmed his aim,  
Stepping with brave alacrity between,  
And made his sere arm powerless and tame.  
His be perpetual glory, for the shame  
Of hoary Saturn in that grand defeat! —  
But I must tell how here Titania came  
With all her kneeling lieges, to entreat  
His kindly succor, in sad tones, but sweet.

Saying, “Thou seest a wretched queen before thee,  
The fading power of a failing land,  
Who for her kingdom kneeleth to implore thee,  
Now menaced by this tyrant's spoiling hand;  
No one but thee can hopefully withstand  
That crooked blade, he longeth so to lift.  
I pray thee blind him with his own vile sand,  
Which only times all ruins by its drift,  
Or prune his eagle wings that are so swift.

“Or take him by that sole and grizzled tuft  
That hangs upon his bald and barren crown;  
And we will sing to see him so rebuffed,  
And lend our little mights to pull him down,  
And make brave sport of his malicious frown,

For all his boastful mockery o'er men.  
For thou wast born, I know, for this renown,  
By my most magical and inward ken,  
That readeth even at Fate's forestalling pen.

“Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,  
And by thy brow's most fair and ample span,  
Thought's glorious palace, framed for fancies high,  
And by thy cheek thus passionately wan,  
I know the signs of an immortal man,—  
Nature's chief darling, an illustrious mate,  
Destined to foil old Death's oblivious plan,  
And shine untarnished by the fogs of Fate,  
Time's famous rival till the final date!

“O, shield us, then, from this usurping Time,  
And we will visit thee in moonlight dreams;  
And teach thee tunes, to wed unto thy rhyme,  
And dance about thee in all midnight gleams,  
Giving thee glimpses of our magic schemes,  
Such as no mortal's eye hath ever seen;  
And, for thy love to us in our extremes,  
Will ever keep thy chaplet fresh and green,  
Such as no poet's wreath hath ever been!

“And we'll distil thee aromatic dews,  
To charm thy sense, when there shall be no flowers:  
And flavored sirups in thy drinks infuse,  
And teach the nightingale to haunt thy bowers,  
And with our games divert thy weariest hours,  
With all that elfin wits can e'er devise.  
And, this churl dead, there'll be no hastening hours  
To rob thee of thy joys, as now joy flies:”—  
Here she was stopped by Saturn's furious cries.

Whom, therefore, the kind Shade rebukes anew,  
Saying, "Thou haggard Sin, go forth, and scoop  
Thy hollow coffin in some church-yard yew,  
Or make the autumnal flowers turn pale, and droop  
Or fell the bearded corn, till gleaners stoop  
Under fat sheaves, — or blast the piny grove : —  
But here thou shalt not harm this pretty group,  
Whose lives are not so frail and feebly wove,  
But leased on Nature's loveliness and love.

" 'Tis these that free the small entangled fly,  
Caught in the venom'd spider's crafty snare ; —  
These be the petty surgeons that apply  
The healing balsams to the wounded hare,  
Bedded in bloody fern, no creature's care ! —  
These be providers for the orphan brood,  
Whose tender mother hath been slain in air,  
Quitting with gaping bill her darlings' food,  
Hard by the verge of her domestic wood.

" 'Tis these befriend the timid trembling stag,  
When, with a bursting heart beset with fears,  
He feels his saving speed begin to flag ;  
For then they quench the fatal taint with tears,  
And prompt fresh shifts in his alarm'd ears,  
So piteously they view all bloody morts ;  
Or if the gunner, with his arm, appears,  
Like noisy pyes and jays, with harsh reports,  
They warn the wild fowl of his deadly sports.

" For these are kindly ministers of nature,  
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress ;  
Pretty they be, and very small of stature, —  
For mercy still consorts with littleness ;

Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,  
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong ;—  
So do these charitable dwarfs redress  
The ten-fold ravages of giants strong,  
To whom great malice and great might belong.

“ Likewise to them are Poets much beholden  
For secret favors in the midnight glooms ;  
Brave Spenser quaffed out of their goblets golden,  
And saw their tables spread of prompt mushrooms,  
And heard their horns of honeysuckle blooms  
Sounding upon the air most soothing soft,  
Like humming bees busy about the brooms, —  
And glanced this fair queen’s witchery full oft,  
And in her magic wain soared far aloft.

“ Nay, I myself, though mortal, once was nursed  
By fairy gossips, friendly at my birth,  
And in my childish ear glib Mab rehearsed  
Her breezy travels round our planet’s girth,  
Telling me wonders of the moon and earth ;  
My gramarye at her grave lap I conned,  
Where Puck hath been convened to make me mirth ;  
I have had from Queen Titania tokens fond,  
And toyed with Oberon’s permitted wand.

“ With figs and plums and Persian dates they fed me,  
And delicate cates after my sunset meal,  
And took me by my childish hand, and led me  
By craggy rocks crested with keeps of steel,  
Whose awful bases deep dark woods conceal,  
Staining some dead lake with their verdant dyes :  
And when the West sparkled at Phœbus’ wheel,  
With fairy euphrasy they purged mine eyes,  
To let me see their cities in the skies.

" 'Twas they first schooled my young imagination  
 To take its flights like any new-fledged bird,  
 And showed the span of wing'd meditation  
 Stretched wider than things grossly seen or heard.  
 With sweet swift Ariel how I soared and stirred  
 The fragrant blooms of spiritual bowers !  
 'Twas they endeared what I have still preferred,  
 Nature's blest attributes and balmy powers,  
 Her hills and vales and brooks, sweet birds and flowers !

" Wherefore with all true loyalty and duty  
 Will I regard them in my honoring rhyme,  
 With love for love, and homages to beauty,  
 And magic thoughts gathered in night's cool clime,  
 With studious verse trancing the dragon Time,  
 Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells ;  
 So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime  
 Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,  
 Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells."

Look how a poisoned man turns livid black,  
 Drugged with a cup of deadly hellebore,  
 That sets his horrid features all at rack, —  
 So seemed these words into the ear to pour  
 Of ghastly Saturn, answering with a roar  
 Of mortal pain and spite and utmost rage,  
 Wherewith his grisly arm he raised once more,  
 And bade the clustered sinews all engage,  
 As if at one fell stroke to wreck an age.

Whereas the blade flashed on the dented ground,  
 Down through his steadfast foe, yet made no scar  
 On that immortal Shade, or death-like wound ;  
 But Time was long benumbed, and stood ajar,  
 And then with baffled rage took flight afar,

To weep his hurt in some Cimmerian gloom,  
Or meaner fames (like mine) to mock and mar,  
Or sharp his scythe for royal strokes of doom,  
Whetting its edge on some old Cæsar's tomb.

Howbeit he vanished in the forest shade,  
Distantly heard, as if some grumbling pard,  
And, like Narcissus, to a sound decayed ; —  
Meanwhile the fays clustered the gracious Bard,  
The darling centre of their dear regard :  
Besides of sundry dances on the green,  
Never was mortal man so brightly starred,  
Or won such pretty homages, I ween.  
“Nod to him, Elves!” cries the melodious queen.

“Nod to him, Elves, and flutter round about him,  
And quite enclose him with your pretty crowd,  
And touch him lovingly, for that, without him,  
The silk-worm now had spun our dreary shroud ; —  
But he hath all dispersed death's tearful cloud,  
And Time's dread effigy scared quite away :  
Bow to him, then, as though to me ye bowed,  
And his dear wishes prosper and obey  
Wherever love and wit can find a way !

“'Noint him with fairy dews of magic savors,  
Shaken from orient buds still pearly wet,  
Roses and spiey pinks, — and, of all favors,  
Plant in his walks the purple violet,  
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,  
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine  
And honeysuckles sweet, — nor yet forget  
Some pastoral flowery chaplets to entwine,  
To vie the thoughts about his brow benign.

"Let no wild things astonish him or fear him,  
 But tell them all how mild he is of heart.  
 Till even the timid hare or frankly near him,  
 And eke the dappled doe, yet never start;  
 Nor shall their fawns into the thickets dart,  
 Nor wrens forsake their nests among the leaves,  
 Nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart: —  
 But bid the sacred swallow haunt his eaves,  
 To guard his roof from lightning and from thieves."

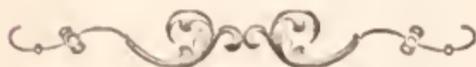
"Or when he goes the nimble squirrel's visitor,  
 Let the brown hermit bring his bearded ants,  
 For, tell him, this is Nature's kind Inquisitor. —  
 Though man keeps cautious doors that conscience shuts,  
 For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts, —  
 Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,  
 However he may watch their straw-built huts; —  
 So let him learn the crafts of all small things,  
 Which he will hint most aptly when he sings."

Here she leaves off, and with a graceful hand  
 Waves thrice three splendid circles round his head;  
 Which, though deserted by the radiant wand,  
 Wear still the glory which her waving shed,  
 Such as erst crowned the old Apostle's head;  
 To show the thoughts there harbored were divine,  
 And on immortal contemplations fed: —  
 Goodly it was to see that glory shine  
 Around a brow so lofty and benign! —

Goodly it was to see the elfin brood  
 Control'd for ayes of his gentle hand,  
 That had their mortal enemy withstood,  
 And stay'd their lives, fast ebbing with the sand,  
 Long while this strife engaged the pretty band;

But now bold Chanticleer, from farm to farm,  
Challenged the dawn creeping o'er eastern land,  
And well the fairies knew that shrill alarm,  
Which sounds the knell of every elfish charm.

And soon the rolling mist, that 'gan arise  
From plashy mead and undiscovered stream,  
Earth's morning incense to the early skies,  
Crept o'er the failing landscape of my dream.  
Soon faded then the Phantom of my theme —  
A shapeless shade, that fancy disavowed,  
And shrank to nothing in the mist extreme.  
Then flew Titania, — and her little crowd,  
Like flocking linnets, vanished in a cloud.





HERO AND LEANDER.

• 5 \*

(53)

TO S. T. COLERIDGE.

It is not with a hope my feeble praise  
Can add one moment's honor to thy own,  
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays ;  
I seek to glorify myself alone ;  
For that some precious favor thou hast shown  
To my endeavor in a bygone time,  
And by this token I would have it known  
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme !  
It is my dear ambition now to climb  
Still higher in thy thought, — if my bold pen  
May thrust on contemplations more sublime. —  
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when  
We gain applauses from the great in name,  
We seem to be partakers of *their* fame.

## HERO AND LEANDER.

---

O BARDS of old! what sorrows have ye sung,  
And tragic stories, chronicled in stone, —  
Sad Philomel restored her ravished tongue,  
And transformed Niobe in dumbness shown ;  
Sweet Sappho on her love forever calls,  
And Hero on the drowned Leander falls.

Was it that spectacles of sadder plights  
Should make our blisses relish the more high ?  
Then all fair dames, and maidens, and true knights,  
Whose flourished fortunes prosper in Love's eye,  
Weep here, unto a tale of ancient grief,  
Traced from the course of an old bas-relief.

There stands Abydos! — here is Sestos' steep,  
Hard by the gusty margin of the sea,  
Where sprinkling waves continually do leap ;  
And that is where those famous lovers be,  
A builded gloom shot up into the gray,  
As if the first tall watch-tower of the day.

Lo! how the lark soars upward and is gone!  
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,  
His voice is heard, though body there is none,  
And rain-like music scatters from on high ;  
But Love would follow with a falcon spite,  
To pluck the minstrel from his dewy height.

For Love hath framed a ditty of regrets,  
 Tuned to the hollow sobbings on the shore,  
 A vexing sense, that with like music frets,  
 And chimes this dismal burthen o'er and o'er,  
 Saying, Leander's joys are past and spent,  
 Like stars extinguished in the firmament.

For ere the golden crevices of morn  
 Let in those regal luxuries of light,  
 Which all the variable east adorn,  
 And hang rich fringes on the skirts of night,  
 Leander, weaning from sweet Hero's side,  
 Must leave a widow where he found a bride.

Hark ! how the billows beat upon the sand !  
 Like pawing steeds, impatient of delay ;  
 Meanwhile their rider, lingering on the land,  
 Dallies with Love, and holds farewell at bay  
 A too short span. — How tedious slow is grief !  
 But parting renders time both sad and brief.

“ Alas ! (he sighed) that this first glimpsing light,  
 Which makes the wide world tenderly appear,  
 Should be the burning signal for my flight,  
 From all the world's best image, which is here ;  
 Whose very shadow, in my fond compare,  
 Shines far more bright than Beauty's self elsewhere.”

Their cheeks are white as blossoms of the dark,  
 Whose leaves close up, and show the outward pale,  
 And those fair mirrors where their joys did spark,  
 All dim and tarnished with a dreary veil,  
 No more to kindle till the night's return,  
 Like stars replenished at Joy's golden urn.

Even thus they creep into the spectral gray,  
That cramps the landscape in its narrow brim,  
As when two shadows by old Lethe stray,  
He clasping her, and she entwining him ;  
Like trees wind-parted that embrace anon,  
True love so often goes before 'tis gone.

For what rich merchant but will pause in fear,  
To trust his wealth to the unsafe abyss ?  
So Hero dotes upon her treasure here,  
And sums the loss with many an anxious kiss,  
Whilst her fond eyes grow dizzy in her head,  
Fear aggravating fear with shows of dread.

She thinks how many have been sunk and drowned,  
And spies their snow-white bones below the deep,  
Then calls huge congregated monsters round,  
And plants a rock wherever he would leap ;  
Anon she dwells on a fantastic dream,  
Which she interprets of that fatal stream

Saying, "That honeyed fly I saw was thee,  
Which lighted on a water-lily's cup,  
When, lo ! the flower, enamoured of my bee,  
Closed on him suddenly, and locked him up,  
And he was smothered in her drenching dew ;  
Therefore this day thy drowning I shall rue."

But next, remembering her virgin fame,  
She clips him in her arms, and bids him go,  
But seeing him break loose repents her shame,  
And plucks him back upon her bosom's snow ;  
And tears unfix her iced resolve again,  
As steadfast frosts are thawed by showers of rain.

O for a type of parting ! — Love to love  
Is like the fond attraction of two spheres,  
Which needs a godlike effort to remove,  
And then sink down their sunny atmospheres  
In rain and darkness on each ruined heart,  
Nor yet their melodies will sound apart.

So brave Leander sunders from his bride ;  
The wrenching pang disparts his soul in twain ;  
Half stays with her, half goes towards the tide,  
And life must ache until they join again.  
Now wouldst thou know the wideness of the wound,  
Mete every step he takes upon the ground.

And for the agony and bosom-throe,  
Let it be measured by the wide vast air,  
For that is infinite, and so is woe,  
Since parted lovers breathe it every where.  
Look how it heaves Leander's laboring chest,  
Panting, at poise, upon a rocky crest !

From which he leaps into the scooping brine,  
That shocks his bosom with a double chill ;  
Because, all hours, till the slow sun's decline,  
That cold divorcer will betwixt them still ;  
Wherefore he likens it to Styx' foul tide,  
Where life grows death upon the other side.

Then sadly he confronts his two-fold toil  
Against rude waves and an unwilling mind,  
Wishing, alas ! with the stout rower's toil,  
That like a rower he might gaze behind,  
And watch that lonely statue he hath left  
On her bleak summit, weeping and bereft !

Yet turning oft, he sees her troubled locks  
Pursue him still the furthest that they may ;  
Her marble arms that overstretch the rocks,  
And her pale passion'd hands that seem to pray  
In dumb petition to the gods above :  
Love prays devoutly when it prays for love !

Then with deep sighs he blows away the wave,  
That hangs superfluous tears upon his cheek,  
And bans his labor like a hopeless slave,  
That, chained in hostile galley, faint and weak,  
Plies on despairing through the restless foam,  
Thoughtful of his lost love, and far-off home.

The drowsy mist before him chill and dank,  
Like a dull lethargy o'erleans the sea,  
When he rows on against the utter blank  
Steering as if to dim eternity, —  
Like Love's frail ghost departing with the dawn ;  
A failing shadow in the twilight drawn.

And soon is gone, — or nothing but a faint  
And failing image in the eye of thought ;  
That mocks his model with an after-paint,  
And stains an atom like the shape she sought ;  
Then with her earnest vows she hopes to fee  
The old and hoary majesty of sea.

“ O King of waves, and brother of high Jove,  
Preserve my sumless venture there afloat ;  
A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,  
Are all embarked upon that little boat ;  
Nay, but two loves, two lives, a double fate  
A perilous voyage for so dear a freight.

“If impious mariners be stained with crime,  
Shake not in awful rage thy hoary locks;  
Lay by thy storms until another time,  
Lest my frail bark be dashed against the rocks:  
Or rather smooth thy deeps that he may fly  
Like Love himself, upon a seeming sky!

“Let all thy herded monsters sleep beneath,  
Nor gore him with crooked tusks, or wreathed horns;  
Let no fierce sharks destroy him with their teeth,  
Nor spine-fish wound him with their venom'd thorns;  
But if he faint, and timely succor lack,  
Let ruthless dolphins rest him on their back.

“Let no false dimpling whirlpools suck him in,  
Nor slimy quicksands smother his sweet breath;  
Let no jagged corals tear his tender skin,  
Nor mountain billows bury him in death;”—  
And with that thought forestalling her own fears,  
She drowned his painted image in her tears.

By this, the climbing sun, with rest repaired,  
Looked through the gold embrasures of the sky,  
And asked the drowsy world how she had fared;—  
The drowsy world shone brightened in reply;  
And smiling off her fogs, his slanting beam  
Spied young Leander in the middle stream.

His face was pallid, but the hectic morn'  
Had hung a lying crimson on his cheeks,  
And slanderous sparkles in his eyes forlorn;  
So death lies ambushed in consumptive streaks;  
But inward grief was writhing o'er its task,  
As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.

He thought of Hero and the lost delight,  
Her last embracings, and the space between ;  
He thought of Hero and the future night,  
Her speechless rapture and enamoured mien,  
When, lo ! before him, scarce two galleys' space,  
His thoughts confronted with another face !

Her aspect's like a moon divinely fair,  
But makes the midnight darker that it lies on ;  
'Tis so beclouded with her coal-black hair  
That densely skirts her luminous horizon,  
Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,  
As marble lies advantaged upon jet.

She's all too bright, too argent, and too pale,  
To be a woman ; — but a woman's double,  
Reflected on the wave so faint and frail,  
She tops the billows like an air-blown bubble ;  
Or dim creation of a morning dream,  
Fair as the wave-bleached lily of the stream.

The very rumor strikes his seeing dead :  
Great beauty like great fear first stuns the sense :  
He knows not if her lips be blue or red,  
Nor of her eyes can give true evidence :  
Like murder's witness swooning in the court,  
His sight falls senseless by its own report.

Anon resuming, it declares her eyes  
Are tinted with azure, like two crystal wells  
That drink the blue complexion of the skies,  
Or pearls out-peeping from their silvery shells :  
Her polished brow, it is an ample plain,  
'To lodge vast contemplations of the main.

Her lips might corals seem, but corals near,  
Stray through her hair like blossoms on a bower ;  
And o'er the weaker red still domineer,  
And make it pale by tribute to more power ;  
Her rounded cheeks are of still paler hue,  
Touched by the bloom of water, tender blue.

Thus he beholds her rocking on the water,  
Under the glossy umbrage of her hair,  
Like pearly Amphitrite's fairest daughter,  
Naiad, or Nereid, or Siren fair,  
Mislodging music in her pitiless breast,  
A nightingale within a falcon's nest.

They say there be such maidens in the deep,  
Charming poor mariners, that all too near  
By mortal lullabies fall dead asleep,  
As drowsy men are poisoned through the ear ;  
Therefore Leander's fears begin to urge,  
This snowy swan is come to sing his dirge.

At which he falls into a deadly chill,  
And strains his eyes upon her lips apart ;  
Fearing each breath to feel that prelude shrill,  
Pierce through his marrow, like a breath-blown dart  
Shot sudden from an Indian's hollow cane,  
With mortal venom fraught, and fiery pain.

Here, then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd  
A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space ;  
There seemed so brief a pause of life allowed,  
His mind stretched universal, to embrace  
The whole wide world, in an extreme farewell, —  
A moment's musing — but an age to tell.

For there stood Hero, widowed at a glance,  
The foreseen sum of many a tedious fact,  
Pale cheeks, dim eyes, and withered countenance,  
A wasted ruin that no wasting lacked ;  
Time's tragic consequents ere time began,  
A world of sorrow in a tear-drop's span.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words, —  
An hour of words is little for some woes ;  
Too little breathing a long life affords,  
For love to paint itself by perfect shows ;  
Then let his love and grief unwronged lie dumb,  
Whilst Fear, and that it fears, together come.

As when the crew, hard by some jutty cape,  
Struck pale and panicked by the billows' roar,  
Lay by all timely measures of escape,  
And let their bark go driving on the shore ;  
So frayed Leander, drifting to his wreck,  
Gazing on Scylla, falls upon her neck.

For he hath all forgot the swimmer's art,  
The rower's cunning, and the pilot's skill,  
Letting his arms fall down in languid part,  
Swayed by the waves, and nothing by his will,  
Till soon he jars against that glossy skin,  
Solid like glass, though seemingly as thin.

Lo ! how she startles at the warning shock,  
And straightway girds him to her radiant breast,  
More like his safe smooth harbor than his rock ;  
Poor wretch, he is so faint and toil-opprest,  
He cannot loose him from his grappling foe,  
Whether for love or hate, she lets not go.

His eyes are blinded with the sleety brine,  
His ears are deafened with the wildering noise ;  
He asks the purpose of her fell design,  
But foamy waves choke up his struggling voice ;  
Under the ponderous sea his body dips,  
And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.

Look how a man is lowered to his grave ;  
A yearning hollow in the green earth's lap ;  
So he is sunk into the yawning wave,  
The plunging sea fills up the watery gap ;  
Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen,  
But likeness of green turf and hillocks green.

And where he swam the constant sun lies sleeping,  
Over the verdant plain that makes his bed ;  
And all the noisy waves go freshly leaping,  
Like gamesome boys over the church-yard dead ;  
The light in vain keeps looking for his face,  
Now screaming sea fowl settle in his place.

Yet weep and watch for him, though all in vain !  
Ye moaning billows, seek him as ye wander !  
Ye gazing sunbeams, look for him again !  
Ye winds, grow hoarse with asking for Leander !  
Ye did but spare him for more cruel rape,  
Sea storm and ruin in a female shape !

She says 'tis love hath bribed her to this deed,  
The glancing of his eyes did so bewitch her.  
O bootless theft ! unprofitable meed !  
Love's treasury is sacked, but she no richer ;  
The sparkles of his eyes are cold and dead,  
And all his golden looks are turned to lead !

She holds the casket, but her simple hand  
Hath spilled its dearest jewel by the way ;  
She hath life's empty garment at command,  
But her own death lies covert in the prey ;  
As if a thief should steal a tainted vest,  
Some dead man's spoil, and sicken of his pest.

Now she compels him to her deeps below,  
Hiding his face beneath her plenteous hair,  
Which jealously she shakes all round her brow,  
For dread of envy, though no eyes are there  
But seals', and all brute tenants of the deep,  
Which heedless through the wave their journeys keep.

Down and still downward through the dusky green  
She bore him, murmuring with joyous haste  
In too rash ignorance, as he had been  
Born to the texture of that watery waste ;  
That which she breathed and sighed, the emerald wave,  
How could her pleasant home become his grave !

Down and still downward through the dusky green  
She bore her treasure, with a face too nigh  
To mark how life was altered in its mien,  
Or how the light grew torpid in his eye,  
Or how his pearly breath, unprisoned there,  
Flew up to join the universal air.

She could not miss the throbbings of his heart,  
Whilst her own pulse so wantoned in its joy ;  
She could not guess he struggled to depart,  
And when he strove no more, the hapless boy !  
She read his mortal stillness for content,  
Feeling no fear where only love was meant.

Soon she alights upon her ocean-floor,  
And straight unyokes her arms from her fair prize ;  
Then on his lovely face begins to pore,  
As if to glut her soul ; — her hungry eyes  
Have grown so jealous of her arms' delight ;  
It seems, she hath no other sense but sight.

But, O, sad marvel ! O, most bitter strange !  
What dismal magic makes his cheek so pale ?  
Why will he not embrace, — why not exchange  
Her kindly kisses ; — wherefore not exhale  
Some odorous message from life's ruby gates,  
Where she his first sweet embassy awaits ?

Her eyes, poor watchers, fixed upon his looks,  
Are grappled with a wonder near to grief,  
As one who pores on undeciphered books,  
Strains vain surmise, and dodges with belief ;  
So she keeps gazing with a mazy thought,  
Framing a thousand doubts that end in nought.

Too stern inscription for a page so young,  
The dark translation of his look was death !  
But death was written in an alien tongue,  
And learning was not by to give it breath ;  
So one deep woe sleeps buried in its seal,  
Which Time, untimely, hasteth to reveal.

Meanwhile she sits unconscious of her hap,  
Nursing Death's marble effigy, which there  
With heavy head lies pillowed in her lap,  
And elbows all unhinged ; — his sleeking hair  
Creeps o'er her knees, and settles where his hand  
Leans with lax fingers crooked against the sand ;

And there lies spread in many an oozy trail,  
Like glossy weeds hung from a chalky base,  
That shows no whiter than his brow is pale ;  
So soon the wintry death had bleached his face  
Into cold marble, — with blue chilly shades,  
Showing wherein the freezy blood pervades.

And o'er his steadfast cheek a furrowed pain  
Hath set, and stiffened like a storm in ice,  
Showing by drooping lines the deadly strain  
Of mortal anguish ; — yet you might gaze twice  
Ere Death it seemed, and not his cousin, Sleep,  
That through those creviced lids did underpeep.

But all that tender bloom about his eyes,  
Is Death's own violets, which his utmost rite  
It is to scatter when the red rose dies ;  
For blue is chilly, and akin to white :  
Also he leaves some tinges on his lips,  
Which he hath kissed with such cold frosty nips.

“ Surely,” quoth she, “ he sleeps, the senseless thing,  
Oppressed and faint with toiling in the stream ! ”  
Therefore she will not mar his rest, but sing  
So low, her tune shall mingle with his dream ;  
Meanwhile, her lily fingers tasks to twine  
His uncrispt locks uncurling in the brine.

“ O lovely boy ! ” — thus she attuned her voice, —  
“ Welcome, thrice welcome, to a sea-maid's home ;  
My love-mate thou shalt be, and true heart's choice ;  
How have I longed such a twin-self should come, —  
A lonely thing, till this sweet chance befell,  
My heart kept sighing like a hollow shell.

“ Here thou shalt live beneath this secret dome,  
An ocean-bower ; defended by the shade  
Of quiet waters, a cool emerald gloom  
To lap thee all about. Nay, be not frayed.  
Those are but shady fishes that sail by  
Like antic clouds across my liquid sky !

“ Look how the sunbeam burns upon their scales,  
And shows rich glimpses of their Tyrian skins ;  
They flash small lightnings from their vigorous tails,  
And winking stars are kindled at their fins :  
These shall divert thee in thy weariest mood,  
And seek thy hand for gamesomeness and food.

“ Lo ! those green pretty leaves with tassel bells,  
My flowerets those, that never pine for drowth ;  
Myself did plant them in the dappled shells,  
That drink the wave with such a rosy mouth, —  
Pearls wouldst thou have beside ? crystals to shine ?  
I had such treasures once, — now they are thine.

“ Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,  
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,  
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land, —  
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody ?  
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone  
I heard the languages of ages gone !

“ I too can sing when it shall please thy choice,  
And breathe soft tunes through a melodious shell,  
Though heretofore I have but set my voice  
To some long sighs, grief harmonized, to tell  
How desolate I fared ; — but this sweet change  
Will add new notes of gladness to my range !

“Or bid me speak, and I will tell thee tales,  
Which I have framed out of the noise of waves ;  
Ere now, I have communed with senseless gales,  
And held vain colloquies with barren caves ;  
But I could talk to thee whole days and days,  
Only to word my love a thousand ways.

“But if thy lips will bless me with their speech,  
Then ope, sweet oracles ! and I’ll be mute ;  
I was born ignorant for thee to teach,  
Nay, all love’s lore to thy dear looks impute ;  
Then ope thine eyes, fair teachers, by whose light  
I saw to give away my heart aright !”

But cold and deaf the sullen creature lies,  
Over her knees, and with concealing clay  
Like hoarding Avarice locks up his eyes,  
And leaves her world impoverished of day ;  
Then at his cruel lips she bends to plead,  
But there the door is closed against her need.

Surely he sleeps, — so her false wits infer !  
Alas ! poor sluggard, ne’er to wake again !  
Surely he sleeps, yet without any stir  
That might denote a vision in his brain ;  
Or if he does not sleep, he feigns too long,  
Twice she hath reached the ending of her song.

Therefore, ’tis time she tells him to uncover  
Those radiant jesters, and disperse her fears,  
Whereby her April faee is shaded over,  
Like rainy clouds just ripe for showering tears ;  
Nay, if he will not wake, so poor she gets,  
Herself must rob those locked up cabinets.

With that she stoops above his brow, and bids  
Her busy hands forsake his tangled hair,  
And tenderly lift up those coffer-lids,  
That she may gaze upon the jewels there,  
Like babes that pluck an early bud apart,  
To know the dainty color of its heart.

Now, picture one, soft creeping to a bed,  
Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies,  
And then starts back to find the sleeper dead ;  
So she looks in on his uncovered eyes,  
And seeing all within so drear and dark,  
Her own bright soul dies in her like a spark.

Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,  
Under the swoon of holy divination :  
And what had all surpassed her simple guess,  
She now resolves in this dark revelation ;  
Death's very mystery, — oblivious death ; —  
Long sleep, — deep night, and an entrancéd breath.

Yet life, though wounded sore, not wholly slain,  
Merely obscured, and not extinguished, lies ;  
Her breath, that stood at ebb, soon flows again,  
Heaving her hollow breast with heavy sighs,  
And light comes in and kindles up the gloom,  
To light her spirit from its transient tomb.

Then like the sun, awakened at new dawn,  
With pale bewildered face she peers about,  
And spies blurred images obscurely drawn,  
Uncertain shadows in a haze of doubt ;  
But her true grief grows shapely by degrees,  
A perished creature lying on her knees.

And now she knows how that old Murther preys,  
 Whose quarry on her lap lies newly slain :  
 How he roams all abroad and grimly slays,  
 Like a lean tiger in Love's own domain ;  
 Parting fond mates, — and oft in flowery lawns  
 Bereaves mild mothers of their milky fawns.

O, too dear knowledge ! O, pernicious earning !  
 Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page !  
 Even now the sorrow of that deadly learning  
 Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age,  
 And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth  
 By canker blights upon the bud of youth !

For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,  
 So her cheeks' rose is perished by her sighs,  
 And withers in the sickly breath of grief ;  
 Whilst unacquainted rheum bedims her eyes,  
 Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt  
 From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline  
 Drops straightway down, refusing to partake  
 In gross admixture with the baser brine,  
 But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque,  
 Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears ;  
 So one maid's trophy is another's tears !

“ O, foul Arch-Shadow, thou old cloud of Night,”  
 (Thus in her frenzy she began to wail,)  
 “ Thou blank oblivion — blotter out of light,  
 Life's ruthless murderer, and dear Love's bale !  
 Why hast thou left thy havoc incomplete,  
 Leaving me here, and slaying the more sweet ?

“Lo! what a lovely ruin thou hast made!  
Alas! alas! thou hast no eyes to see,  
And blindly slew'st him in misguided shade.  
Would I had lent my doting sense to thee!  
But now I turn to thee, a willing mark,  
Thine arrows miss me in the aimless dark!

“O, doubly cruel! — twice misdoing spite,  
But I will guide thee with my helping eyes,  
Or walk the wide world through, devoid of sight,  
Yet thou shalt know me by my many sighs.  
Nay, then thou shouldst have spared my rose, false Death,  
And known Love's flower by smelling his sweet breath;

“Or, when thy furious rage was round him dealing,  
Love should have grown from touching of his skin;  
But like cold marble thou art all unfeeling,  
And hast no ruddy springs of warmth within,  
And being but a shape of freezing bone,  
Thy touching only turned my love to stone!

“And here, alas! he lies across my knees,  
With cheeks still colder than the stilly wave,  
The light beneath his eyelids seems to freeze;  
Here then, since Love is dead and lacks a grave,  
O, come and dig it in my sad heart's core —  
That wound will bring a balsam for its sore!

“For art thou not a sleep where sense of ill  
Lies stingless, like a sense benumbed with cold,  
Healing all hurts only with sleep's good will?  
So shall I slumber, and perchance behold  
My living love in dreams, — O, happy night,  
That lets me company his banished spright!

“O, poppy death! — sweet poisoner of sleep;  
 Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,  
 That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep  
 Out of life’s coil? Look, Idol! how I hug  
 Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,  
 And kiss this clay-cold model of thy face!

“Put out, put out these sun-consuming lamps!  
 I do but read my sorrows by their shine;  
 O, come and quench them with thy oozy damps,  
 And let my darkness intermix with thine;  
 Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see?  
 Now love is death, — death will be love to me!

“Away, away, this vain complaining breath,  
 It does but stir the troubles that I weep;  
 Let it be hushed and quieted, sweet Death;  
 The wind must settle ere the wave can sleep, —  
 Since love is silent I would fain be mute;  
 O, Death, be gracious to my dying suit!”

Thus far she pleads, but pleading nought avails her,  
 For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed;  
 Then with dumb craving arms, since darkness fails her,  
 She prays to heaven’s fair light, as if her need  
 Inspired her there were gods to pity pain,  
 Or end it, — but she lifts her arms in vain!

Poor gilded Grief! the subtle light by this  
 With mazy gold creeps through her watery mine,  
 And, diving downward through the green abyss,  
 Lights up her palace with an amber shine;  
 There, falling on her arms, — the crystal skin  
 Reveals the ruby tide that fares within.

Look how the fulsome beam would hang a glory  
On her dark hair, but the dark hairs repel it ;  
Look how the perjured glow suborns a story  
On her pale lips, but lips refuse to tell it ;  
Grief will not swerve from grief, however told  
On coral lips, or characterized in gold ;

Or else, thou maid ! safe anchored on Love's neck,  
Listing the hapless doom of young Leander,  
Thou wouldst not shed a tear for that old wreck,  
Sitting secure where no wild surges wander ;  
Whereas the woe moves on with tragic pace,  
And shows its sad reflection in thy face.

Thus having travelled on, and tracked the tale  
Like the due course of an old bas-relief,  
Where Tragedy pursues her progress pale,  
Brood here a while upon that sea-maid's grief,  
And take a deeper imprint from the frieze  
Of that young Fate, with Death upon her knees.

Then whilst the melancholy Muse withal  
Resumes her music in a sadder tone,  
Meanwhile the sunbeam strikes upon the wall,  
Conceive that lovely siren to live on,  
Even as Hope whispered, the Promethean light  
Would kindle up the dead Leander's spright.

“ 'Tis light,” she says, “ that feeds the glittering stars,  
And those were stars set in his heavenly brow ;  
But this salt cloud, this cold sea vapor, mars  
Their radiant breathing, and obscures them now ;  
Therefore I'll lay him in the clear blue air,  
And see how these dull orbs will kindle there.”

Swiftly as dolphins glide, or swifter yet,  
With dead Leander in her fond arms' fold,  
She cleaves the meshes of that radiant net  
The sun hath twined above of liquid gold,  
Nor slacks till on the margin of the land  
She lays his body on the glowing sand.

There, like a pearly waif, just past the reach  
Of foamy billows he lies cast. Just then,  
Some listless fishers, straying down the beach,  
Spy out this wonder. Thence the curious men,  
Low crouching, creep into a thicket brake,  
And watch her doings till their rude hearts ache.

First she begins to chafe him till she faints,  
Then falls upon his mouth with kisses many,  
And sometimes pauses in her own complaints  
To list his breathing, but there is not any, —  
Then looks into his eyes where no light dwells;  
Light makes no pictures in such muddy wells.

The hot sun parches his discovered eyes,  
The hot sun beats on his discolored limbs,  
The sand is oozy whereupon he lies,  
Soiling his fairness; — then away she swims,  
Meaning to gather him a daintier bed,  
Plucking the cool fresh weeds, brown, green, and red.

But, simple-witted thief, while she dives under,  
Another robs her of her amorous theft;  
The ambushed fishermen ereep forth to plunder,  
And steal the unwatched treasure she has left;  
Only his void impression dints the sands:  
Leander is purloined by stealthy hands!

Lo ! how she shudders off the beaded wave !  
Like Grief all over tears, and senseless falls,  
His void imprint seems hollowed for her grave ;  
Then, rising on her knees, looks round and calls  
On Hero ! Hero ! — having learned this name  
Of his last breath, she calls him by the same.

Then with her frantic hands she rends her hairs,  
And casts them forth, sad keepsakes, to the wind,  
As if in plucking those she plucked her cares ;  
But grief lies deeper, and remains behind  
Like a barbed arrow, rankling in her brain,  
Turning her very thoughts to throbs of pain.

Anon her tangled locks are left alone,  
And down upon the sand she meekly sits,  
Hard by the foam, as humble as a stone,  
Like an enchanted maid beside her wits,  
That ponders with a look serene and tragic,  
Stunned by the mighty mystery of magic.

Or think of Ariadne's utter trance,  
Crazed by the flight of that disloyal traitor,  
Who left her gazing on the green expanse  
That swallowed up his track, — yet this would mate her,  
Even in the cloudy summit of her woe,  
When o'er the far sea-brim she saw him go.

For even so she bows, and bends her gaze  
O'er the eternal waste, as if to sum  
Its waves by weary thousands all her days,  
Dismally doomed ! meanwhile the billows come,  
And coldly dabble with her quiet feet,  
Like any bleaching stones they went to greet.

And thence into her lap have boldly sprung,  
Washing her weedy tresses to and fro,  
That round her crouching knees have darkly hung;  
But she sits careless of waves' ebb and flow,  
Like a lone beacon on a desert coast,  
Showing where all her hope was wrecked and lost.

Yet whether in the sea or vaulted sky,  
She knoweth not her love's abrupt resort,  
So like a shape of dreams he left her eye,  
Winking with doubt. Meanwhile, the churls' report  
Has thronged the beach with many a curious face,  
That peeps upon her from its hiding-place.

And here a head, and there a brow half seen,  
Dodges behind a rock. Here on his hands  
A mariner his crumpled cheeks doth lean  
Over a rugged crest. Another stands,  
Holding his harmful arrow at the head,  
Still checked by human caution and strange dread.

One stops his ears, — another close beholder  
Whispers unto the next his grave surmise;  
This crouches down, — and just above his shoulder,  
A woman's pity saddens in her eyes,  
And prompts her to befriend that lonely grief,  
With all sweet helps of sisterly relief.

And down the sunny beach she paces slowly,  
With many doubtful pauses by the way;  
Grief hath an influence so hushed and holy, —  
Making her twice attempt, ere she can lay  
Her hand upon that sea-maid's shoulder white,  
Which makes her startle up in wild affright.

And, like a seal, she leaps into the wave,  
That drowns the shrill remainder of her scream ;  
Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,  
And seals her exit with a foamy seam, —  
Leaving those baffled gazers on the beach,  
Turning in uncouth wonder each to each.

Some watch, some call, some see her head emerge,  
Wherever a brown weed falls through the foam ;  
Some point to white eruptions of the surge : —  
But she is vanished to her shady home,  
Under the deep, inscrutable, — and there  
Weeps in a midnight made of her own hair.

Now here the sighing winds, before unheard,  
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow,  
Till all the surface of the deep is stirred,  
Like to the panting grief it hides below ;  
And heaven is covered with a stormy rack  
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

The screaming fowl resigns her finny prey,  
And labors shoreward with a bending wing,  
Rowing against the wind her toilsome way ;  
Meanwhile, the curling billows chafe, and fling  
Their dewy frost still further on the stones,  
That answer to the wind with hollow groans.

And here and there a fisher's far-off bark  
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,  
Like a bright flame amid the waters dark,  
Watched with the hope and fear of maidens pale,  
And anxious mothers that upturn their brows,  
Freighting the gusty wind with frequent vows,

For that the horrid deep has no sure track  
To guide love safe into his homely haven.  
And, lo! the storm grows blacker in its wrath,  
O'er the dark billow brooding like a raven,  
That bodes of death and widow's sorrowing,  
Under the dusty covert of his wing.

And so day ended. But no vesper spark  
Hung forth its heavenly sign; but sheets of flame  
Played round the savage features of the dark,  
Making night horrible. That night, there came  
A weeping maiden to high Sestos' steep,  
And tore her hair and gazed upon the deep,

And waved aloft her bright and ruddy torch,  
Whose flame the boastful wind so rudely fanned,  
That oft it would recoil, and basely scorch  
The tender covert of her sheltering hand:  
Which yet, for love's dear sake, disdained retire,  
And, like a glorying martyr, braved the fire.

For that was love's own sign and beacon guide  
Across the Hellespont's wide weary space,  
Wherein he nightly struggled with the tide;  
Look what a red it forges on her face,  
As if she blushed at holding such a light,  
Even in the unseen presence of the night!

Whereas her tragic cheek is truly pale,  
And colder than the rude and ruffian air  
That howls into her ear a horrid tale  
Of storm, and wreck, and uttermost despair,  
Saying, "Leander floats amid the surge,  
And those are dismal waves that sing his dirge."

And, hark! — a grieving voice, trembling and faint,  
 Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea ;  
 Like the sad music of a siren's plaint,  
 But shriller than Leander's voice should be,  
 Unless the wintry death had changed its tone, —  
 Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.

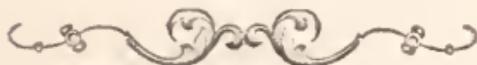
For now, upon each brief and breathless pause  
 Made by the raging winds, it plainly calls  
 On Hero! Hero! — whereupon she draws  
 Close to the dizzy brink, that ne'er appalls  
 Her brave and constant spirit to recoil,  
 However the wild billows toss and toil.

“O! dost thou live under the deep, deep sea?  
 I thought such love as thine could never die ;  
 If thou hast gained an immortality  
 From the kind pitying sea-god, so will I ;  
 And this false cruel tide, that used to sever  
 Our hearts, shall be our common home forever!

“There we will sit and sport upon one billow,  
 And sing our ocean-ditties all the day,  
 And lie together on the same green pillow,  
 That curls above us with its dewy spray ;  
 And ever in one presence live and dwell,  
 Like two twin pearls within the self-same shell.”

One moment, then, upon the dizzy verge  
 She stands ; — with face upturned against the sky ;  
 A moment more, upon the foamy surge  
 She gazes, with a ealm despairing eye ;  
 Feeling that awful pause of blood and breath  
 Which life endures when it confronts with death ; —

Then from the giddy deep she madly springs,  
Grasping her maiden robes, that vainly kept  
Panting abroad, like unavailing wings,  
To save her from her death. — The sea-maid wept,  
And in a crystal cave her corse enshrined ;  
No meaner sepulchre should Hero find !



## THE ELM TREE :

A DREAM IN THE WOODS.

“And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees.” AS YOU LIKE IT.

’Twas in a shady avenue,  
Where lofty elms abound —  
And from a tree  
There came to me  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmured overhead,  
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seemed to sigh,  
Amid the boughs to moan ;  
It muttered in the stem, and then  
The roots took up the tone ;  
As if beneath the dewy grass  
The dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves ;  
No bolts that tempests launch,  
To rend the trunk or rugged bark ;  
No gale to bend the branch ;  
No quake of earth to heave the roots,  
That stood so stiff and stanch.

No bird was precning up aloft,  
To rustle with its wing ;  
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,  
From bough to bough to spring ;  
The solid bole  
Had ne'er a hole  
To hide a living thing !

No scooping hollow cell to lodge  
A furtive beast or fowl,  
The martin, bat,  
Or forest cat  
That nightly lives to prowl,  
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud  
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my ear,  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmured overhead,  
And sometimes underground —  
'Twas in a shady avenue  
Where lofty elms abound.

O, hath the Dryad still a tongue  
In this ungenial clime ?  
Have sylvan spirits still a voice  
As in the classic prime —  
To make the forest voluble,  
As in the olden time ?

The olden time is dead and gone ;  
Its years have filled their sum —  
And even in Greece — her native Greeee —  
The sylvan nymph is dumb —  
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,  
No classic whispers come.

From poplar, pine, and drooping birch,  
And fragrant linden trees,  
No living sound  
E'er hovers round,  
Unless the vagrant breeze,  
The music of the merry bird,  
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the elm  
That bears no bloom aloft —  
The finch was in the hawthorn-bush,  
The blackbird in the croft ;  
And among the firs the brooding dove,  
That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,  
And sad it was to boot,  
From every overhanging bough,  
And each minuter shoot ;  
From rugged trunk and mossy rind,  
And from the twisted root.

From these, — a melancholy moan ;  
From those, — a dreary sigh ;  
As if the boughs were wintry bare,  
And wild winds sweeping by —  
Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud  
Was steadfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air  
Could either sense observe —  
The zephyr had not breath enough  
The thistle-down to swerve,  
Or force the filmy gossamers  
To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hushed  
 All Nature seemed to be :  
 From heaven above, or earth beneath,  
 No whisper came to me —  
 Except the solemn sound and sad  
 From that MYSTERIOUS TREE!

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,  
 As is that dreamy roar  
 When distant billows boil and bound  
 Along a shingly shore —  
 But the ocean brim was far aloof,  
 A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,  
 No tumult of the beach,  
 However they may foam and fret,  
 The bounded sense could reach —  
 Methought the trees in mystic tongue  
 Were talking each to each! —

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales  
 Of greenwood love or guilt,  
 Of whispered vows  
 Beneath their boughs ;  
 Or blood obscurely spilt ;  
 Or of that near-hand mansion-house  
 A royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared  
 Beneath the starry cope —  
 Or where the suicidal wretch  
 Hung up the fatal rope ;  
 Or Beauty kept an evil tryste,  
 Ensnared by Love and Hope.

Of graves, perchance, untimely scooped  
At midnight dark and dank —  
And what is underneath the sod  
Whereon the grass is rank —  
Of old intrigues,  
And privy leagues,  
Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that muttered plots —  
Of kin who fought and fell —  
God knows the undiscovered schemes,  
The arts and acts of hell,  
Performed long generations since,  
If trees had tongues to tell !

With wary eyes, and ears alert,  
As one who walks afraid,  
I wandered down the dappled path  
Of mingled light and shade —  
How sweetly gleamed that arch of blue  
Beyond the green arcade !

How cheerly shone the glimpse of heaven  
Beyond that verdant aisle !  
All overarched with lofty elms,  
That quenched the light, the while,  
As dim and chill  
As serves to fill  
Some old cathedral pile !

And many a gnarléd trunk was there,  
That ages long had stood,  
Till Time had wrought them into shapes  
Like Pan's fantastic brood ;  
Or still more foul and hideous forms  
That pagans carve in wood !

A crouching Satyr lurking here —  
 And there a Goblin grim —  
 As staring full of demon life  
 As Gothic sculptor's whim —  
 A marvel it had scarcely been  
 To hear a voice from him !

Some whisper from that horrid mouth  
 Of strange, unearthly tone ;  
 Or wild infernal laugh, to chill  
 One's marrow in the bone.  
 But no — it grins like rigid Death,  
 And silent as a stone !

As silent as its fellows be,  
 For all is mute with them —  
 The branch that climbs the leafy roof —  
 The rough and mossy stem —  
 The crooked root,  
 And tender shoot,  
 Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic tree alone there is,  
 Of sad and solemn sound —  
 That sometimes murmurs overhead,  
 And sometimes underground —  
 In all that shady avenue,  
 Where lofty elms abound.



## PART II.

The scene is changed ! No green arcade,  
 No trees all ranged a-row —

But scattered like a beaten host,  
 Dispersing to and fro ;  
 With here and there a sylvan corse,  
 That fell before the foe.

The foe that down in yonder dell  
 Pursues his daily toil ;  
 As witness many a prostrate trunk,  
 Bereft of leafy spoil,  
 Hard by its wooden stump, whereon  
 The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works — his ringing blows  
 Have banished bird and beast ;  
 • The hind and fawn have cantered off  
 A hundred yards at least ;  
 And on the maple's lofty top  
 The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labor overlooks,  
 Or when he takes his rest ;  
 Except the timid thrush that peeps  
 Above her secret nest,  
 Forbid by love to leave the young  
 Beneath her speckled breast.

The woodman's heart is in his work,  
 His axe is sharp and good ;  
 With sturdy arm and steady aim  
 He smites the gaping wood ;  
 From distant rocks  
 His lusty knocks  
 Reëcho many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong ;  
The muscles serve him well ;  
His years have reached an extra span,  
The number none can tell ;  
But still his life-long task has been  
The timber tree to fell.

Through summer's parching sultriness,  
And winter's freezing cold,  
From sapling youth  
To virile growth,  
And age's rigid mould,  
His energetic axe hath rung  
Within that forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel  
The vivid sunbeams glance —  
About his head and round his feet  
The forest shadows dance ;  
And bounding from his russet coat  
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,  
With wrinkles furrowed deep,  
And tanned by scorching suns as brown  
As corn that's ripe to reap ;  
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,  
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame ;  
His legs are long and stark ;  
His arms like limbs of knotted yew ;  
His hands like rugged bark ;  
So he felleth still,  
With right good will,  
As if to build an ark !

O! well within *his* fatal path  
 The fearful tree might quake  
 Through every fibre, twig, and leaf,  
 With aspen tremor shake ;  
     Through trunk and root,  
     And branch and shoot,  
 A low complaining make !

O! well to *him* the tree might breathe  
 A sad and solemn sound,  
 A sigh that murmured overhead,  
 And groans from underground ;  
 As in that shady avenue  
 Where lofty elms abound !

But calm and mute the maple stands,  
 The plane, the ash, the fir,  
 The elm, the beech, the drooping birch,  
 Without the least demur ;  
 And e'en the aspen's hoary leaf  
 Makes no unusual stir.

The pines — those old gigantic pines,  
 That writhe — recalling soon  
 The famous human group that writhes  
 With snakes in wild festoon —  
 In ramous wrestlings interlaced  
 A forest Laocoon —

Like Titans of primeval girth  
 By tortures overcome,  
 Their brown enormous limbs they twine,  
 Bedewed with tears of gum —  
 Fierce agonies that ought to yell,  
 But, like the marble, dumb.

Nay, yonder blasted elm that stands  
So like a man of sin,  
Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad  
To feel the worm within —  
For all that gesture, so intense,  
It makes no sort of din!

An universal silence reigns  
In rugged bark or peel,  
Except that very trunk which rings  
Beneath the biting steel —  
Meanwhile the woodman plies his axe  
With unrelenting zeal!

No rustic song is on his tongue,  
No whistle on his lips;  
But, with a quiet thoughtfulness  
His trusty tool he grips,  
And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out  
The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint  
He spreads the fatal gash;  
Till, lo! the remnant fibres rend,  
With harsh and sudden crash,  
And on the dull-resounding turf  
The jarring branches lash!

O! now the forest trees may sigh,  
The ash, the poplar tall,  
The elm, the birch, the drooping beech,  
The aspens — one and all,  
With solemn groan  
And hollow moan  
Lament a comrade's fall!

A goodly elm, of noble girth,  
That, thrice the human span —  
While on their variegated course  
The constant seasons ran —  
Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,  
Had stood erect as man.

But now, like mortal man himself,  
Struck down by hand of God,  
Or heathen idol tumbled prone  
Beneath the Eternal's nod,  
In all its giant bulk and length  
It lies along the sod!

Ay, now the forest trees may grieve  
And make a common moan  
Around that patriarchal trunk  
So newly overthrown ;  
And with a murmur recognize  
A doom to be their own !

The echo sleeps : the idle axe,  
A disregarded tool,  
Lies crushing with its passive weight  
The toad's reputed stool —  
The woodman wipes his dewy brow  
Within the shadows cool.

No zephyr stirs : the ear may catch  
The smallest insect hum ;  
But on the disappointed sense  
No mystic whispers come ;  
No tone of sylvan sympathy,  
The forest trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, nor inward voice,  
No sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmurs overhead,  
And sometimes underground ;  
As in that shady avenue,  
Where lofty elms abound !



## PART III.

The deed is done : the tree is low  
That stood so long and firm ;  
The woodman and his axe are gone,  
His toil has found its term ;  
And where he wrought the speckled thrush  
Securely hunts the worm.

The cony from the sandy bank  
Has run a rapid race,  
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,  
To seek the open space ;  
And on its haunches sits erect  
To clean its furry face.

The dappled fawn is close at hand,  
The hind is browsing near, —  
And on the larch's lowest bough  
The ousel whistles clear ;  
But checks the note  
Within its throat,  
As choked with sudden fear !

With sudden fear her wormy quest  
 The thrush abruptly quits —  
 Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern  
 The startled cony flits ;  
 And on the larch's lowest bough  
 No more the ousel sits.

With sudden fear  
 The dappled deer  
 Effect a swift escape ;  
 But well might bolder creatures start  
 And fly, or stand agape,  
 With rising hair and curdled blood,  
 To see so grim a Shape !

The very sky turns pale above ;  
 The earth grows dark beneath ;  
 The human terror thrills with cold,  
 And draws a shorter breath —  
 An universal panic owns  
 The dread approach of DEATH !

With silent pace, as shadows come,  
 And dark as shadows be,  
 The grisly phantom takes his stand  
 Beside the fallen tree,  
 And scans it with his gloomy eyes,  
 And laughs with horrid glee —

A dreary laugh and desolate,  
 Where mirth is void and null,  
 As hollow as its echo sounds  
 Within the hollow skull —  
 "Whoever laid this tree along,  
 His hatchet was not dull !

“The human arm and human tool ,  
Have done their duty well !  
But after sound of ringing axe  
Must sound the ringing knell ;  
When elm or oak  
Have felt the stroke  
My turn it is to fell.

“No passive unregarded tree,  
A senseless thing of wood,  
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends  
To swell the vernal bud —  
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks,  
That throb with living blood !

“No forest monarch yearly clad  
In mantle green or brown ;  
That unrecorded lives, and falls  
By hand of rustic clown —  
But kings who don the purple robe,  
And wear the jewelled crown.

“Ah! little recks the royal mind,  
Within his banquet hall,  
While tapers shine, and music breathes,  
And beauty leads the ball, —  
He little recks the oaken plank  
Shall be his palace wall !

“Ah, little dreams the haughty peer,  
The while his falcon flies —  
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf  
The antlered quarry dies —  
That in his own ancestral park  
The narrow dwelling lies.

The gentle hind and dappled fawn  
 Are coming up the glade ;  
 Each harmless furred and feathered thing  
 Is glad, and not afraid —  
 But on my saddened spirit still  
 The shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,  
 As though by certain mark  
 I knew the fore-appointed tree  
 Within whose rugged bark  
 This warm and living frame shall find  
 Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic tree which breathed to me  
 A sad and solemn sound,  
 That sometimes murmured overhead,  
 And sometimes underground ;  
 Within that shady avenue  
 Where lofty elms abound.



## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,  
 An evening calm and cool,  
 And four and twenty happy boys  
 Came bounding out of school :  
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt  
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds  
 And souls untouched by sin ;

To a level mead they came, and there  
They drave the wickets in :  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lyna.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran, —  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can ;  
But the Usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blesséd breeze ;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease :  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside,  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide :  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp :  
“O, God ! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp !”

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took —

The gentle hind and dappled fawn  
Are coming up the glade ;  
Each harmless furred and feathered thing  
Is glad, and not afraid —  
But on my saddened spirit still  
The shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,  
As though by certain mark  
I knew the fore-appointed tree  
Within whose rugged bark  
This warm and living frame shall find  
Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic tree which breathed to me  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmured overhead,  
And sometimes underground ;  
Within that shady avenue  
Where lofty elms abound.

---

### THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four and twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school :  
There were some that ran, and some that leapt  
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds  
And souls untouched by sin ;

To a level mead they came, and there  
They drave the wickets in :  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran, —  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can ;  
But the Usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blesséd breeze ;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease :  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside,  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide :  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp :  
“ O, God ! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took —

Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook, —  
And, lo ! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is't you read —  
Romance or fairy fable ?  
Or is it some historic page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”  
The young boy gave an upward glance, —  
“ It is ‘ The Death of Abel. ’ ”

The Usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain, —  
Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again ;  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves ;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves ;  
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod, —  
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod ;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts  
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain, —

With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain ;  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know, for truth,  
Their pangs must be extreme, —  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe, —  
Who spill life’s sacred stream !  
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought  
A murder, in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong —  
A feeble man and old ;  
I led him to a lonely field, —  
The moon shone clear and cold :  
Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife, —  
And then the deed was done :  
There was nothing lying at my foot  
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill ;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still :  
There was a manhood in his look,  
That murder could not kill !

“ And, lo, the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ; —

Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blame :  
I took the dead man by his hand,  
And called upon his name !

“O, God ! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain !  
But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out amain !  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain !

“My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as solid ice ;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the devil's price :  
A dozen times I groaned ; the dead  
Had never groaned but twice !

“And now, from forth the frowning sky,  
From the heaven's topmost height,  
I heard a voice — the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging sprite : —  
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead  
And hide it from my sight !'

“I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream, —  
A sluggish water, black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme : —  
My gentle Boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream !

“Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,  
And vanished in the pool ;

Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young,  
That evening, in the school.

“O, Heaven! to think of their white souls,  
And mine so black and grim!  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in evening hymn:  
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,  
’Mid holy cherubim!

“And peace went with them, one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread;  
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain  
That lighted me to bed;  
And drew my midnight curtains round,  
With fingers bloody red!

“All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep;  
My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at Sleep:  
For Sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of hell to keep!

“All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting horrid hint,  
That racked me all the time;  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime!

“One stern tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave;

Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave, —  
Still urging me to go and see  
The Dead Man in his grave !

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon  
As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accurséd pool  
With a wild misgiving eye ;  
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry.

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dew-drop from its wing ;  
But I never marked its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing :  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

“ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran ; —  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began :  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murdered man !

“ And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was other where ;  
As soon as the mid-day task was done,  
In secret I was there :  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare !

“ Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,

For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep :  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones !  
Ay, though he’s buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh, —  
The world shall see his bones !

“O, God ! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake !  
Again — again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take ;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mould allow ;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —  
It stands before me now !”  
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
Through the cold and heavy mist :  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A ROMANCE.

“A jolly place,” said he, “in times of old,  
But something ails it now ; the place is curst.”  
HART-LEAP WELL, BY WORDSWORTH.

## PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,  
Unnatural and full of contradictions ;  
Yet others of our most romantic schemes  
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground ;  
It might be merely by a thought's expansion ;  
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found  
An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,  
A dwelling-place, — and yet no habitation ;  
A house, — but under some prodigious ban  
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,  
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,  
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung  
One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small ;  
No pigeon on the roof — no household creature —  
No cat demurely dozing on the wall —  
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred, to go or come ;  
No face looked forth from shut or open casement :  
No chimney smoked — there was no sign of home  
From parapet to basement.

With shattered panes the grassy court was starred ;  
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after ;  
And through the ragged roof the sky shone, barred  
With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

The flower grew wild and rankly as the weed,  
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,  
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed  
Had overgrown the dial.

But, gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,  
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration ;  
All times and tides were lost in one long term  
Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the porch, she found  
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough ;  
And on the lawn, — within its turfy mound, —  
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted through  
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished,  
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew  
His enemy was banished.

The wary crow, — the pheasant from the woods, —  
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,  
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,  
Fed with a “shocking tameness.”

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,  
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted ;  
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond  
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,  
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,  
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
To guard the water lily.

No sound was heard, except, from far away,  
The ringing of the whitwall’s shrilly laughter,  
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,  
That Echo murmured after.

But Echo never mocked the human tongue ;  
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,  
A secret curse on that old building hung,  
And its deserted garden.

The beds were all untouched by hand or tool ;  
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,  
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool  
For want of human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,  
Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple ;  
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,  
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,  
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring poacher :  
In spite of gaps that through the fences round  
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass ;  
The mould was purple with unheeded showers  
Of bloomy plums — a wilderness it was  
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers !

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,  
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its ramble,  
The thistle and the stock together grew,  
The hollyhock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced ;  
The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbor,  
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced  
Of human care and labor.

The very yew formality had trained  
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,  
For want of trimming had almost regained  
The raggedness of nature.

The fountain was a-dry — neglect and time  
Had marred the work of artisan and mason,  
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,  
Sprawled in the ruined basin.

The statue, fallen from its marble base,  
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,  
Lay like the idol of some bygone race,  
Its name and rites forgotten.

On every side the aspect was the same,  
All ruined, desolate, forlorn and savage :  
No hand or foot within the precinct came  
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !



## PART II.

O, very gloomy is the house of woe,  
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,  
With all the dark solemnities which show  
That Death is in the dwelling !

O, very, very dreary is the room  
Where love, domestic love, no longer nestles,  
But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,  
The corpse lies on the trestles !

But house of woe, and hearse, and sable pall,  
The narrow home of the departed mortal,  
Ne'er looked so gloomy as that ghostly hall,  
With its deserted portal !

The centipede along the threshold crept,  
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,  
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,  
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood ;  
The emmets of the steps had old possession,  
And marched in search of their diurnal food  
In undisturbed procession.

As undisturbed as the prehensile cell  
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue ;  
For never foot upon that threshold fell,  
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

Howbeit, the door I pushed — or so I dreamed —  
Which slowly, slowly gaped, — the hinges creaking  
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed  
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that mansion old,  
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners  
That hung from the corroded walls, and told  
Of former men and manners.

Those tattered flags, that with the opened door  
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember,  
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor  
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out — bird after bird —  
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,  
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard  
Some dying victim utter !

A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,  
And up the stair, and further still and further,  
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof  
It ceased its tale of murder !

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,  
The banner shuddered, and the ragged streamer ;  
All things the horrid tenor of the sound  
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung and belt,  
Stirred as the tempest stirs the forest branches,  
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt  
The bloodhound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,  
And through its many gaps of destitution  
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,  
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,  
Touched by some impulse occult or mechanic ;  
And nameless beetles ran along the wall  
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead  
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,  
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread  
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall,  
Assuming features solemn and terrific,  
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,  
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,  
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid  
The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out,  
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,  
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver,  
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel  
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

If but a rat had lingered in the house,  
To lure the thought into a social channel !  
But not a rat remained, or tiny mouse,  
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept ;  
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly  
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept  
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,  
Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal ;  
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,—  
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,  
The fungus in the rotten seams had quickened ;  
While on the oaken table coats of dust  
Perennially had thickened.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,  
No cup, no horn, no hospitable token, —  
All social ties between that board and man  
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,  
The shadow of a presence so atrocious,  
No human creature could have feasted there,  
Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !



### PART III.

'Tis hard for human actions to account,  
Whether from reason or from impulse only —  
But some internal prompting bade me mount  
The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,  
With odors as from bones and relics carnal,  
Deprived of rite and consecrated mould,  
The chapel vault or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress  
Of every step so many echoes blended,  
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess  
How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,  
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,  
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,  
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick, and in the upper gloom  
The bat — or something in its shape — was winging;  
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,  
The death's-head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound  
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly;  
And with a grim significance flits round  
The taper burning blueely.

Such omens in the place there seemed to be,  
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,  
The straining eyeball was prepared to see  
Some apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed;  
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid;  
But from their tarnished frames dark figures gazed,  
And faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies  
Within the compass of art's simulation ;  
Their souls were looking through their painted eyes  
With awful speculation.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt ;  
On every brow the burthen of affliction ;  
The old ancestral spirits knew and felt  
The house's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,  
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken ;  
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,  
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,  
Except my steps in solitary clamber,  
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,  
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,  
That old magnificence had richly furnished  
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,  
And carvings gilt and burnished.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,  
With Scripture history or classic fable ;  
But all had faded, save one ragged part,  
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth  
Had marred the tissue with a partial ravage ;  
But undecaying frowned upon the cloth  
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale ; the cloud a thing of doubt ;  
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and duller ;  
But still the BLOODY HAND shone strangely out  
With vehemence of color !

The BLOODY HAND that with a lurid stain  
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,  
Projected from the casement's painted pane,  
Where all beside was broken.

The BLOODY HAND significant of crime,  
That, glaring on the old heraldic banner,  
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,  
In such a wondrous manner !

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

The death-watch ticked behind the panelled oak,  
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,  
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,  
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,  
But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,  
The while some secret inspiration said,  
That chamber is the ghostly !

Across the door no gossamer festoon  
Swung pendulous — no web — no dusty fringes,  
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon  
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunned the interdicted room,  
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,  
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom  
The very midge had vanished.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed,  
As if with awful aim direct and certain,  
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red  
Embroidered on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt —  
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted;  
The floor alone retained the trace of guilt,  
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence  
With mazy doubles to the grated casement —  
O, what a tale they told of fear intense,  
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night  
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance?  
Had sought the door, the window, in his flight,  
Striving for dear existence?

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room  
Its mortal frame had violently quitted? —  
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,  
A ghostly shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,  
But painted on the air so very dimly,  
It hardly veiled the tapestry at all,  
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

---

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

“Drowned! drowned!” — HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing. —

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful :  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family —  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
O, it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly

Feelings had changed:  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled —  
Any where, any where  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran, —  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it — think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;

Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, — kindly, —  
Smooth, and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest. —  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch ! stitch ! stich !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the “ Song of the Shirt ! ”

“ Work ! work ! work !  
While the cock is crowing aloof !  
And work — work — work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof !  
It's O ! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work !

“ Work — work — work  
Till the brain begins to swim !  
Work — work — work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream !

“ O, men, with sisters dear !  
O, men, with mothers and wives !  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives !

Stitch — stitch — stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of death?  
That phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own —  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
O, God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work — work — work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread — and rags.  
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —  
A table — a broken chair —  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

“Work — work — work!  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work — work — work,  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

“Work — work — work,  
In the dull December light,

And work — work — work,  
 When the weather is warm and bright —  
 While underneath the eaves  
 The brooding swallows cling,  
 As if to show me their sunny backs,  
 And twit me with the spring.

“O! but to breathe the breath  
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —  
 With the sky above my head,  
 And the grass beneath my feet,  
 For only one short hour  
 To feel as I used to feel,  
 Before I knew the woes of want,  
 And the walk that costs a meal!

“O! but for one short hour!  
 A respite however brief!  
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
 But only time for grief!  
 A little weeping would ease my heart,  
 But in their briny bed  
 My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread —  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —  
 Would that its tone could reach the rich! —  
 She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

## THE LADY'S DREAM.

The lady lay in her bed,  
— Her couch so warm and soft,  
But her sleep was restless and broken still ;  
For, turning often and oft  
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,  
And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,  
And gazed on the vacant air,  
With a look of awe, as if she saw  
Some dreadful phantom there —  
And then in the pillow she buried her face  
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,  
Her terror was so extreme ;  
And the light that fell on the brodered quilt  
Kept a tremulous gleam ;  
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried :  
“ O, me ! that awful dream !

“ That weary, weary walk,  
In the church-yard's dismal ground !  
And those horrible things, with shady wings,  
That came and flitted round, —  
Death, death, and nothing but death,  
In every sight and sound !

“ And, O ! those maidens young,  
Who wrought in that dreary room,

With figures drooping and spectres thin,  
And cheeks without a bloom ; —  
And the voice that cried, ' For the pomp of pride,  
We haste to an early tomb !

" For the pomp and pleasure of pride,  
We toil like Afric slaves,  
And only to earn a home at last,  
Where yonder cypress waves ;'  
And then they pointed — I never saw  
A ground so full of graves !

" And still the collins came,  
With their sorrowful trains and slow ;  
Collin after collin still,  
A sad and sickening show ;  
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt  
Of such a world of woe !

" Of the hearts that daily break,  
Of the tears that hourly fall,  
Of the many, many troubles of life,  
That grieve this earthly ball —  
Disease, and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,  
But now I dreamt of them all !

" For the blind and the cripple were there,  
And the babe that pined for bread,  
And the houseless man, and the widow poor  
Who begged — to bury the dead ;  
The naked, alas ! that I might have clad,  
The famished I might have fed !

" The sorrow I might have soothed,  
And the unregarded tears ;

For many a thronging shape was there,  
From long-forgotten years, —  
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,  
Who raised my childish fears !

“ Each pleading look, that long ago  
I scanned with a heedless eye,  
Each face was gazing as plainly there  
As when I passed it by :  
Woe, woe for me if the past should be  
Thus present when I die !

“ No need of sulphureous lake,  
No need of fiery coal,  
But only that crowd of human kind  
Who wanted pity and dole —  
In everlasting retrospect —  
Will wring my sinful soul !

“ Alas ! I have walked through life  
Too heedless where I trod ;  
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,  
And fill the burial sod —  
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls  
Not unmarked of God !

“ I drank the richest draughts ;  
And ate whatever is good —  
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,  
Supplied my hungry mood ;  
But I never remembered the wretched ones  
That starve for want of food !

“ I dressed as the noble dress,  
— In cloth of silver and gold,

With silk, and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold ;  
But I never remembered the naked limbs  
That froze with winter's cold.

“The wounds I might have healed !  
The human sorrow and smart !  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part ;  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart !”

She clasped her fervent hands,  
And the tears began to stream ;  
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,  
Remorse was so extreme ;  
And yet, O, yet, that many a dame  
Would dream the Lady's Dream !

---

## THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.

### AN ALLEGORY.

THERE'S a murmur in the air,  
A noise in every street —  
The murmur of many tongues,  
The noise of numerous feet —  
While round the workhouse door  
The laboring classes flock,  
For why ? — the overseer of the poor  
Is setting the workhouse clock.

Who does not hear the tramp  
 Of thousands speeding along  
 Of either sex and various stamp,  
 Sickly, crippled, or strong,  
 Walking, limping, creeping  
 From court, and alley, and lane,  
 But all in one direction sweeping,  
 Like rivers that seek the main?  
 Who does not see them sally  
 From mill, and garret, and room,  
 In lane, and court, and alley,  
 From homes in poverty's lowest valley,  
 Furnished with shuttle and loom —  
 Poor slaves of Civilization's galley —  
 And in the road and footways rally,  
 As if for the day of doom?

Some, of hardly human form,  
 Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil;  
 Dingy with smoke and dust and oil,  
 And smirched besides with vicious soil,  
 Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm.  
 Father, mother, and careful child,  
 Looking as if it had never smiled —  
 The scamstress, lean, and weary, and wan,  
 With only the ghosts of garments on —  
 The weaver, her sallow neighbor,  
 The grim and sooty artisan;  
 Every soul — child, woman, or man,  
 Who lives — or dies — by labor.

Stirred by an overwhelming zeal,  
 And social impulse, a terrible throng!  
 Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel,

Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,  
Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel —  
Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal —  
Gushing, rushing, crushing along,  
A very torrent of Man!  
Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,  
Grown at last to a hurricane strong,  
Stop its course who can!  
Stop who can its onward course  
And irresistible moral force;  
O! vain and idle dream!  
For surely as men are all akin,  
Whether of fair or sable skin,  
According to Nature's scheme,  
That human movement contains within  
A blood-power stronger than steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,  
They swarm — and westward still —  
Masses born to drink and eat,  
But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,  
And famishing down Cornhill!  
Through the Poultry — but still unfed —  
Christian charity, hang your head!  
Hungry — passing the Street of Bread;  
Thirsty — the Street of Milk;  
Ragged — beside the Ludgate mart,  
So gorgeous, through mechanic art,  
With cotton, and wool, and silk!

At last, before that door  
That bears so many a knock  
Ere ever it opens to sick or poor,  
Like sheep they huddle and flock —

And would that all the good and wise  
 Could see the million of hollow eyes,  
 With a gleam derived from hope and the skies,  
 Upturned to the workhouse clock !

O! that the parish powers,  
 Who regulate labor's hours,  
 The daily amount of human trial,  
 Weariness, pain, and self-denial,  
 Would turn from the artificial dial  
 That striketh ten or eleven,  
 And go, for once, by that older one  
 That stands in the light of Nature's sun,  
 And takes its time from Heaven !

---

### THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

A SPADE! a rake! a hoe!  
 A pickaxe, or a bill!  
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
 A flail, or what ye will—  
 And here's a ready hand  
 To ply the needful tool,  
 And skilled enough, by lessons rough,  
 In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,  
 To lop or fell the tree,  
 To lay the swarth on the sultry field,  
 Or plough the stubborn lea ;

The harvest stack to bind,  
• The wheaten rick to thatch,  
And never fear in my pouch to find  
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm  
My fancies never roam ;  
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn  
Is on the hearth of home ;  
Where children huddle and crouch  
Through dark long winter days,  
Where starving children huddle and crouch,  
To see the cheerful rays,  
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,  
And not in the haggard's blaze !

To Him who sends a drought  
To parch the fields forlorn,  
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,  
The blight to blast the corn,  
To Him I leave to guide  
The bolt in its crooked path,  
To strike the miser's rick, and show  
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !  
A pickaxe, or a bill !  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will —  
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,  
The market-team to drive,  
Or mend the fence by the cover side,  
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,  
And then you need not fear  
That I shall snare his worship's hare,  
Or kill his grace's deer ;  
Break into his lordship's house,  
To steal the plate so rich ;  
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse  
To welter in the ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,  
Wherever Labor calls,  
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,  
To shun the workhouse walls ;  
Where savage laws begrudge  
The pauper babe its breath,  
And doom a wife to a widow's life,  
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,  
With labor stiff and stark  
By lawful turn my living to earn,  
Between the light and dark ;  
My daily bread and nightly bed,  
My bacon, and drop of beer —  
But all from the hand that holds the land,  
And none from the overseer !

No parish money, or loaf,  
No pauper badges for me, —  
A son of the soil by right of toil  
Entitled to my fee.  
No alms I ask, give me my task ;  
Here are the arm, the leg,  
The strength, the sinews of a man,  
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,  
 Though doomed by chance of birth  
 To dress so mean, and to eat the lean  
 Instead of the fat of the earth ;  
 To make such humble meals  
 As honest labor can,  
 A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,  
 And little thanks to man !

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !  
 A pickaxe, or a bill !  
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
 A flail, or what ye will —  
 Whatever the tool to ply,  
 Here is a willing drudge,  
 With muscle and limb, and woe to him  
 Who does their pay begrudge !

Who every weekly score  
 Docks labor's little mite,  
 Bestows on the poor at the temple door,  
 But robbed them over night.  
 The very shilling he hoped to save,  
 As health and morals fail,  
 Shall visit me in the New Bastile  
 The Spital, or the Gaol !

---

 FAIR INES.

O SAW ye not fair Ines ?  
 She's gone into the west,  
 To dazzle when the sun is down,  
 And rob the world of rest :

She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright ;  
And blesséd will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gayly by thy side,  
And whispered thee so near !—  
Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before :  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore ;—  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
— If it had been no more !

Alas, alas ! fair Ines,  
She went away with song.

With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,  
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines !  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before, —  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore !  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more !

---

## THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,  
And earth has buried all her flowers :  
No more the lark, the linnet sings,  
But silence sits in faded bowers.  
There is a shadow on the plain  
Of Winter ere he comes again, —  
There is in woods a solemn sound  
Of hollow warnings whispered round,  
As Echo in her deep recess  
For once had turned a prophetess.  
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,  
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,  
With clouded face, and hazel eyes  
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

Yes, Summer's gone like pageant bright ;  
Its glorious days of golden light  
Are gone — the mimic suns that quiver,  
Then melt in Time's dark-flowing river.  
Gone the sweetly-scented breeze  
That spoke in music to the trees ;  
Gone for damp and chilly breath,  
As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,  
Or newly from the lungs of Death.  
Gone its virgin roses' blushes,  
Warm as when Aurora rushes  
Freshly from the god's embrace,  
With all her shame upon her face.  
Old Time hath laid them in the mould ;  
Sure he is blind as well as old,  
Whose hand relentless never spares  
Young cheeks so beauty-bright as theirs !  
Gone are the flame-eyed lovers now  
From where so blushing-blest they tarried  
Under the hawthorn's blossom-bough,  
Gone ; for Day and Night are married.  
All the light of love is fled : —  
Alas ! that negro breasts should hide  
The lips that were so rosy red,  
At morning and at even-tide !

Delightful Summer ! then adieu  
Till thou shalt visit us anew :  
But who without regretful sigh  
Can say adieu, and see thee fly ?  
Not he that e'er hath felt thy power,  
His joy expanding like a flower  
That cometh after rain and snow,  
Looks up at heaven, and learns to glow : —

Not he that fled from Babel-strife  
To the green Sabbath-land of life,  
To dodge dull Care 'mid clustered trees,  
And cool his forehead in the breeze, —  
Whose spirit, weary-worn perchance,  
Shook from its wings a weight of grief,  
And perched upon an aspen-leaf,  
For every breath to make it dance.

Farewell! — on wings of sombre stain,  
That blacken in the last blue skies,  
Thou fly'st ; but thou wilt come again  
On the gay wings of butterflies.  
Spring at thy approach will sprout  
Her new Corinthian beauties out,  
Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words  
Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds ;  
Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers,  
And April smiles to sunny hours.  
Bright days shall be, and gentle nights  
Full of soft breath and echo-lights,  
As if the god of sun-time kept  
His eyes half-open while he slept.  
Roses shall be where roses were,  
Not shadows, but reality ;  
As if they never perished there,  
But slept in immortality :  
Nature shall thrill with new delight,  
And Time's relumined river run  
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright  
As if its source were in the sun !

But say, hath Winter then no charms ?  
Is there no joy, no gladness, warms

His aged heart ? no happy wiles  
To cheat the hoary one to smiles ?  
Onward he comes — the cruel North  
Pours his furious whirlwind forth  
Before him — and we breathe the breath  
Of famished bears that howl to death.  
Onward he comes from rocks that blanch  
O'er solid streams that never flow ;  
His tears all ice, his locks all snow,  
Just crept from some huge avalanche —  
A thing half-breathing and half-warm,  
As if one spark began to glow  
Within some statue's marble form,  
Or pilgrim stiffened in the storm.  
O ! will not Mirth's light arrows fail  
To pierce that frozen coat of mail ?  
O ! will not joy but strive in vain  
To light up those glazed eyes again ?

No ! take him in, and blaze the oak,  
And pour the wine, and warm the ale ;  
His sides shall shake to many a joke,  
His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,  
His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay,  
And even his palsy charmed away.  
What heeds he then the boisterous shout  
Of angry winds that scold without,  
Like shrewish wives at tavern door ?  
What heeds he then the wild uproar  
Of billows bursting on the shore ?  
In dashing waves, in howling breeze,  
There is a music that can charm him ;  
When safe, and sheltered, and at ease,  
He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

But hark ! those shouts ! that sudden din  
Of little hearts that laugh within.  
O ! take him where the youngsters play,  
And he will grow as young as they !  
They come ! they come ! each blue-eyed Sport,  
The Twelfth-Night King and all his court —  
'Tis Mirth fresh crowned with mistletoe !  
Music with her merry fiddles,  
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"  
Wit with all his jests and riddles,  
Singing and dancing as they go.  
And Love, young Love, among the rest,  
A welcome — nor unbidden guest.

But still for Summer dost thou grieve ?  
Then read our poets — they shall weave  
A garden of green fancies still,  
Where thy wish may rove at will.  
They have kept for after treats  
The essences of summer sweets,  
And echoes of its songs that wind  
In endless music through the mind :  
They have stamped in visible traces  
The "thoughts that breathe," in words that shine  
The flights of soul in sunny places —  
To greet and company with thine.  
These shall wing thee on to flowers —  
The past or future that shall seem  
All the brighter in thy dream  
For blowing in such desert hours.  
The summer never shines so bright  
As thought of in a winter's night ;  
And the sweetest, loveliest rose  
Is in the bud before it blows ;

O, go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded  
 Under the languid downfall of her hair :  
 She wears a coronal of flowers faded  
 Upon her forehead, and a face of care ; —  
 There is enough of withered every where  
 To make her bower, — and enough of gloom ;  
 There is enough of sadness to invite,  
 If only for the rose that died, — whose doom  
 Is Beauty's, — she that with the living bloom  
 Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light ; —  
 There is enough of sorrowing, and quite  
 Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear, —  
 Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl ;  
 Enough of fear and shadowy despair,  
 To frame her cloudy prison for the soul !

---

 SONG.

FOR MUSIC.

A LAKE and a fairy boat  
 To sail in the moonlight clear, —  
 And merrily we would float  
 From the dragons that watch us here !

Thy gown should be snow-white silk ;  
 And strings of orient pearls,  
 Like gossamers dipped in milk,  
 Should twine with thy raven curls !

Red rubies should deck thy hands,  
 And diamonds should be thy dower —  
 But fairies have broke their wands,  
 And wishing has lost its power !

## BALLAD.

SPRING it is cheery,  
 Winter is dreary,  
 Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly ;  
 When he's forsaken,  
 Withered and shaken,  
 What can an old man do but die ?

Love will not clip him,  
 Maids will not lip him,  
 Maud and Marian pass him by ;  
 Youth it is sunny,  
 Age has no honey, —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

June it was jolly,  
 O for its folly !  
 A dancing leg and a laughing eye ;  
 Youth may be silly,  
 Wisdom is chilly, —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

Friends they are scanty,  
 Beggars are plenty,  
 If he has followers, I know why ;  
 Gold's in his clutches,  
 (Buying him crutches !) —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

## HYMN TO THE SUN.

GIVER of glowing light !  
Though but a god of other days,  
    The kings and sages  
    Of wiser ages  
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays.

King of the tuneful lyre,  
Still poets' hymns to thee belong ;  
    Though lips are cold  
    Whereon of old  
Thy beams all turned to worshipping and song !

Lord of the dreadful bow,  
None triumph now for Python's death ;  
    But thou dost save  
    From hungry grave  
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,  
No more thy clouds of incense rise ;  
    But waking flowers  
    At morning hours  
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,  
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime ;  
    But they will leave  
    On winds at eve  
A solemn echo to the end of time.

## AUTUMN.

THE autumn skies are flushed with gold,  
And fair and bright the rivers run ;  
These are but streams of winter cold,  
And painted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,  
In secret boughs no bird can shroud ;  
These are but leaves that take to wing,  
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms  
That on the cheerless valleys fall ;  
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,  
And tears of dew are on them all.

## TO A COLD BEAUTY.

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be  
To Winter's cold and cruel part ?  
When he sets the rivers free,  
Thou dost still lock up thy heart ;—  
Thou that shouldst outlast the snow  
But in the whiteness of thy brow ?

Scorn and cold neglect are made  
For winter gloom and winter wind,  
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,  
Breathing it to words unkind, —  
Breath which only should belong  
To love, to sunlight, and to song !

When the little buds unclose,  
 Red, and white, and pied, and blue,  
 And that virgin flower, the rose,  
 Opes her heart to hold the dew,  
 Wilt thou lock thy bosom up  
 With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit  
 Thus in Love's peculiar throne; —  
 Brooklets are not prisoned now,  
 But crystal frosts are all agone,  
 And that which hangs upon the spray,  
 It is no snow, but flower of May!

---

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,  
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,  
 Deeply ripened; — such a blush  
 In the midst of brown was born,  
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;  
 Which were blackest none could tell,  
 But long lashes veiled a light  
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
 Made her tressy forehead dim; —  
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
 Praising God with sweetest looks: —

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean  
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;  
 Lay thy sheaf adown, and come,  
 Share my harvest and my home.

---

 BALLAD.

SHE'S up and gone, the graceless girl !  
 And robbed my failing years ;  
 My blood before was thin and cold,  
 But now 'tis turned to tears ; —  
 My shadow falls upon my grave ;  
 So near the brink I stand,  
 She might have staid a little yet,  
 And led me by the hand !

Ay, call her on the barren moor,  
 And call her on the hill, —  
 'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,  
 And plover's answer shrill :  
 My child is flown on wilder wings  
 Than they have ever spread,  
 And I may even walk a waste  
 That widened when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,  
 But never one like mine ;  
 Her meat was served on plates of gold,  
 Her drink was rosy wine ;  
 But now she'll share the robin's food,  
 And sup the common rill,  
 Before her feet will turn again  
 To meet her father's will !

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember  
The roses red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth-day, —  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

---

## BALLAD.

SIGH on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse  
And Beauty's fairest queen,  
Though 'tis not for my peasant lips  
To soil her name between :  
A king might lay his sceptre down,  
But I am poor and nought,  
The brow should wear a golden crown  
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,  
Whose sudden beams surprise,  
Might bid such humble hopes beware  
The glancing of her eyes ;  
Yet looking once, I looked too long,  
And if my love is sin,  
Death follows on the heels of wrong,  
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,  
It was so pure and fine,  
O lofty wears, and lowly weaves,  
But hoddan gray is mine ;  
And homely hose must step apart,  
Where gartered princes stand,  
But may he wear my love at heart  
That wins her lily hand !

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember  
The roses red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth-day, —  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

---

## BALLAD.

SIGH on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse  
And Beauty's fairest queen,  
Though 'tis not for my peasant lips  
To soil her name between :  
A king might lay his sceptre down,  
But I am poor and nought,  
The brow should wear a golden crown  
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,  
Whose sudden beams surprise,  
Might bid such humble hopes beware  
The glancing of her eyes ;  
Yet looking once, I looked too long,  
And if my love is sin,  
Death follows on the heels of wrong,  
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,  
It was so pure and fine,  
O lofty wears, and lowly weaves,  
But hoddan gray is mine ;  
And homely hose must step apart,  
Where gartered princes stand,  
But may he wear my love at heart  
That wins her lily hand !

Alas! there's far from russet frieze  
To silks and satin gowns,  
But I doubt if God made like degrees  
In courtly hearts and clowns.  
My father wronged a maiden's mirth,  
And brought her cheeks to blame,  
And all that's lordly of my birth  
Is my reproach and shame!

'Tis vain to weep, — 'tis vain to sigh,  
'Tis vain this idle speech,  
For where her happy pearls do lie  
My tears may never reach;  
Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride  
May say of what has been,  
His love was nobly born and died,  
Though all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude, — but speech is weak  
Such love as mine to tell,  
Yet had I words, I dare not speak,  
So, lady, fare thee well;  
I will not wish thy better state  
Was one of low degree,  
But I must weep that partial fate  
Made such a churl of me.

---

### THE WATER LADY.

ALAS! the moon should ever beam  
To show what man should never see! —  
I saw a maiden on a stream,  
And fair was she!

I staid a while, to see her throw  
Her tresses back, that all beset  
The fair horizon of her brow  
With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view  
Her cheek, that wore in place of red  
The bloom of water, tender blue,  
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,  
Her parted lips if she would sing ;  
The waters closed above her face  
With many a ring.

And still I staid a little more ;  
Alas ! she never comes again !  
I throw my flowers from the shore,  
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,  
I know that I must vainly pine ;  
For I am made of mortal clay,  
But she's divine !

---

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'ER hill, and dale, and distant sea,  
Through all the miles that stretch between,  
My thought must fly to rest on thee,  
And would, though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks  
The further we are forced apart,

Affection's firm elastic links  
But bind the closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,  
I learn what I have lost in thee ;  
Alas ! that nothing less could teach  
How great indeed my love should be !

Farewell ! I did not know thy worth :  
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized :  
So angels walked unknown on earth,  
But when they flew were recognized !

---

SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager  
Wherever he may sail ;  
The moon is constant to her time ;  
The sun will never fail ;  
But follow, follow round the world,  
The green earth and the sea ;  
So love is with the lover's heart,  
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars  
Must daily lose their light ;  
The moon will veil her in the shade ;  
The sun will set at night.  
The sun may set, but constant love  
Will shine when he's away ;  
So that dull night is never night,  
And day is brighter day.

## ODE TO THE MOON.

MOTHER of light! how fairly dost thou go  
 Over those hoary crests, divinely led! —  
 Art thou that huntress of the silver bow  
 Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread  
 Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,  
 Like the wild chamois from her Alpine snow,  
 Where hunter never climbed, — secure from dread?  
 How many antique fancies have I read  
 Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!  
     Wondrous and bright,  
     Upon the silver light,  
 Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought!

What art thou like? — sometimes I see thee ride  
 A far-bound galley on its perilous way,  
 Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray: —  
     Sometimes behold thee glide,  
 Clustered by all thy family of stars,  
 Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,  
 Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars; —  
 Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,  
 Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,  
 Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,  
 To catch the young Endymion asleep, —  
 Leaving thy splendor at the jagged porch! —

O, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!  
 Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;  
 And he, the veriest Pagan, that first framed  
 A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee! —  
 It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee;

Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,  
 And not divine the crescent on thy brows! —  
 Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild moon,  
     Behind those chestnut boughs,  
 Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;  
 I will be grateful for that simple boon,  
 In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,  
 And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone, — ay, far away and dead, —  
 Before Care-fretted with a lidless eye, —  
 I was thy wooer on my little bed,  
 Letting the early hours of rest go by,  
 To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,  
 And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept;  
 For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams, —  
 Thou wert the fairies' armorer, that kept  
 Their burnished helms, and crowns, and corselets bright,  
     Their spears and glittering mails;  
 And ever thou didst spill in winding streams  
     Sparkles and midnight gleams,  
 For fishes to new gloss their argent scales! —

Why sighs? — why creeping tears? — why clasped hands?  
 Is it to count the boy's expended dower?  
 That fairies since have broke their gifted wands?  
 That young Delight, like any o'erblown flower,  
 Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground? —  
 Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,  
 Thou art a sadder dial to old Time  
     Than ever I have found  
 On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tower,  
 Mottoed with stern and melancholy rhyme.

Why should I grieve for this? — O, I must yearn,  
 Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,

Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,  
 Richly embossed with childhood's revelry,  
 With leaves and clustered fruits, and flowers eterne, —  
 (Eternal to the world, though not to me,)  
 Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,  
 The deathless wreath, and undecayed festoon,  
     When I am hearsed within, —  
 Less than the pallid primrose to the moon,  
 That now she watches through a vapor thin.

So let it be : — Before I lived to sigh,  
 Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,  
 Beautiful orb ! and so, whene'er I lie  
 Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.  
 Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,  
 And blessed thy fair face, O mother mild !  
 Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,  
 Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,  
 And blend their plighted shadows into one : —  
 Still smile at even on the bedded child,  
 And close his eyelids with thy silver wand !

---

TO ———.

WELCOME, dear heart, and a most kind good-morrow ;  
 The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine : —  
 Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow  
 Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red roses, gathered at thy cheeks, —  
 The white were all too happy to look white :  
 For love the rose, for faith the lily speaks :  
 It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright !

Dost love sweet hyacinth? Its scented leaf  
Curls manifold, — all love's delights blow double :  
'Tis said this floweret is inscribed with grief, —  
But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I plucked the primrose at night's dewy noon ;  
Like Hope, it showed its blossoms in the night ; —  
'Twas like Endymion, watching for the moon !  
And here are sunflowers, amorous of light !

These golden buttercups are April's seal, —  
The daisy stars her constellations be :  
These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,  
Therefore I pluck no daisies but for thee !

Here's daisies for the morn, primrose for gloom,  
Pansies and roses for the noontide hours ; —  
A wight once made a dial of their bloom, —  
So may thy life be measured out by flowers !

---

### THE FORSAKEN.

THE dead are in their silent graves,  
And the dew is cold above,  
And the living weep and sigh  
Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,  
But now the living cause my pain ;  
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,  
To leave me to my tears again ?

My mother rests beneath the sod, —  
Her rest is calm and very deep :  
I wished that she could see our loves, —  
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,  
The morning saw them turned to gray,  
Once they were black and well beloved,  
But thou art changed, — and so are they !

The useless lock I gave thee once,  
To gaze upon and think of me,  
Was ta'en with smiles, — but this was torn  
In sorrow that I send to thee.

---

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn is old,  
The sere leaves are flying ; —  
He hath gathered up gold,  
And now he is dying ; —  
Old age, begin sighing !

The vintage is ripe,  
The harvest is heaping ; —  
But some that have sowed  
Have no riches for reaping ; —  
Poor wretch, fall a weeping !

The year's in the wane,  
There is nothing adorning,  
The night has no eve,  
And the day has no morning ; —  
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,  
 The red sun is sinking,  
 And I am grown old,  
 And life is fast shrinking;  
 Here's enow for sad thinking!

---

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

COME, let us set our careful breasts,  
 Like Philomel, against the thorn,  
 To aggravate the inward grief,  
 That makes her accents so forlorn;  
 The world has many cruel points,  
 Whereby our bosoms have been torn,  
 And there are dainty themes of grief,  
 In sadness to outlast the morn, —  
 True honor's dearth, affection's death,  
 Neglectful pride and cankering scorn,  
 With all the piteous tales that tears  
 Have watered since the world was born.

The world! — it is a wilderness,  
 Where tears are hung on every tree;  
 For thus my gloomy fantasy  
 Makes all things weep with me!  
 Come let us sit and watch the sky,  
 And fancy clouds where no clouds be;  
 Grief is enough to blot the eye,  
 And make heaven black with misery.  
 Why should birds sing such merry notes,  
 Unless they were more blest than we?  
 No sorrow ever chokes their throats,  
 Except sweet nightingale; for she

Was born to pain our hearts the more  
With her sad melody.  
Why shines the sun, except that he  
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,  
And pensive shades for Melancholy,  
When all the earth is bright beside ?  
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,  
Mirth shall not win us back again,  
Whilst man is made of his own grave,  
And fairest clouds but gilded rain !

I saw my mother in her shroud,  
Her cheek was cold and very pale ;  
And ever since I've looked on all  
As creatures doomed to fail !  
Why do buds ope, except to die ?  
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,  
And think of our loves' cheeks :  
And, O, how quickly time doth fly  
To bring death's winter hither !  
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,  
Months, years, and ages shrink to nought,  
An age past is but a thought !

Ay, let us think of him a while,  
That, with a coffin for a boat,  
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,  
And for our table choose a tomb ;  
There's dark enough in any skull  
To charge with black a raven plume ;  
And for the saddest funeral thoughts  
A winding-sheet hath ample room,  
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,  
Hath writ the common doom.

How wide the yew-tree spreads its gloom,  
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,  
As if in tears it wept for them,  
The many human families  
That sleep around its stem !  
How cold the dead have made these stones,  
With natural drops kept ever wet !  
Lo ! here the best, the worst, the world  
Doth now remember or forget,  
Are in one common ruin hurled,  
And love and hate are calmly met ;  
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,  
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.  
Is't not enough to vex our souls,  
And fill our eyes, that we have set  
Our love upon a rose's leaf,  
Our hearts upon a violet ?  
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet ;  
And, sometimes, at their swift decay  
Beforehand we must fret :  
The roses bud and bloom again ;  
But love may haunt the grave of love,  
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,  
And do not take my tears amiss ;  
For tears must flow to wash away  
A thought that shows so stern as this :  
Forgive, if somehow I forget,  
In woe to come, the present bliss. .  
As frightened Proserpine let fall  
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,  
Even so the dark and bright will kiss.  
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,

And there is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid !  
Now let us with a spell invoke  
The full-orbed moon to grieve our eyes ;  
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud  
Lapped all about her, let her rise  
All pale and dim, as if from rest  
The ghost of the late buried sun  
Had crept into the skies.  
The moon ! she is the source of sighs,  
The very face to make us sad ;  
If but to think in other times  
The same calm, quiet look she had,  
As if the world held nothing base,  
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad ;  
The same fair light that shone in streams,  
The fairy lamp that charmed the lad ;  
For so it is, with spent delights  
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.  
All things are touched with melancholy,  
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,  
To feel her fair ethereal wings  
Weighed down with vile degraded dust ;  
Even the bright extremes of joy  
Bring on conclusions of disgust,  
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,  
Whose fragrance ends in must.  
O, give her, then, her tribute just,  
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy !  
There is no music in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter solely ;  
There's not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its chord in Melancholy.

## SONNETS.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky  
 The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!  
 Hues of all flowers that in their ashes lie,  
 Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,  
 Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red, —  
 Like exhalations from the leafy mould,  
 Look here how honor glorifies the dead,  
 And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold! —  
 Such is the memory of poets old,  
 Who on Parnassus' hill have bloomed elate;  
 Now they are laid under their marbles cold,  
 And turned to clay, whereof they were create;  
 But god Apollo hath them all enrolled,  
 And blazoned on the very clouds of fate!

TO FANCY.

MOST delicate Ariel! submissive thing,  
 Won by the mind's high magic to its hest, —  
 Invisible embassy, or secret guest, —  
 Weighing the light air on a lighter wing; —  
 Whether into the midnight moon, to bring  
 Illuminate visions to the eye of rest, —  
 Or rich romances from the florid West, —  
 Or to the sea, for mystic whispering, —  
 Still by thy charmed allegiance to the will  
 The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,

As, by the fingering of fairy skill, —  
 Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,  
 Odors, and blooms, and *my* Miranda's smile,  
 Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

---

## TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

YOUNG ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,  
 Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,  
 And still a large late love of all thy kind,  
 Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,  
 For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,  
 Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind  
 Thine eyes with tears, — that thou hast not resigned  
 The passionate fire and freshness of thy youth :  
 For as the current of thy life shall flow,  
 Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stained,  
 Through flowery valley or unwholesome fen,  
 Thrice blesséd in thy joy, or in thy woe  
 Thrice curséd of thy race, — thou art ordained  
 To share beyond the lot of common men.

---

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh  
 This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight ;  
 That sometime these bright stars, that now reply  
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night ;  
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,  
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow ;  
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright  
 Be lapped in alien clay and laid below ;  
 It is not death to know this, — but to know

That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves  
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
 So duly and so oft, — and when grass waves  
 Over the past-away, there may be then  
 No resurrection in the minds of men.

---

By every sweet tradition of true hearts,  
 Graven by Time, in love with his own lore ;  
 By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,  
 Wherein Love died to be alive the more ;  
 Yea, by the sad impression on the shore  
 Left by the drowned Leander, to endear  
 That coast forever, where the billows' roar  
 Moaneth for pity in the poet's ear ;  
 By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear  
 That quenched her brand's last twinkle in its fall ;  
 By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear  
 That sighed around her flight ; I swear by all,  
 The world shall find such pattern in my act,  
 As if Love's great examples still were lacked.

---

ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

LOOK how the golden ocean shines above  
 Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth ;  
 So does the bright and blessed light of love  
 Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.  
 As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,  
 And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,  
 Even so our tokens shine ; nay, they outshine  
 Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed ;.

For where be ocean waves but half so clear,  
 So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,  
 As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,  
 That hath no dregs to be upturned by storm?  
 Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of price,  
 And more than gold to doting Avarice.

---

SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,  
 There is a silence where no sound may be,  
 In the cold grave — under the deep, deep sea,  
 Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;  
 No voice is hushed — no life treads silently,  
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
 That never spoke, over the idle ground :  
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
 Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,  
 And owls, that flit continually between,  
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

---

THE curse of Adam, the old curse of all  
 Though I inherit in this feverish life  
 Of worldly toil, vain wishes, and hard strife,  
 And fruitless thought, in Care's eternal thrall,  
 Yet more sweet honey than of bitter gall  
 I taste, through thee, my Eva, my sweet wife.

Then what was Man's lost Paradise! --- how rife  
 Of bliss, since love is with him in his fall!  
 Such as our own pure passion still might frame,  
 Of this fair earth, and its delightful bowers,  
 If no fell sorrow, like the serpent, came  
 To trail its venom o'er the sweetest flowers: ---  
 But, O! as many and such tears are ours,  
 As only should be shed for guilt and shame!

---

LOVE, dearest lady, such as I would speak,  
 Lives not within the humor of the eye; ---  
 Not being but an outward fantasy,  
 That skims the surface of a tinted cheek ---  
 Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,  
 As if the rose made summer, --- and so lie  
 Amongst the perishable things that die,  
 Unlike the love which I would give and seek,  
 Whose health is of no hue --- to feel decay  
 With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.  
 Love is its own great loveliness always,  
 And takes new lustre from the touch of time;  
 Its bough owns no December and no May,  
 But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

---

### THE LEE SHORE.

SLEET! and hail! and thunder!  
 And ye winds that rave,  
 Till the sands thereunder  
 Tinge the sullen wave ---

Winds, that like a demon  
 Howl with horrid note  
 Round the toiling seaman,  
 In his tossing boat —

From his humble dwelling  
 On the shingly shore,  
 Where the billows swelling  
 Keep such hollow roar —

From that weeping woman,  
 Seeking with her cries  
 Succor superhuman  
 From the frowning skies —

From the urchin pining  
 For his father's knee —  
 From the lattice shining,  
 Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dis sever  
 Him from yonder foam ; —  
 O, God! to think man ever  
 Comes too near his home!

---

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied —  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed — she had  
 Another morn than ours.

---

### LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN  
 THE SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,  
 The sky its blue circumference above,  
 That in this little chamber there is found  
 Both earth and heaven — my universe of love!  
 All that my God can give me or remove,  
 Here sleeping, save myself, in minic death.  
 Sweet that in this small compass I behove  
 To live their living and to breathe their breath!  
 Almost I wish that with one common sigh  
 We might resign all mundane care and strife,  
 And seek together that transcendent sky,  
 Where father, mother, children, husband, wife,  
 Together pant in everlasting life!

## TO MY DAUGHTER, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Fanny! nine long years ago,  
While yet the morning sun was low,  
And rosy with the eastern glow  
The landscape smiled ;  
Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds —  
Sweet as the early song of birds,  
I heard those first, delightful words,  
“Thou hast a child!”

Along with that uprising dew  
Tears glistened in my eyes, though few,  
To hail a dawning quite as new,  
To me, as time :  
It was not sorrow — not annoy —  
But like a happy maid, though coy,  
With grief-like welcome, even joy  
Forestalls its prime.

So mayst thou live, dear! many years,  
In all the bliss that life endears,  
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears  
Too strictly kept :  
When first thy infant littleness  
I folded in my fond caress,  
The greatest proof of happiness  
Was this — I wept.

---

## TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one!  
Kiss and clasp her neck again, —  
Hereafter she may have a son

Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.  
Love thy mother, little one !

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee, —  
Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips the while they glow  
With love that they have often told, —  
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,  
And kiss them till thine own are cold.  
Press her lips the while they glow !

O, revere her raven hair !  
Although it be not silver-gray ;  
Too early death, led on by care,  
May snatch save one dear lock away.  
O ! revere her raven hair !

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
That heaven may long the stroke defer, —  
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn  
When thou wilt ask to die with her.  
Pray for her at eve and morn !



## STANZAS.

FAREWELL life ! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim :  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night —

Colder, colder, colder still,  
 Upward steals a vapor chill;  
 Strong the earthy odor grows —  
 I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome life! the spirit strives!  
 Strength returns and hope revives;  
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
 Fly like shadows at the morn, —  
 O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
 Warm perfume for vapor cold —  
 I smell the rose above the mould!

April, 1845.

---

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

OUR hands have met, but not our hearts;  
 Our hands will never meet again.  
 Friends if we have ever been,  
 Friends we cannot now remain:  
 I only know I loved you once,  
 I only know I loved in vain;  
 Our hands have met, but not our hearts;  
 Our hands will never meet again!

Then farewell to heart and hand!  
 I would our hands had never met:  
 Even the outward form of love  
 Must be resigned with some regret.  
 Friends we still might seem to be,  
 If my wrong could e'er forget  
 Our hands have joined, but not our hearts:  
 I would our hands had never met!

## THE POET'S PORTION.

WHAT is a mine — a treasury — a dower —  
A magic talisman of mighty power ?  
A poet's wide possession of the earth.  
He has the enjoyment of a flower's birth  
Before its budding — ere the first red streaks, —  
And winter cannot rob him of their cheeks.  
Look — if his dawn be not as other men's !  
Twenty bright flushes — ere another kens  
The first of sunlight is abroad — he sees  
Its golden 'lection of the topmost trees,  
And opes the splendid fissures of the morn.  
When do his fruits delay, when doth his corn  
Linger for harvesting ? Before the leaf  
Is commonly abroad, in his piled sheaf  
The flagging poppies lose their ancient flame.  
No sweet there is, no pleasure I can name,  
But he will sip it first — before the lees.  
'Tis his to taste rich honey, — ere the bees  
Are busy with the brooms. He may forestall  
June's rosy advent for his coronal ;  
Before the expectant buds upon the bough,  
Twining his thoughts to bloom upon his brow.  
O ! blest to see the flower in its seed,  
Before its leafy presence ; for indeed  
Leaves are but wings, on which the summer flies,  
And each thing perishable fades and dies,  
Escaped in thought ; but his rich thinkings be  
Like overflows of immortality.  
So that what there is steeped shall perish never,  
But live and bloom, and be a joy forever.

## TIME, HOPE, AND MEMORY.

I HEARD a gentle maiden, in the spring,  
Set her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing :  
“ Fly through the world, and I will follow thee,  
Only for looks that may turn back on me ;

“ Only for roses that your chance may throw —  
Though withered — I will wear them on my brow,  
To be a thoughtful fragrance to my brain ;  
Warmed with such love, that they will bloom again.

“ Thy love before thee, I must tread behind,  
Kissing thy foot-prints, though to me unkind ;  
But trust not all her fondness, though it seem,  
Lest thy true love should rest on a false dream.

“ Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet :  
But smiles betray, and music sings deceit ;  
And words speak false ; — yet, if they welcome prove,  
I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.

“ Only if wakened to sad truth, at last,  
The bitterness to come, and sweetness past ;  
When thou art vexed, then, turn again, and see  
Thou hast loved Hope, but Memory loved thee.”

---

SONG.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread  
And flowery tapestry :  
There's living roses on the bush,  
And blossoms on the tree ;

Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand  
 Some random bud will meet ;  
 Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find  
 The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,  
 When earth was born in bloom ;  
 The light is made of many dyes,  
 The air is all perfume ;  
 There's crimson buds, and white and blue —  
 The very rainbow showers  
 Have turned to blossoms where they fell,  
 And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east,  
 The garden of the sun ;  
 The very streams reflect the hues,  
 And blossom as they run :  
 While Morn opes like a crimson rose,  
 Still wet with pearly showers ;  
 Then, lady, leave the silken thread  
 Thou twinest into flowers !

---

FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,  
 Whose head is turned by the sun ;  
 The tulip is a courtly quean,  
 Whom, therefore, I will shun ;  
 The cowslip is a country wench,  
 The violet is a nun ; —  
 But I will woo the dainty rose,  
 The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,  
 In too much haste to wed,  
 And clasps her rings on every hand ;  
 The wolfsbane I should dread ; —  
 Nor will I dreary rosemarye,  
 That always mourns the dead ; —  
 But I will woo the dainty rose,  
 With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,  
 And so is no mate for me —  
 And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,  
 She is of such low degree ;  
 Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,  
 And the broom's betrothed to the bee ; —  
 But I will plight with the dainty rose,  
 For fairest of all is she.

---

 TO — .

STILL glides the gentle streamlet on,  
 With shifting current new and strange ;  
 The water that was here is gone,  
 But those green shadows never change.

Serene or ruffled by the storm,  
 On present waves, as on the past,  
 The mirrored grove retains its form,  
 The self-same trees their semblance cast.

The hue each fleeting globule wears,  
 That drop bequeaths it to the next ;  
 One picture still the surface bears,  
 To illustrate the murmured text.

So, love, however time may flow,  
 Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,  
 One constant image still shall show  
 My tide of life is true to thee.



## TO —.

I LOVE thee — I love thee !  
 'Tis all that I can say ; —  
 It is my vision in the night,  
     My dreaming in the day ;  
 The very echo of my heart,  
     The blessing when I pray :  
 I love thee — I love thee !  
     Is all that I can say.

I love thee — I love thee !  
     Is ever on my tongue ;  
 In all my proudest poesy  
     That chorus still is sung ;  
 It is the verdict of my eyes,  
     Amidst the gay and young :  
 I love thee — I love thee !  
     A thousand maids among.

I love thee — I love thee !  
     Thy bright and hazel glance,  
 The mellow lute upon those lips,  
     Whose tender tones entrance :  
 But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs  
     That still these words enhance,  
 I love thee — I love thee !  
     Whatever be thy chance.

## TO —.

LET us make a leap, my dear,  
 In our love of many a year,  
 And date it very far away,  
 On a bright clear summer day,  
 When the heart was like a sun  
 To itself, and falsehood none ;  
 And the rosy lips a part  
 Of the very loving heart,  
 And the shining of the eye  
 But a sign to know it by ; —  
 When my faults were all forgiven,  
 And my life deserved of Heaven.  
 Dearest, let us reckon so,  
 And love for all that long ago ;  
 Each absence count a year eomplete,  
 And keep a birthday when we meet.

## SERENADE.

AH, sweet, thou little knowest how  
 I wake and passionate watches keep ;  
 And yet, while I address thee now,  
 Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.  
 'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,  
 That tender thought of love and thee,  
 That while the world is hushed so deep,  
 Thy soul's perhaps awake to me !

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep !  
 With golden visions for thy dower,

While I this midnight vigil keep,  
 And bless thee in thy silent bower ;  
 To me 'tis sweeter than the power  
 Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,  
 That I alone, at this still hour,  
 In patient love outwatch the world.

---

BALLAD.

It was not in the winter  
 Our loving lot was cast ;  
 It was the time of roses, —  
 We plucked them as we passed !

That churlish season never frowned  
 On early lovers yet !  
 O, no — the world was newly crowned  
 With flowers when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,  
 But still you held me fast ;  
 It was the time of roses, —  
 We plucked them as we passed !

---

SONNETS.

TO THE OCEAN.

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,  
 That once in rage, with the wild winds at strife,  
 Thou darrest menace my unit of a life,  
 Sending my clay below, my soul above,

Whilst roared thy waves, like lions when they rove  
 By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth?  
 Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health? —  
 Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove?  
 Nay, didst thou not against my own dear shore  
 Full break, last link between my land and me? —  
 My absent friends talk in thy very roar,  
 In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,  
 And if I must not see my England more,  
 Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee!

Coblentz, May, 1835.

---

LEAR.

A POOR old king, with sorrow for my crown,  
 Throned upon straw, and mantled with the wind —  
 For pity, my own tears have made me blind,  
 That I might never see my children's frown;  
 And may be madness, like a friend, has thrown  
 A folded fillet over my dark mind,  
 So that unkindly speech may sound for kind, —  
 Albeit I know not. — I am childish grown —  
 And have not gold to purchase wit withal —  
 I that have once maintained most royal state —  
 A very bankrupt now, that may not call  
 My child, my child — all-beggared save in tears,  
 Wherewith I daily weep an old man's fate,  
 Foolish — and blind — and overcome with years!

---

SONNET TO A SONNET.

RARE composition of a poet-knight,  
 Most chivalrous amongst chivalric men,

Distinguished for a polished lance and pen  
 In tuneful contest and in tourney-fight ;  
 Lustrous in scholarship, in honor bright,  
 Accomplished in all graces current then,  
 Humane as any in historic ken,  
 Brave, handsome, noble, affable, polite ;  
 Most courteous to that race become of late  
 So fiercely scornful of all kind advance,  
 Rude, bitter, coarse, implacable in hate  
 To Albion, plotting ever her mischance, —  
 Alas, fair verse ! how false and out of date  
 Thy phrase “ sweet enemy ” applied to France !

---

FALSE POETS AND TRUE.

LOOK how the lark soars upward and is gone,  
 Turning a spirit as he nears the sky !  
 His voice is heard, but body there is none  
 To fix the vague excursions of the eye.  
 So, poets' songs are with us, though they die  
 Obscured and hid by Death's oblivious shroud,  
 And earth inherits the rich melody,  
 Like raining music from the morning cloud.  
 Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud,  
 Their voices reach us through the lapse of space :  
 The noisy day is deafened by a crowd  
 Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race ;  
 But only lark and nightingale forlorn  
 Fill up the silences of night and morn.

---

TO ———.

MY heart is sick with longing, though I feed  
 On hope ; Time goes with such a heavy pace

That neither brings nor takes from thy embrace,  
 As if he slept — forgetting his old speed :  
 For, as in sunshine only we can read  
 The march of minutes on the dial's face,  
 So in the shadows of this lonely place  
 There is no love, and time is dead indeed.  
 But when, dear lady, I am near thy heart,  
 Thy smile is time, and then so swift it flies,  
 It seems we only meet to tear apart  
 With aching hands and lingering of eyes.  
 Alas, alas! that we must learn hours' flight  
 By the same light of love that makes them bright!

---

FOR THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

No popular respect will I omit  
 To do the honor on this happy day,  
 When every loyal lover tasks his wit  
 His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,  
 And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.  
 Rather thou knowest I would still outrun  
 All calendars with Love's, — whose date always  
 Thy bright eyes govern better than the sun, —  
 For with thy favor was my life begun ;  
 And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,  
 And not by summers, for I thrive on none  
 But those thy cheerful countenance compiles :  
 O ! if it be to choose and call thee mine,  
 Love, thou art every day my Valentine.

---

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

O, 'TIS a touching thing, to make one weep,  
 A tender infant with its curtained eye,

Breathing as it would neither live nor die  
With that unchanging countenance of sleep!  
As if its silent dream, serene and deep,  
Had lined its slumber with a still blue sky,  
So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie,  
With no more life than roses — just to keep  
The blushes warm, and the mild, odorous breath.  
O blossom boy! so calm is thy repose,  
So sweet a compromise of life and death,  
'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er unclose  
For memory to stain their inward leaf,  
Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

---

THE world is with me, and its many cares,  
Its woes — its wants — the anxious hopes and fears  
That wait on all terrestrial affairs —  
The shades of former and of future years —  
Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,  
Quelling a spirit that was once elate.  
Heavens! what a wilderness the world appears,  
Where youth, and mirth, and health are out of date;  
But no — a laugh of innocence and joy  
Resounds, like music of the fairy race,  
And, gladly turning from the world's annoy,  
I gaze upon a little radiant face,  
And bless, internally, the merry boy  
Who "makes a *son-shine* in a shady place."

HUMOROUS POEMS.

16 \*

(185)



# HUMOROUS POEMS.

---

## MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.

### A GOLDEN LEGEND.

“What is here?  
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?”

TIMON OF ATHENS.

### Her Pedigree.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,  
To the very roots of the family tree,  
Were a task as rash as ridiculous :  
Through antediluvian mists as thick  
As London fog such a line to pick  
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,  
Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain  
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain ;  
But, waiving all such digressions,  
Suffice it, according to family lore,  
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,  
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feathered his nest  
Through an agricultural interest  
In the golden age of farming ;  
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,  
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,

And golden pippins — the sterling kind  
Of Hesperus — now so hard to find —  
    Made horticulture quite charming!

A lord of land, on his own estate  
He lived at a very lively rate,  
    But his income would bear carousing ;  
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,  
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,  
The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth  
    Were turned into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,  
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift  
    To each son of his loins, or daughter :  
And his debts — if debts he had — at will  
He liquidated by giving each bill  
    A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even his pigs of lead,  
By crossing with some by Midas bred,  
    Made a perfect mine of his piggery.  
And as for cattle, one yearling bull  
Was worth all Smithfield-market full  
    Of the golden bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,  
Like human creatures of birth and blood,  
    Had their golden cups and flags :  
And as for the common husbandry nags,  
Their noses were tied in money-bags,  
    When they stopped with the carts and wagons.

Moreover, he had a golden ass,  
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,  
    That was worth his own weight in money —

And a golden hive, on a golden bank,  
Where golden bees, by alchemical prank,  
Gathered gold instead of honey.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!  
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,  
Gold to give, and gold to lend,  
And reversions of gold *in futuro*.  
In wealth the family revelled and rolled,  
Himself and wife and sons so bold; —  
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold  
“O bella eta del’ oro!”

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg kin  
In golden text on a vellum skin,  
Though certain people would wink and grin,  
And declare the whole story a parable —  
That the ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghrimes,  
Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,  
Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money, his golden bees  
Were the Five per Cents, or which you please,  
When his cash was more than plenty —  
That the golden cups were racing affairs;  
And his daughters, who sung Italian airs,  
Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the golden ass, or golden bull,  
Was English John, with his pockets full,  
Then at war by land and water:  
While beef, and mutton, and other meat,  
Were almost as dear as money to eat,  
And farmers reaped golden harvests of wheat  
At the Lord knows what per quarter!

## Her Birth.

What different dooms our birthdays bring!  
 For instance, one little manikin thing  
     Survives to wear many a wrinkle;  
 While death forbids another to wake,  
 And a son that it took nine moons to make  
     Expires without even a twinkle:

Into this world we come like ships,  
 Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,  
     For fortune fair or fatal;  
 And one little craft is cast away  
 In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,  
     While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!  
 This babe to be hailed and wooed as a lord!  
     And that to be shunned like a leper!  
 One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,  
 Another, like Colchester native, born  
     To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is littered under a roof  
 Neither wind nor water proof, —  
     That's the prose of Love in a cottage, —  
 A puny, naked, shivering wretch,  
 The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,  
 Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,  
     The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,  
 Another comes tenderly ushered in  
     To a prospect all bright and burnished:  
 No tenant he for life's back slums —  
 He comes to the world as a gentleman comes  
     To a lodging ready furnished.

And the other sex — the tender — the fair —  
 What wide reverses of fate are there !  
 Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,  
     In a garden of Gul reposes,  
 Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street  
 Till — think of that, who find life so sweet ! —  
     She hates the smell of roses !

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg !  
 She was not born to steal or beg,  
     Or gather cresses in ditches ;  
 To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,  
 Or sit all day to hem and sew,  
 As females must, and not a few —  
     To fill their insides with stitches !

She was not doomed, for bread to eat,  
 To be put to her hands as well as her feet —  
     To carry home linen from mangles —  
 Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limbed,  
 To dance on a rope in a jacket trimmed  
     With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon  
 Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon  
     In her mouth, not a wooden ladle :  
 To speak according to poet's wont,  
 Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,  
     And Midas rocked the cradle.

At her first *début* she found her head  
 On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,  
     With a damask canopy over.  
 For although by the vulgar popular saw  
 All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"  
     Some children are born in clover.

Her very first draught of vital air  
 It was not the common chameleon fare  
 Of plebeian lungs and noses, —  
 No — her earliest sniff  
 Of this world was a whiff  
 Of the genuine Otto of Roses !

When she saw the light, it was no mere ray  
 Of that light so common, so every-day,  
 That the sun each morning launches ;  
 But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,  
 From a thing — a gooseberry-bush for size —  
 With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,  
 As witnessed a time-piece in or-molu  
 That stood on a marble table —  
 Showing at once the time of day,  
 And a team of *Gildings* running away  
 As fast as they were able,  
 With a golden god, with a golden star,  
 And a golden spear, in a golden car,  
 According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried ;  
 Which made a sensation far and wide,  
 Ay, for twenty miles around her ;  
 For though to the ear 'twas nothing more  
 Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar  
 Of a fifty-thousand pounder !  
 It shook the next heir  
 In his library chair,  
 And made him cry " Confound her ! "

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,  
 Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth,

Or the advent of other great people :

Two bullocks dropped dead,

As if knocked on the head,

And barrels of stout

And ale ran about,

And the village-bells such a peal rang out,

That they cracked the village steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,

Tables sprang up all over the lawn ;

Not furnished scantily or shabbily,

But on scale as vast

As that huge repast,

With its loads and cargoes

Of drink and botargoes,

At the birth of the babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turned into beasts,

Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,

By the magic of ale and cider :

And each country lass, and each country lad,

Began to caper and dance like mad,

And even some old ones appeared to have had

A bite from the Naples spider.

Then as night came on,

It had scared King John,

Who considered such signs not risible,

To have seen the maroons,

And the whirling moons,

And the serpents of flame,

And wheels of the same.

That according to some were "whizzable."

O, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs!

Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,

That her parents had such full pockets !  
 For had she been born of want and thrift,  
 For care and nursing all adrift,  
 It's ten to one she had had to make shift  
 With rickets instead of rockets !

And how was the precious baby drest ?  
 In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,  
 Like one of Cræsus's issue —  
 Her best bibs were made  
 Of rich gold brocade,  
 And the others of silver tissue.

And when the baby inclined to nap  
 She was lulled on a Gros de Naples lap,  
 By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,  
 Of notions so exalted,  
 She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,  
 Maraschino, or pink Noyau,  
 And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,  
 The babe was fed night, morning, and noon ;  
 And, although the tale seems fabulous,  
 'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,  
 Like the oats in that stable-yard palace built  
 For the horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick —  
 For pain will wring and pins will prick  
 E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter —  
 They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,  
 But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,  
 Videlicet, — Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,  
 And drest in the best from the very first,  
 To please the genteelest censor —

And then, as soon as strength would allow,  
 Was vaccinated, as babes are now,  
 With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow  
 Of Lord Althorpe's — now Earl Spencer.

### Her Christening.

Though Shakspeare asks us "What's in a name?"  
 (As if cognomens were much the same.)

There's really a very great scope in it.  
 A name? — why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,  
 That servant at once of Mammon and God,  
 Who found four thousand pounds and odd,  
 A prison — a cart — and a rope in it?

A name? — if the party had a voice,  
 What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?  
 As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?

Or any such nauseous blazon?  
 Not to mention many a vulgar name,  
 That would make a door-plate blush for shame,  
 If door-plates were not so brazen!

A name? — it has more than nominal worth,  
 And belongs to good or bad luck at birth —

As dames of a certain degree know.  
 In spite of his page's hat and hose,  
 His page's jacket, and buttons in rows,  
 Bob only sounds like a page of prose  
 Till turned into Rupertino.

Now, to christen the infant Kilmansegg,  
 For days and days it was quite a plague,  
 To hunt the list in the lexicon:  
 And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring,  
 Ere names were found just the proper thing,  
 For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent, the presence to beg  
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,

White, yellow, and brown relations :  
Brothers, wardens of city halls,  
And uncles, rich as three golden balls  
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seemed to bewitch,

Rising in life like rockets —  
Nieces whose doweries knew no hitch —  
Aunts as certain of dying rich

As candles in golden sockets —  
Cousins German, and cousins' sons,  
All thriving and opulent — some had tons  
Of Kentish hops in their pockets !

For money had stuck to the race through life  
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife  
Posed Ali-Baba's brother's wife) —

And, down to the cousins and coz-lings  
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,  
As if they had come out of golden eggs,  
Were all as wealthy as "goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name  
What east and west end people came  
To the rite of Christianity ;

The lofty lord and the titled dame,  
All diamonds, plumes, and urbanity ;  
The Lordship, the Mayor, with his golden chain,  
And two Gold Sticks, and the sheriffs twain,  
Nine foreign counts, and other great men  
With their orders or stars, to help M or N  
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg  
The pen of an Eastern poet would beg,

And need no elaborate sonnet ;  
 How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirred,  
 And her head niddle-noddled at every word,  
 And seemed so happy, a paradise bird  
 Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the father strutted and bowed,  
 And smiled to himself, and laughed aloud,  
 To think of his heiress and daughter —  
 And then in his pockets he made a grope,  
 And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,  
 Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap  
 In imperceptible water.

He had rolled in money like pigs in mud,  
 Till it seemed to have entered into his blood  
 By some occult projection ;  
 And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,  
 As yellow as any guinea grew,  
 Making the common phrase seem true  
 About a rich complexion.

And now came the nurse, and during a pause,  
 Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause  
 A very autumnal rustle —  
 So full of figure, so full of fuss,  
 As she carried about the babe to buss,  
 She seemed to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was godpapa,  
 And an Indian Begum was godmamma,  
 Whose jewels a queen might covet ;  
 And the priest was a vicar, and dean withal  
 Of that temple we see with a golden ball,  
 And a golden cross above it.

The font was a bowl of American gold,  
Won by Raleigh in days of old,  
In spite of Spanish bravado ;  
And the book of prayer was so overrun  
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun  
Like a copy — a presentation one —  
Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold ! and gold ! and nothing but gold !  
The same auriferous shine behold  
Wherever the eye could settle !  
On the walls — the sideboard — the ceiling-sky —  
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,  
In coats to delight a miner's eye  
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold ! and gold ! and besides the gold,  
The very robe of the infant told  
A tale of wealth in every fold,  
It lapped her like a vapor !  
So fine ! so thin ! the mind at a loss  
Could compare it to nothing except a cross  
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls — 'twas a perfect sight, forsooth,  
To see them, like "the dew of her youth,"  
In such a plentiful sprinkle.  
Meanwhile, the vicar read through the form,  
And gave her another, not overwarm,  
That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was crossed and blessed amain ;  
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,  
Which the humbler female endorses —  
Instead of one name, as some people prefix,  
Kilmansegg went at the tails of six,  
Like a carriage of state with its horses.

O! then the kisses she got and hugs!  
 The golden mugs and the golden jugs,  
     That lent fresh rays to the midges!  
 The golden knives and the golden spoons,  
 The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,  
 It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,  
     But looked like Rundell and Bridge's!

Gold! and gold! the new and the old!  
 The company ate and drank from gold,  
     They revelled, they sang, and were merry;  
 And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair  
 And toasted "the lass with the golden hair"  
     In a bumper of golden sherry.

Gold! still gold! it rained on the nurse,  
 Who, unlike Danæ, was none the worse;  
     There was nothing but guineas glistening!  
     Fifty were given to Doctor James,  
     For calling the little baby names;  
     And for saying Amen!  
     The clerk had ten,  
 And that was the end of the Christening.

### Her Childhood.

Our youth! our childhood! that spring of springs!  
 'Tis surely one of the blessedest things  
     That nature ever invented!  
 When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,  
 And the poor are rich in spirits and health,  
     And all with their lots contented!

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,  
 In the self-same pair of patchwork plush,  
     With the self-same empty pockets,

That tempted his daddy so often to cut  
 His throat, or jump in the water-butt —  
 But what cares Phelim? an empty nut  
 Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt, —  
 That's the Irish linen for shirt;  
 And a slice of bread, with a taste of dirt, —  
 That's poverty's Irish butter;  
 And what does he lack to make him blest?  
 Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,  
 A candle-end and a gutter.

But, to leave the happy Phelim alone,  
 Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,  
 For which no dog would quarrel —  
 Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,  
 Cutting her first little toothy-peg  
 With a fifty guinea coral —  
 A peg upon which  
 About poor and rich  
 Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,  
 Capped, papped, napped, and lapped from the first  
 On the knees of Prodigality,  
 Her childhood was one eternal round  
 Of the game of going on Tickler's ground,  
 Picking up gold — in reality.

With extempore carts she never played,  
 Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,  
 Or little dirt pies and puddings made,  
 Like children happy and squalid;  
 The very puppet she had to pet,  
 Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly" set,  
 Was a dolly of gold — and solid!

Gold! and gold! 'twas the burden still!  
 To gain the heiress's early good will  
 There was much corruption and bribery;  
 The yearly cost of her golden toys  
 Would have given half London's charity-boys  
 And charity-girls the annual joys  
 Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt cornet;  
 And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day;  
 Till her fancy was tinged by her presents —  
 And first a goldfinch excited her wish,  
 Then a spherical bowl with its golden fish,  
 And then two golden pheasants.

Nay, once she squalled and screamed like wild —  
 And it shows how the bias we give to a child  
 Is a thing most weighty and solemn: —  
 But whence was wonder or blame to spring  
 If little Miss K. — after such a swing —  
 Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing  
 Ou the top of the Fish-street column?

### Her Education.

According to metaphysical creed,  
 To the earliest books that children read  
 For much good or much bad they are debtors —  
 But before with their A B C they start,  
 There are things in morals, as well as art,  
 That play a very important part —  
 "Impressions before the letters."

Dame Education begins the pile,  
 Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,  
 But alas for the elevation!

If the lady's maid or Gossip the nurse  
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,  
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,  
Before she learnt her E for egg,  
Ere her governess came, or her masters —  
Teachers of quite a different kind  
Had "crammed" her beforehand, and put her mind  
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,  
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D. ;  
And as how she was born a great heiress ;  
And as sure as London is built of bricks,  
My lord would ask her the day to fix  
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,  
Like Her Worship the Lady Mayoress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,  
The true golden ore for our golden age,  
Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,  
Teaching the worth of virtue and health,  
All that she knew was the virtue of wealth,  
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth,  
With a book of leaf-gold for a primer.

The very metal of merit they told,  
And praised her for being as "good as gold!"  
Till she grew as a peacock haughty ;  
Of money they talked the whole day round,  
And weighed desert like grapes by the pound,  
Till she had an idea, from the very sound,  
That people with naught were naughty.

They praised — poor children with nothing at all!  
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall,  
Like common-bred geese and ganders!

What sad little bad figures you make  
To the rich Miss K., whose plainest seed-cake  
Was stuffed with corianders!

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,  
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,  
They praised — how they praised — her very small talk,  
As if it fell from a Solon!  
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop  
A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,  
Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then  
The nurse brought her own little "nevy" Ben,  
To play with the future mayoress:  
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,  
Scratches and pinches, snips and snaps,  
As if from a tigress, or bearess,  
They told him how lords would court that hand,  
And always gave him to understand,  
While he rubbed, poor soul,  
His carrotty poll,  
That his hair had been pulled by "a *hairsess*."  
Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,  
A governess helped to make still worse,  
Giving an appetite so perverse  
Fresh diet whereon to batten —  
Beginning with A B C to hold  
Like a royal playbill printed in gold  
On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,  
And those about countries, cities and towns,  
Instead of their sober drabs and browns,  
Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges; —  
Her Butler, and Enfield, and Entick — in short,

Her "early lessons" of every sort,  
Looked like souvenirs, keepsakes, and pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array  
As he did one night when he went to the play;  
Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's day —

Lindley Murray in like conditions;  
Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,  
Appeared in a fancy dress and a mask —  
If you wish for similar copies, ask  
For Howell and James's editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,  
But always the affluent match-making kind,  
That ends with Promessi Sposi,  
And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,  
He could give check-mate to Coutts in the Strand;  
So, along with a ring and posy,  
He endows the bride with Golconda off-hand,  
And gives the groom Potosi.

Plays she perused — but she liked the best  
Those comedy gentlefolks always possessed  
Of fortunes so truly romantic —  
Of money so ready that right or wrong  
It always is ready to go for a song,  
Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong —  
They ought to have purses as green and long  
As the cucumber called the Gigantic.

Then Eastern tales she loved for the sake  
Of the purse of Oriental make,  
And the thousand pieces they put in it;  
But pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,  
For Nature with her had lost its hold,  
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold  
Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more? She learnt to sing and dance,  
 To sit on a horse, although he should prance,  
 And to speak a French not spoken in France  
 Any more than at Babel's building ;  
 And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,  
 But her great delight was in fancy works  
 That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold ! still gold ! — the bright and the dead,  
 With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread,  
 She worked in gold, as if for her bread ;  
 The metal had so undermined her,  
 Gold ran in her thoughts and filled her brain,  
 She was golden-headed as Peter's cane  
 With which he walked behind her.

### Her Accident.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,  
 And a better never lifted leg,  
 Was a very rich bay, called Banker ;  
 A horse of a breed and a metal so rare, —  
 By Bullion out of an Ingot mare, —  
 That for action, the best of figures, and air,  
 It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the park,  
 Equestrian lord, or pedestrian clerk,  
 Was thrown in an amorous fever,  
 To see the heiress, how well she sat,  
 With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,  
 In green, half smothered with gold, and a hat  
 With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtained a pat,  
 To see how he arched his neck at that !  
 He snorted with pride and pleasure !  
 Like the steed in the fable so lofty and grand,

Who gave the poor ass to understand  
That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,  
But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure? — alas! alas!  
Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,  
And sheltered in Yorkshire spinneys,  
Had he scoured the sand with the desert ass,  
Or where the American whinnies —  
But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,  
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,  
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,  
With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pampered nags  
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,  
But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,  
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,  
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight —  
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,  
Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with the groom behind, —  
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,  
When Hymen himself is the starter:  
And the maid rides first in the four-footed strife,  
Riding, striding, as if for her life,  
While the lover rides after to catch him a wife,  
Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the groom has lost his glittering hat!  
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that —  
Alas! his horse is a tit for tat  
To sell to a very low bidder —  
His wind is ruined, his shoulder is sprung;  
Things, though a horse be handsome and young,  
A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the heiress through stones and dust;  
O, for a fall, if fall she must,

On the gentle lap of Flora!

But still, thank Heaven! she clings to her seat—

Away! away! she could ride a dead heat

With the dead who ride so fast and fleet

In the ballad of Leonora!

Away she gallops!—it's awful work!

It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,

On Bess, that notable clipper!

She has circled the ring!—she crosses the park!

Mazeppa, although he was stripped so stark,

Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her!

The fields seem running away with the folks!

The elms are having a race for the oaks,

At a pace that all jockeys disparages!

All, all is racing! the Serpentine

Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"

The houses have got on a railway line,

And are off like the first-class carriages!

She'll lose her life! she is losing her breath!

A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,

As female shriekings forewarn her:

And now—as gratis as blood of Guelf—

She clears that gate, which has cleared itself

Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

Alas! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!

For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,

Her life's not worth a copper!

Willy-nilly,

In Piccadilly,

A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,

A hundred voices cry, "Stop her!"

And one old gentleman stares and stands,  
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,

And says, "How very improper!"

On and on! — what a perilous run!

The iron rails seem all mingling in one,

To shut out the Green Park scenery!

And now the cellar its dangers reveals,

She shudders — she shrieks — she's doomed, she feels,

To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,

Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,

But the very stones seem uttering cries,

As they did to that Persian daughter,

When she climbed up the steep vociferous hill,

Her little silver flagon to fill

With the magical golden water!

"Batter her! shatter her!

Throw and scatter her!"

Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer.

"Dash at the heavy Dover!

Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!

Smash her! crash her!" (the stones didn't flatter her!)

"Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!

Roll on her over and over!"

For so she gathered the awful sense

Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,

As the wild horse overran it, —

His four heels making the clatter of six,

Like a devil's tattoo, played with iron sticks

On a kettle-drum of granite!

On! still on! she's dazzled with hints

Of oranges, ribbons, and colored prints,

A kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,  
 And human faces all flashing,  
 Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints  
 That the desperate hoof keeps dashing!

On and on! still frightfully fast!  
 Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past!  
 But — yes — no — yes! — they're down at last!  
 The Furies and Fates have found them!  
 Down they go with a sparkle and crash,  
 Like a bark that's struck by the lightning flash —  
 There's a shriek — and a sob —  
 And the dense dark mob  
 Like a billow closes around them!

\* \* \* \* \*

“She breathes!”

“She don't!”

“She'll recover!”

“She won't!”

“She's stirring! she's living, by Nemesis!”  
 Gold, still gold! on counter and shelf!  
 Golden dishes as plenty as delf!  
 Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to herself  
 On an opulent goldsmith's premises!

Gold! fine gold! — both yellow and red,  
 Beaten, and molten — polished, and dead —  
 To see the gold with profusion spread  
 In all forms of its manufacture!  
 But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,  
 When the femoral bone of her dexter leg  
 Has met with a compound fracture?

Gold may soothe Adversity's smart ;  
 Nay, help to bind up a broken heart ;  
 But to try it on any other part  
     Were as certain a disappointment,  
 As if one should rub the dish and plate,  
 Taken out of a Staffordshire crate —  
 In the hope of a golden service of state —  
     With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

### Her Precious Leg.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"  
 Is an adage often recalled to mind,  
     Referring to juvenile bias :  
 And never so well is the verity seen,  
 As when to the weak, warped side we lean,  
     While life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb,  
 By a very, very remarkable whim,  
     She showed her early tuition :  
 While the buds of character came into blow  
 With a certain tinge that served to show  
 The nursery culture long ago,  
     As the graft is known by fruition !

For the king's physician, who nursed the case,  
 His verdict gave with an awful face,  
     And three others concurred to egg it ;  
 That the patient, to give old Death the slip,  
 Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,  
     Must send her leg as a legate.

The limb was doomed, — it couldn't be saved, —  
 And like other people the patient behaved,  
 Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,

Which makes some persons so falter,  
 They rather would part, without a groan,  
 With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,  
 They obtained at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump  
 With a proxy limb, then flatly and plump  
 She spoke, in the spirit olden ;  
 She couldn't, she shouldn't, she wouldn't — have wood !  
 Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,  
 And she swore an oath, or something as good,  
 The proxy limb should be golden !

A wooden leg ! what, a sort of peg,  
 For your common Jockeys and Jennies !  
 No, no, her mother might worry and plague —  
 Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,  
 But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg !  
 She could — she would have a Golden Leg,  
 If it cost ten thousand guineas !

Wood indeed, in forest or park,  
 With its sylvan honors and feudal bark,  
 Is an aristocratical article :  
 But split and sawn, and hacked about town,  
 Serving all needs of pauper or clown,  
 Trod on ! staggered on ! Wood cut down  
 Is vulgar — fibre and particle !

And cork ! — when the noble cork-tree shades  
 A lovely group of Castilian maids,  
 'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet ! —  
 But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,  
 Or bungs the beer — the *small* beer — in,  
 It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,  
 To think of standing upon it !

A leg of gold — solid gold throughout,  
 Nothing else, whether slim or stout,  
 Should ever support her, God willing!  
 She must — she could — she would have her whim!  
 Her father, she turned a deaf ear to him —  
 He might kill her — she didn't mind killing!  
 He was welcome to cut off her other limb —  
 He might cut her all off with a shilling!

All other promised gifts were in vain,  
 Golden girdle, or golden chain,  
 She writhed with impatience more than pain,  
 And uttered "pshaws!" and "pishes!"  
 But a leg of gold! as she lay in bed,  
 It danced before her — it ran in her head!  
 It jumped with her dearest wishes!

"Gold — gold — gold! O. let it be gold!"  
 Asleep or awake that tale she told,  
 And when she grew delirious:  
 Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,  
 If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,  
 The ease was getting so serious.

So a leg was made in a comely mould,  
 Of gold, fine virgin glittering gold,  
 As solid as man could make it —  
 Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,  
 A prodigious sum of money it sank;  
 In fact, 'twas a branch of the family bank,  
 And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal, — not half-and-half,  
 The goldsmith's mark was stamped on the calf, —  
 'Twas pure as from Mexican barter!  
 And to make it more costly, just over the knee,  
 Where another ligature used to be,

Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings to see,  
A new-fangled badge of the garter!

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,  
Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,  
That precious leg of Miss Kilmansegg!

For, thanks to parental bounty,  
Secure from mortification's touch,  
She stood on a member that cost as much  
As a Member for all the County!

### Her Fame.

To gratify stern Ambition's whims,  
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs  
On a field of battle we scatter!

Severed by sword, or bullet, or saw,  
Off they go, all bleeding and raw, —  
But the public seems to get the lock-jaw,  
So little is said on the matter!

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,  
The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the green,  
Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover;  
Shattered, scattered, cut, and bowled down,  
Off they go, worse off for renown,  
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,  
Than the leg that a fly runs over!

But the precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,  
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,

Was the theme of all conversation!  
Had it been a pillar of church and state,  
Or a prop to support the whole dead weight,  
It could not have furnished more debate  
To the heads and tails of the nation!

East and west, and north and south,  
 Though useless for either hunger or drouth, —  
 The Leg was in every body's mouth,  
     To use a poetical figure ;  
 Rumor, in taking her ravenous swim,  
 Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,  
     Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead ;  
 Debates in the House were hardly read ;  
 In vain the police reports were fed  
     With Irish riots and *rumpuses* —  
 The Leg! the Leg! was the great event ;  
 Through every circle in life it went,  
     Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new novel seemed tame and flat ;  
 The Leg, a novelty newer than that,  
     Had tripped up the heels of fiction !  
 It Burked the very essays of Burke,  
 And, alas ! how wealth over wit plays the Turk !  
 As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,  
     Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

“ A leg of gold ! what, of solid gold ? ”  
 Cried rich and poor, and young and old,  
     And Master and Miss and Madam ;  
 'Twas the talk of 'change — the alley — the bank —  
 And with men of scientific rank  
 It made as much stir as the fossil shank  
     Of a lizard coëval with Adam !

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,  
 Men who had lost a limb themselves,  
     Its interest did not dwindle ;  
 But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom,

Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom,  
If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,  
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,  
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,  
Through exaggeration's touches,  
The heiress and hope of the Kilmanseggs  
Was propped on *two* fine golden legs,  
And a pair of golden crutches!

Never had leg so great a run!  
'Twas the "go" and the "kick" thrown into one:  
The mode — the new thing under the sun!  
The rage — the fancy — the passion!  
Bonnets were named, and hats were worn,  
*A la* golden leg instead of Leghorn,  
And stockings and shoes  
Of golden hues  
Took the lead in the walks of fashion!

The Golden Leg had a vast career,  
It was sung and danced — and to show how near  
Low folly to lofty approaches,  
Down to society's very dregs,  
The belles of Wapping wore "Kilmanseggs,"  
And St. Giles's beaux sported golden legs  
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches!

### Her first Step.

Supposing the trunk and limbs of man  
Shared, on the allegorical plan,  
By the passions that mark humanity,  
Whichever might claim the head, or heart,  
The stomach, or any other part,  
The legs would be seized by Vanity.

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,  
 A lighthouse without any light atop,  
 Whose height would attract beholders,  
 If he had not lost some inches clear  
 By looking down at his kerseymere,  
 Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,  
 Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of art, of science, or books,  
 And down go the everlasting looks,  
 To his crural beauties so wedded !  
 Try him, whenever you will, you find  
 His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,  
 All prongs and folly — in short, a kind  
 Of fork — that is fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,  
 With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,  
 Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,  
 Disdained to hide it, like Joan or Meg,  
 In petticoats stuffed or quilted ?  
 Not she ! 'twas her convalescent whim  
 To dazzle the world with her precious limb,  
 Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob  
 Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,  
 And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob  
 To Polish or Lapland lovers —  
 Cards like that hieroglyphical call  
 To a geographical Fancy Ball  
 On the recent post-office covers.

For if lion-hunters — and great ones too —  
 Would mob a savage from Latakoo,  
 Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Le Boo,

That unfortunate Sandwich scion —  
 Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,  
 Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,  
 That promised a Golden Lion!

Her Fancy Gall.

Of all the spirits of evil fame  
 That hurt the soul or injure the frame,  
 And poison what's honest and hearty,  
 There's none more needs a Mathew to preach  
 A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,  
 To praise and enforce  
 A temperate course,  
 Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,  
 And they seem to be busy with simple words  
 In their popular sense or pedantic —  
 But, alas! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,  
 They're really busy, whatever appears,  
 Putting peas in each other's ears,  
 To drive their enemies frantic!

Thus Tories love to worry the Whigs,  
 Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,  
 Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,  
 With their writhing and pain delighted —  
 But after all that's said, and more,  
 The malice and spite of Party are poor  
 To the malice and spite of a party next door,  
 To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,  
 Weariness bids the world good-night,  
 At least for the usual season;  
 But, hark! a clatter of horses' heels;

And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,  
Like Wilful Murder and Treason!

Another crash — and the carriage goes —  
Again poor Weariness seeks the repose  
That Nature demands imperious ;  
But Echo takes up the burden now,  
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,  
Till Silence herself seems making a row,  
Like a Quaker gone delirious !

'Tis night — a winter night — and the stars  
Are shining like winkin' — Venus and Mars  
Are rolling along in their golden cars  
Through the sky's serene expansion —  
But vainly the stars dispense their rays,  
Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze  
Of the Kilmanseggs' luminous mansion !

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright!  
His bed-chamber windows look so bright,  
With light all the square is glutted!  
Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,  
And a tremor sickens his inward man,  
For he feels as only a gentleman can  
Who thinks he's being " gutted."

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm ;  
But only to dream of a dreadful storm  
From Autumn's sulphurous locker ;  
But the only electric body that falls  
Wears a negative coat and positive smalls,  
And draws the peal that so appalls  
From the Kilmanseggs' brazen knocker !

'Tis Curiosity's benefit night —  
And perchance 'tis the English second-sight,

But whatever it be, so be it —  
As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg  
Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,  
    As many more  
    Mob round the door,  
To see them going to see it!

In they go — in jackets and cloaks,  
Plumes, and bonnets, turbans, and toques,  
    As if to a Congress of Nations :  
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,  
Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks —  
Some like original foreign works,  
    But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,  
Juan, Moses, and Shachabac,  
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheeled Jack,  
    For some of low Fancy are lovers —  
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,  
Here and there, and in and out,  
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout  
    In one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,  
Open-mouthed like chub and trout,  
And some with the upper lip thrust out,  
    Like that fish for routing, a barbel —  
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,  
And rubbed his hands, and smiled aloud,  
And bowed, and bowed, and bowed, and bowed,  
    Like a man who is sawing marble.

For princes were there, and noble peers ;  
Dukes descended from Norman spears ;  
Earls that dated from early years ;

And lords in vast variety —  
 Besides the gentry both new and old —  
 For people who stand on legs of gold  
 Are sure to stand well with society.

“But where — where — where?” with one accord  
 Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,  
 Wang-Fong and Il Bondocani —  
 When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,  
 They heard a foot begin to stump,  
 Thump! lump!  
 Lump! thump!  
 Like the spectre in “Don Giovanni!”

And, lo! the heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,  
 With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,  
 In the garb of a goddess olden —  
 Like chaste Diana going to hunt,  
 With a golden spear — which of course was blunt,  
 And a tunic looped up to a gem in front,  
 To show the Leg that was Golden!

Gold! still gold! her Crescent behold,  
 That should be silver, but would be gold;  
 And her robe's auriferous spangles!  
 Her golden stomacher — how she would melt!  
 Her golden quiver and golden belt,  
 Where a golden bugle dangles!

And her jewelled garter? O, sin! O, shame!  
 Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,  
 That brings such blots on female fame!  
 But to be a true recorder,  
 Besides its thin transparent stuff,  
 The tunic was looped quite high enough  
 To give a glimpse of the Order!

But what have sin or shame to do  
 With a Golden Leg — and a stout one, too ?  
 Away with all Prudery's panics !  
 That the precious metal, by thick and thin,  
 Will cover square acres of land or sin,  
     Is a fact made plain  
     Again and again,  
 In morals as well as mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,  
 Who seemed to feel her foot on their necks,  
 And feared their charms would meet with checks  
     From so rare and splendid a blazon —  
 A few cried "fie !" — and "forward" — and "bold !" —  
 And said of the Leg it might be gold,  
     But to them it looked like brazen !

'Twas hard, they hinted, for flesh and blood,  
 Virtue, and beauty, and all that's good,  
     To strike to mere dross their topgallants —  
 But what were beauty, or virtue, or worth,  
 Gentle manners, or gentle birth,  
 Nay, what the most talented head on earth  
     To a Leg worth fifty Talents !

But the men sang quite another hymn  
 Of glory and praise to the precious limb —  
 Age, sordid age, admired the whim,  
     And its indecorum pardoned —  
 While half of the young — ay, more than half —  
 Bowed down and worshipped the Golden Calf,  
     Like the Jews when their hearts were hardened.

A Golden Leg ! what fancies it fired !  
 What golden wishes and hopes inspired !  
     To give but a mere abridgment —

What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf!  
 What a leg for a leg to take on the turf!  
 What a leg for a marching regiment!

A Golden Leg! — whatever Love sings,  
 'Twas worth a bushel of "plain gold rings,"  
 With which the romantic wheedles.  
 'Twas worth all the legs in stockings and socks —  
 'Twas a leg that might be put in the stocks,  
 N. B. — Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. nid-nodded her head,  
 Lapped in a turban fancy-bred,  
 Just like a love-apple, huge and red,  
 Some Mussul-womanish mystery;  
 But whatever she meant  
 To represent,  
 She talked like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;  
 And then how much the gold one cost;  
 With its weight to a Trojan fraction:  
 And how it took off, and how it put on;  
 And called on Devil, Duke, and Don,  
 Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,  
 To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;  
 And led it where the light was best;  
 And made it lay itself up to rest  
 In postures for painters' studies:  
 It cost more tricks and trouble, by half,  
 Than it takes to exhibit a six-legged calf  
 To a boothful of country cuddies.

Nor yet did the heiress herself omit  
 The arts that help to make a hit,

And preserve a prominent station.  
 She talked and laughed far more than her share ;  
 And took a part in " Rich and Rare  
 Were the Gems she wore " — and the gems were there,  
 Like a song with an illustration.

She even stood up with a count of France  
 To dance — alas ! the measures we dance

When Vanity plays the piper !  
 Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,  
 And lead all sorts of legs astray,  
 Wood, or metal, or human clay, —  
 Since Satan first played the viper !

But first she doffed her hunting gear,  
 And favored Tom Tug with her golden spear,

To row with down the river —  
 A Bonze had her golden bow to hold ;  
 A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold ;  
 And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was cleared on the floor,  
 And she walked the Minuet de la Cour,  
 With all the pomp of a Pompadour ;

But, although she began *andante*,  
 Conceive the faces of all the rout,  
 When she finished off with a whirligig bout,  
 And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out  
 Like the leg of a *figuranté* !

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,  
 And golden opinions, of course, it won

From all different sorts of people —  
 Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,  
 In one vociferous peal of praise,  
 Like the peal that rings on royal days  
 From Loyalty's parish steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those  
 That dance for bread in flesh-colored hose,  
 With Rosina's pastoral bevy,  
 The jeers it had met, — the shouts! the scoff!  
 The cutting advice to "take itself off,"  
 For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,  
 That teach little girls and boys to dance,  
 To set, poussette, recede, and advance,  
 With the steps and figures most proper, —  
 Had it hopped for a weekly or quarterly sum,  
 How little of praise or grist would have come  
 To a mill with such a hopper!

But the leg was none of those limbs forlorn —  
 Bartering capers and hops for corn —  
 That meet with public hisses and scorn,  
 Or the morning journal denounces —  
 Had it pleased to caper from morn till dusk,  
 There was all the music of "Money Musk"  
 In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But hark! — as slow as the strokes of a pump,  
 Lump, thump!  
 Thump, lump!  
 As the Giant of Castle Otranto might stump  
 To a lower room from an upper —  
 Down she goes with a noisy dint,  
 For, taking the crimson turban's hint,  
 A noble lord at the head of the Mint  
 Is leading the Leg to supper!

But the supper, alas! must rest untold,  
 With its blaze of light and its glitter of gold,  
 For to paint that scene of glamour,

It would need the great Enchanter's charm,  
 Who waves over palace, and cot, and farm,  
 An arm like the goldbeater's golden arm  
 That wields a golden hammer.

He — only HE — could fitly state  
 THE MASSIVE SERVICE OF GOLDEN PLATE,  
 With the proper phrase and expansion —  
 The Rare Selection of FOREIGN WINES —  
 The ALPS OF ICE and MOUNTAINS OF PINES,  
 The punch in OCEANS and sugary shrines,  
 The TEMPLE OF TASTE from GUNTER'S DESIGNS —  
 In short, all that WEALTH with A FEAST combines,  
 In a SPLENDID FAMILY MANSION.

Suffice it each masked outlandish guest  
 Ate and drank of the very best,  
 According to critical conners —  
 And then they pledged the hostess and host,  
 But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,  
 And, as somebody swore,  
 Walked off with more  
 Than its share of the "hips!" and honors!

"Miss Kilmansegg! —

Full glasses I beg! —

Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg!"

And away went the bottle careering!  
 Wine in bumpers! and shouts in peals!  
 Till the Clown didn't know his head from his heels,  
 The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,  
 And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering!

### Her Dream.

Miss Kilmansegg took off her Leg,  
 And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,

For the rout was done and the riot :  
The square was hushed ; not a sound was heard ;  
The sky was gray, and no creature stirred,  
Except one little precocious bird,  
That chirped — and then was quiet.

So still without, — so still within ; —  
It had been a sin  
To drop a pin —  
So intense is silence after a din,  
It seemed like Death's rehearsal !  
To stir the air no eddy came ;  
And the taper burnt with as still a flame,  
As to flicker had been a burning shame,  
In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come, at last ;  
And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,  
Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover ;  
Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,  
From the piece of work just ravelled out,  
For one of the pleasures of having a rout  
Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,  
Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean ;  
But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,  
That was fit for a royal chamber.  
On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath ;  
And the damask curtains hung beneath,  
Like clouds of crimson and amber.

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,  
With golden bodies and golden wings, —  
Mere fins for such solidities —

Two Cupids; in short,  
Of the regular sort,  
But the housemaid called them "Cupidities."

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,  
But velvet, powdered with golden stars,  
A fit mantle for *Night*-commanders!  
And the pillow, as white as snow undimmed,  
And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimmed,  
Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimmed  
With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed — of the eider's softest down,  
'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown  
In a bliss inferred by the poet:  
For if ignorance be indeed a bliss,  
What blessed ignorance equals this,  
To sleep — and not to know it?

O, bed! O, bed! delicious bed!  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head;  
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,  
To the head with a wakeful trouble —  
'Tis held by such a different lease!  
To one, a place of comfort and peace,  
All stuffed with the down of stubble geese,  
To another with only the stubble!

To one a perfect halcyon nest,  
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,  
And soft as the fur of the cony —  
To another, so restless for body and head,  
That the bed seems borrowed from Nettlebed,  
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony!

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,  
To the Land of Nod, or where you please;

But alas ! for the watchers and weepers,  
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,  
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,  
    With an anxious brain,  
    And thoughts in a train  
That does not run upon *sleepers* !

Wide awake as the mousing owl,  
Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl, —  
    But more profitless vigils keeping, —  
Wide awake in the dark they stare,  
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,  
As if that crook-backed tyrant Care  
    Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And O ! when the blessed diurnal light  
Is quenched by the providential night,  
    To render our slumber more certain,  
Pity, pity the wretches that weep,  
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep  
    When God himself draws the curtain !

The careful Betty the pillow beats,  
And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,  
    And gives the mattress a shaking ;  
But vainly Betty performs her part,  
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart  
    As well as the couch want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,  
Where other people would make preserves,  
    He turns his fruits into pickles :  
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,  
At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,  
He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,  
    Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child — that bids the world good-night,  
In downright earnest, and cuts it quite —

A cherub no art can copy, —  
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie  
As if he had supped on dormouse pie,  
(An ancient classical dish, by the by)  
With sauce of syrup of poppy.

O, bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,  
Whether lofty or low its condition!  
But, instead of putting our plagues on shelves,  
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,  
Or are tossed by such allegorical elves  
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition!

The independent Miss Kilmansegg  
Took off her independent Leg  
And laid it beneath her pillow,  
And then on the bed her frame she cast;  
The time for repose had come at last,  
But long, long after the storm is past  
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares  
That belong to common household affairs —  
Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs  
Who lie with a shrewd surmising  
That while they are couchant (a bitter cup!)  
Their bread and butter are getting up,  
And the coals — confound them! — are rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,  
Like the crippled widow who weeps alone,  
And cannot make a doze her own,

For the dread that mayhap on the morrow,  
The true and Christian reading to balk,  
A broker will take up her bed and walk,  
By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail :  
But the breath of applause had blown a gale,  
And winds from that quarter seldom fail  
To cause some human commotion ;  
But whenever such breezes coincide  
With the very spring-tide  
Of human pride,  
There's no such swell on the ocean !

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,  
She turned, and rolled, and tumbled, and tossed,  
With a tumult that would not settle :  
A common case, indeed, with such  
As have too little, or think too much,  
Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold ! — she saw at her golden foot  
The peer whose tree had an olden root,  
The proud, the great, the learned to boot,  
The handsome, the gay, and the witty —  
The man of science — of arms — of art,  
The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart,  
And the man who deals in the city.

Gold, still gold — and true to the mould !  
In the very scheme of her dream it told ;  
For, by magical transmutation,  
From her Leg through her body it seemed to go,  
Till, gold above, and gold below,  
She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe  
To her organ of Veneration !

And still she retained, through Fancy's art,  
 The golden bow, and the golden dart,  
 With which she had played a goddess's part  
 In her recent glorification.

And still, like one of the self-same brood,  
 On a plinth of the self-same metal she stood  
 For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns of incense around her rolled,  
 From golden harps and censers of gold, —  
 For Fancy in dreams is as uncontrolled

As a horse without a bridle :

What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,  
 If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt  
 She was turned to a golden idol?

### Her Courtship.

When, leaving Eden's happy land,  
 The grieving angel led by the hand  
 Our banished father and mother,  
 Forgotten, amid their awful doom,  
 The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,  
 On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,  
 That our parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,  
 For the grieving angel had skyward flown,  
 As they sat, those two, in the world alone,  
 With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,  
 That, scenting the gust of happier hours,  
 They looked around for the precious flowers,  
 And, lo ! — a last relic of Eden's dear bowers —

The chaplet that Love had woven !

And still, when a pair of lovers meet,  
 There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,

That savors still of that happy retreat  
 Where Eve by Adam was courted :  
 Whilst the joyous thrush, and the gentle dove,  
 Wooed their mates in the boughs above,  
 And the serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,  
 A perfume and freshness strange and rare,  
 A warmth in the light, and a bliss every where,  
 When young hearts yearn together ?  
 All sweets below, and all sunny above,  
 O ! there's nothing in life like making love,  
 Save making hay in fine weather !

Who hath not found amongst his flowers  
 A blossom too bright for this world of ours,  
 Like a rose among snows of Sweden ?  
 But, to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,  
 Where must Love have gone to beg,  
 If such a thing as a Golden Leg  
 Had put its foot in Eden ?

And yet — to tell the rigid truth —  
 Her favor was sought by age and youth —  
 For the prey will find a prowler !  
 She was followed, flattered, courted, addressed,  
 Wooed, and cooed, and wheedled, and pressed,  
 By suitors from North, South, East, and West,  
 Like that heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler !

But, alas ! alas ! for the woman's fate,  
 Who has from a mob to choose a mate !  
 'Tis a strange and painful mystery !  
 But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch ;  
 The more the fish, the worse the catch ;  
 The more the sparks, the worse the match ;  
 Is a fact in woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,  
 And, mayhap, with luck to help the trick,  
 She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick —

But, her future bliss to baffle,  
 Amongst a score let her have a voice,  
 And she'll have as little cause to rejoice  
 As if she had won the "man of her choice"  
 In a matrimonial raffle!

Thus, even thus, with the heiress and hope,  
 Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,  
 With so ample a competition,  
 She chose the least worthy of all the group,  
 Just as the vulture makes a stoop,  
 And singles out from the herd or troop  
 The beast of the worst condition.

A foreign count — who came incog.,  
 Not under a cloud, but under a fog,  
 In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,  
 To charm some lady British-born,  
 With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,  
 And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,  
 Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the sex confess a charm  
 In the man who has slashed a head or arm,  
 Or has been a throat's undoing,  
 He was dressed like one of the glorious trade,  
 At least when glory is off parade,  
 With a stock, and a frock, well trimmed with braid,  
 And frogs — that went a-wooing.

Moreover, as counts are apt to do,  
 On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,  
 At one of those holes that buttons go through,

(To be a precise recorder,)  
A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,  
About an inch of ribbon mayhap,  
That one of his rivals, a whimsical chap,  
Described as his "Retail Order."

And then — and much it helped his chance —  
He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,  
Perform charades and proverbs of France —  
Act the tender, and do the cruel;  
For amongst his other killing parts,  
He had broken a brace of female hearts,  
And murdered three men in duel!

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,  
Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,  
Like a snake in his coiling and curling —  
Such was the count — to give him a niche —  
Who came to court that heiress rich,  
And knelt at her foot — one needn't say which —  
Besieging her castle of *Sterling*.

With prayers and vows he opened his trench,  
And plied her with English, Spanish, and French,  
In phrases the most sentimental!  
And quoted poems in high and low Dutch,  
With now and then an Italian touch,  
Till she yielded, without resisting much,  
To homage so continental.

And then, the sordid bargain to close,  
With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,  
And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,  
And his beard and whiskers as black as those,  
The lady's consent he requited —  
And instead of the lock that lovers beg,  
The count received from Miss Kilmansegg

A model, in small, of her Precious Leg —  
And so the couple were plighted!

But, O! the love that gold must crown!  
Better — better, the love of the clown,  
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,  
As if all the fairies had dressed her!  
Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,  
Except that he never will part on earth  
With his true love's crooked tester!

Alas! for the love that's linked with gold!  
Better — better a thousand times told —  
More honest, happy, and laudable,  
The downright loving of pretty Cis,  
Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,  
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,  
In which her heart is audible!

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,  
Who loves as she labors, with all her might,  
And without any sordid leaven!  
Who blushes as red as haws and hips,  
Down to her very finger-tips,  
For Roger's blue ribbons — to her, like strips  
Cut out of the azure of heaven!

### Her Marriage.

'Twas morn — a most auspicious one!  
From the golden East the golden sun  
Came forth his glorious race to run,  
Through clouds of most splendid tinges;  
Clouds that lately slept in shade,  
But now seemed made  
Of gold brocade,  
With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,  
The earth reflected the golden glow,  
    From river, and hill, and valley ;  
Gilt by the golden light of morn,  
The Thames — it looked like the Golden Horn,  
And the barge that carried coal or corn  
    Like Cleopatra's galley !

Bright as a cluster of golden-rod,  
Suburban poplars began to nod,  
    With extempore splendor furnished ;  
While London was bright with glittering clocks,  
Golden dragons, and golden cocks,  
    And above them all,  
    The dome of St. Paul,  
With its golden cross and its golden ball,  
    Shone out as if newly burnished !

And, lo ! for golden hours and joys,  
Troops of glittering golden boys  
Danced along with a jocund noise,  
    And their gilded emblems carried !  
In short, 'twas the year's most golden day,  
By mortals called the first of May,  
    When Miss Kilmansegg,  
    Of the Golden Leg,  
    With a golden ring was married !

And thousands of children, women, and men,  
Counted the clock from eight till ten,  
    From St. James's sonorous steeple ;  
For, next to that interesting job,  
The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,  
There's nothing so draws a London mob  
    As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for a mob to behold  
The bridal carriage that blazed with gold !  
And the footmen tall, and the coachman bold,  
    In liveries so resplendent —  
Coats you wondered to see in place,  
They seemed so rich with golden lace,  
    That they might have been independent.

Coats that made those menials proud  
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,  
    From their gilded elevations ;  
Not to forget that saucy lad,  
(Ostentation's favorite cad,)  
The page, who looked, so splendidly clad,  
    Like a page of the "Wealth of Nations."

But the coachman carried off the state,  
With what was a Lancashire body of late  
    Turned into a Dresden Figure ;  
With a bridal nosegay of early bloom,  
About the size of a birchen broom,  
And so huge a white favor, had Gog been groom,  
    He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the groom ! the count !  
With foreign orders to such an amount,  
    And whiskers so wild — nay, bestial ;  
He seemed to have borrowed the shaggy hair  
As well as the stars of the Polar Bear,  
    To make him look celestial

And then — Great Jove — the struggle, the crush,  
The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,  
    The swearing, the tearing, and fighting, —  
The hats and bonnets smashed like an egg, —  
    To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,

Which, between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg,  
Was fully displayed in alighting!

From the golden ankle up to the knee  
There it was for the mob to see!  
A shocking act had it chanced to be  
A crooked leg or a skinny:  
But although a magnificent veil she wore,  
Such as never was seen before,  
In case of blushes, she blushed no more  
Than George the First on a guinea!

Another step, and, lo! she was launched!  
All in white, as brides are *blanched*,  
With a wreath of most wonderful splendor —  
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,  
That, according to calculation nice,  
Her head was worth as royal a price  
As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone — and shone the more  
As she sailed through the crowd of squalid and poor,  
Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion —  
Led by the count, with his sloe-black eyes  
Bright with triumph, and some surprise,  
Like Anson on making sure of his prize  
The famous Mexican galleon!

Anon came Lady K., with her face  
Quite made up to act with grace,  
But she cut the performance shorter,  
For instead of pacing stately and stiff,  
At the stare of the vulgar she took a miff,  
And ran, full speed, into church, as if  
To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walked more slowly, and bowed  
 Right and left to the gaping crowd,  
 Wherever a glance was seizable ;  
 For Sir Jacob thought he bowed like a Guelph,  
 And therefore bowed to imp and elf,  
 And would gladly have made a bow to himself,  
 Had such a bow been feasible.

And last — and not the least of the sight,  
 Six “ Handsome Fortunes ” all in white,  
 Came to help in the marriage rite,  
 And rehearse their own hymeneals ;  
 And then, the bright procession to close,  
 They were followed by just as many beaux,  
 Quite fine enough for ideals.

Glittering men and splendid dames,  
 Thus they entered the porch of St. James',  
 Pursued by a thunder of laughter ;  
 For the beadle was forced to intervene,  
 For Jim the Crow, and his May-day Queen,  
 With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the Green,  
 Would fain have followed after !

Beadle-like he hushed the shout ;  
 But the temple was full “ inside and out,”  
 And a buzz kept buzzing all round about  
 Like bees when the day is sunny —  
 A buzz universal that interfered  
 With the rite that ought to have been revered,  
 As if the couple already were smeared  
 With Wedlock's treacle and honey !

Yet wedlock's a very awful thing !  
 'Tis something like that feat in the ring  
 Which requires good nerve to do it —

When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"  
 Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,  
     Not certain at all  
     Of what may befall  
 After his getting through it!

But the count he felt the nervous work  
 No more than any polygamous Turk,  
     Or bold piratical skipper,  
 Who, during his buccaneering search,  
 Would as soon engage "a hand" in church  
     As a hand on board his clipper!

And how did the bride perform her part?  
 Like any bride who is cold at heart,  
     Mere snow with the ice's glitter;  
 What but a life of winter for her!  
 Bright but chilly, alive without stir,  
 So splendidly comfortless, — just like a fir  
     When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife!  
 Whose bale or bliss to the end of life  
     A few short words were to settle —  
     Wilt thou have this woman?  
     I will — and then,  
     Wilt thou have this man?  
     I will, and Amen —  
 And those two were one flesh, in the angels' ken,  
     Except one Leg — that was metal.

Then the names were signed — and kissed the kiss:  
 And the bride, who came from her coach a miss,  
     As a countess walked to her carriage —  
 Whilst Hymen preened his plumes like a dove,  
 And Cupid fluttered his wings above,

In the shape of a fly — as little a Love  
As ever looked in at a marriage !

Another crash — and away they dashed,  
And the gilded carriage and footmen flashed  
From the eyes of the gaping people —  
Who turned to gaze at the toe and heel  
Of the golden boys beginning a reel,  
To the merry sound of a wedding-peal  
From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding-bells ! those wedding-bells !  
How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells  
From a tower in an ivy-green jacket !  
But town-made joys how dearly they cost !  
And after all are tumbled and tost,  
Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost  
In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals  
With grass or heather beneath our heels, —  
For bells are Music's laughter !  
But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,  
With vulgar noises and voices impure,  
What a harsh and discordant overture  
To the harmony meant to come after !

But hence with Discord — perchance, too soon  
To cloud the face of the honeymoon  
What a dismal occultation ! —  
Whatever Fate's concerted trick,  
The countess and count, at the present nick,  
Have a chicken and not a crow to pick  
At a sumptuous cold collation.

A breakfast — no unsubstantial mess,  
But one in the style of good Queen Bess,

Who — hearty as hippocampus —  
 Broke her fast with ale and beef,  
 Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,  
 And in lieu of anchovy — grampus!

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,  
 Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh,  
 With wines the most rare and curious —  
 Wines, of the richest flavor and hue ;  
 With fruits from the worlds both Old and New ;  
 And fruits obtained before they were due  
 At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that scout  
 What is *in* season, for what is *out*,  
 And prefer all precocious savor ;  
 For instance, early green peas, of the sort  
 That costs some four or five guineas a quart ;  
 Where the *Mint* is the principal flavor.

And many a wealthy man was there,  
 Such as the wealthy city could spare,  
 To put in a portly appearance —  
 Men whom their fathers had helped to gild :  
 And men who had had their fortunes to build,  
 And — much to their credit — had richly filled  
 Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumor at least,  
 Not the last to enjoy a feast!  
 And truly they were not idle!  
 Luckier far than the chestnut tits,  
 Which, down at the door, stood champing their bits,  
 At a different sort of bridle.

For the time was come — and the whiskered count  
 Helped his bride in the carriage to mount,  
 And fain would the Muse deny it,

But the crowd, including two butchers in blue,  
 (The regular killing Whitechapel hue,)  
 Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view,  
 As if they had come to buy it!

Then away! away! with all the speed  
 That golden spurs can give to the steed, —  
 Both yellow boys and guineas, indeed,  
 Concurred to urge the cattle, —  
 Away they went, with favors white,  
 Yellow jackets, and pannels bright,  
 And left the mob, like a mob at night,  
 Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away! away! they rattled and rolled,  
 The count, and his bride, and her Leg of Gold —  
 That faded charm to the charmer!  
 Away, — through Old Brentford rang the din,  
 Of wheels and heels, on their way to win  
 That hill, named after one of her kin  
 The Hill of the Golden Farmer!

Gold, still gold — it flew like dust!  
 It tipped the post-boy, and paid the trust;  
 In each open palm it was freely thrust;  
 There was nothing but giving and taking!  
 And if gold could insure the future hour,  
 What hopes attended that bride to her bower;  
 But, alas! even hearts with a four-horse power  
 Of opulence end in breaking!

### Her Honeymoon.

The moon — the moon, so silver and cold,  
 Her fickle temper has oft been told,  
 Now shady — now bright and sunny —  
 But, of all the lunar things that change,  
 The one that shows most fickle and strange,

And takes the most eccentric range,  
Is the moon — so called — of honey !

To some a full-grown orb revealed,  
As big and as round as Norval's shield,  
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted ;  
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,  
As any oleaginous lamp,  
Of the regular old parochial stamp,  
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,  
That makes earth's commonest scenes appear  
All poetic, romantic, and tender ;  
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,  
And investing a common post, or a pump,  
A currant-bush or a gooseberry clump,  
With a halo of dreamlike splendor.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,  
In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,  
Tipping trees with its argent braveries —  
And to couples not favored with Fortune's boons  
One of the most delightful of moons,  
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons  
Like a silver service of Savory's !

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,  
And the meanest thing most precious and dear,  
When the magic of love is present :  
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace  
To the humblest spot and the plainest face —  
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,  
And Garlic Hill to Mount Pleasant !

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,  
And makes contentment and joy agree

With the coarsest boarding and bedding ;  
 Love, that no golden ties can attach,  
 But nestles under the humblest thatch,  
 And will fly away from an emperor's match  
 To dance at a penny wedding !

O, happy, happy, thrice happy state,  
 When such a bright planet governs the fate  
 Of a pair of united lovers !  
 'Tis theirs, in spite of the serpent's hiss,  
 To enjoy the pure primeval kiss  
 With as much of the old original bliss  
 As mortality ever recovers !

There's strength in double joints, no doubt,  
 In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,  
 That the single sorts know nothing about —  
 And a fist is strongest when doubled —  
 And double aqua-fortis, of course,  
 And double soda-water, perforce,  
 Are the strongest that ever bubbled !

There's double beauty whenever a swan  
 Swims on a lake, with her double thereon ;  
 And ask the gardener, Luke or John,  
 Of the beauty of double-blowing —  
 A double dahlia delights the eye ;  
 And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky  
 When a double rainbow is glowing !

There's warmth in a pair of double soles ;  
 As well as a double allowance of coals —  
 In a coat that is double-breasted —  
 In double windows and double doors ;  
 And a double U wind is blest by scores  
 For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's two-fold sweetness in double-pipes ;  
 And a double barrel and double snipes  
 Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure :  
 There's double safety in double locks ;  
 And double letters bring cash for the box ;  
 And all the world knows that double knocks  
 Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,  
 And a double at whist and a double Times  
 In profit are certainly double —  
 By doubling, the hare contrives to escape :  
 And all seamen delight in a doubled cape,  
 And a double-reefed topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,  
 And of course there's a double pleasure therein,  
 If the parties are brought to telling :  
 And, however our Dennises take offence,  
 A double meaning shows double sense ;  
     And if proverbs tell truth,  
     A double tooth  
 Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling !

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,  
 Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence  
 Through whatever the list discovers,  
 They are all in the double blessedness summed  
 Of what was formerly double-drummed,  
 The marriage of two true lovers !

Now the Kilmansegg moon — it must be told —  
 Though instead of silver it tipped with gold —  
 Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold,  
 And, before its days were at thirty,  
 Such gloomy clouds began to collect,

With an ominous ring of ill effect,  
As gave but too much cause to expect  
Such weather as seamen call dirty!

And yet the moon was the "young May moon,"  
And the scented hawthorn had blossomed soon,  
And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—  
The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,  
And the bee was humming a tune all day  
To flowers as welcome as flowers in May,  
And the trout in the stream was springing!

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,  
Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth,  
Or its furred or its feathered creatures,  
To a pair in the world's last sordid stage,  
Who had never looked into Nature's page,  
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,  
Without any Arcadian features?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind  
To a bride—town-made—with a heart and mind  
With simplicity ever at battle?  
A bride of an ostentatious race,  
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,  
Would have trimmed her shepherds with golden lace,  
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,  
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb  
For which she had been such a martyr:  
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,  
And the cows, unheeded let it pass;  
And the ass on the common was such an ass,  
That he wouldn't have swapped  
The thistle he cropped  
For her Leg, including the Garter!

She hated lanes, and she hated fields —  
 She hated all that the country yields —  
 And barely knew turnips from clover :  
 She hated walking in any shape,  
 And a country stile was an awkward scrape,  
 Without the bribe of a mob to gape  
 At the Leg in clambering over !

O blessed Nature, "O rus ! O rus !"  
 Who cannot sigh for the country thus,  
 Absorbed in a worldly torpor —  
 Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,  
 Untainted by care, and crime, and death,  
 And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath —  
 That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper !

But to hail the pearly advent of Morn,  
 And relish the odor fresh from the thorn,  
 She was far too pampered a madam —  
 Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,  
 While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,  
 The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,  
 And all the woes that to man belong,  
 The lark still carols the self-same song  
 That he did to the uncurst Adam !

The Lark ! she had given all Leipsic's flocks  
 For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box ;  
 And as for the birds in the thicket,  
 Thrush or ousel in leafy niche,  
 The linnet or finch, she was far too rich  
 To care for a morning concert to which  
 She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,  
 All pastoral joys were tried by gold,  
 Or by fancies golden and crural —

Till ere she had passed one week unblest,  
 As her agricultural uncle's guest,  
 Her mind was made up and fully imprest  
 That felicity could not be rural.

And the count? — to the snow-white lambs at play,  
 And all the scents and the sights of May,  
 And the birds that warbled their passion,  
 His ears, and dark eyes, and decided nose  
 Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those  
 That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,  
 The Huile Antique,  
 And Parfum Unique,  
 In a barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent  
 Of his rural bias, so far it went  
 As to covet estates in ring fences —  
 And for rural lore he had learned in town  
 That the country was green turned up with brown,  
 And garnished with trees that a man might cut down,  
 Instead of his own expenses.

And yet, had that fault been his only one,  
 The pair might have had few quarrels or none,  
 For their tastes thus far were in common;  
 But faults he had that a haughty bride  
 With a Golden Leg could hardly abide —  
 Faults that would even have roused the pride  
 Of a far less metalsome woman!

It was early days indeed for a wife,  
 In the very spring of her married life,  
 To be chilled by its wintry weather —  
 But, instead of sitting as love-birds do,  
 Or Hymen's turtles that bill and coo —

Enjoying their "moon and honey for two,"  
They were scarcely seen together!

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg  
A little exposed, *à la* Kilmansegg,  
And rolled her eyes in their sockets!  
He left her in spite of her tender regards,  
And those loving murmurs described by bards,  
For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,  
And the poking of balls into pockets!

Moreover he loved the deepest stake  
And the heaviest bets the players would make;  
And he drank — the reverse of sparely, —  
And he used strange curses that made her fret;  
And when he played with herself at piquet,  
She found, to her cost,  
For she always lost,  
That the count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,  
Gathered by worming his secrets out,  
And slips in his conversations —  
Fears, which all her peace destroyed,  
That his title was null — his coffers were void —  
And his French château was in Spain, or enjoyed  
The most airy of situations.

But still his heart — if he had such a part —  
She — only she — might possess his heart,  
And hold his affections in fetters —  
Alas! that hope, like a crazy ship,  
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip,  
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip  
In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues ;  
 And notes that hinted as many intrigues  
 As the count's in the " Barber of Seville " —  
 In short, such mysteries came to light,  
 That the countess-bride, on the thirtieth night,  
 Woke and started up in affright,  
 And kicked and screamed with all her might,  
 And finally fainted away outright,  
 For she dreamt she had married the Devil !

### Her Misery.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,  
 A heavy compound of putty and lead —  
 And home-made wines that rack the head,  
 And home-made liqueurs and waters ?  
 Home-made pop that will not foam,  
 And home-made dishes that drive one from home,  
 Not to name each mess,  
 For the face or dress,  
 Home-made by the homely daughters ?  
 Home-made physic, that sickens the sick ;  
 Thick for thin and thin for thick ; —  
 In short, each homogeneous trick  
 For poisoning domesticity ?  
 And since our Parents, called the First,  
 A little family squabble nurst,  
 Of all our evils the worst of the worst  
 Is home-made infelicity.

There's a golden bird that claps its wings,  
 And dances for joy on its perch, and sings  
 With a Persian exultation :  
 For the sun is shining into the room,  
 And brightens up the carpet-bloom,

As if it were new, bran-new from the loom,  
Or the lone nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames  
On pictures in massy gilded frames —  
Enshrining, however, no painted dames,  
But portraits of colts and fillies —  
Pictures hanging on walls which shine,  
In spite of the bard's familiar line,  
With clusters of "gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares  
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,  
That shine as if freshly burnished —  
And gilded tables, with glittering stocks  
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,  
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,  
That Peace and Paris have furnished.

And, lo! with the brightest gleam of all  
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall  
On an object as rare as splendid —  
The golden foot of the Golden Leg  
Of the countess — once Miss Kilmansegg —  
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,  
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,  
Once the centre of all speculation ;  
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,  
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth —  
Whence human sorrows derive their birth —  
By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,  
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades  
That her evil planet revolves in —

And tears are falling that catch a gleam  
 So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,  
 That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,  
 The water that gold dissolves in!

Yet, not in filial grief were shed  
 Those tears for a mother's insanity;  
 Nor yet because her father was dead,  
 For the bowing Sir Jacob had bowed his head  
 To Death — with his usual urbanity;  
 The waters that down her visage rilled  
 Were drops of unrectified spirit distilled  
 From the limbec of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and uncheckt,  
 Without relief, and without respect,  
 Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,  
 When pigs have that opportunity —  
 And of all the griefs that mortals share,  
 The one that seems the hardest to bear  
 Is the grief without community.

How blessed the heart that has a friend  
 A sympathizing ear to lend  
 To troubles too great to smother!  
 For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored  
 Till a sparkling, bubbling head they afford,  
 So sorrow is cheered by being poured  
 From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one  
 To hear the vile deeds that the count had done,  
 How night after night he rambled;  
 And how she had learned by sad degrees  
 That he drank, and smoked, and, worse than these,  
 That he “swindled, intrigued, and gambled.”

How he kissed the maids, and sparred with John ;  
And came to bed with his garments on ;

    With other offences as heinous —  
And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,  
That he said were in the Fancy line,  
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,  
    And called her lap-dog "Wenus!"

Of "making a book" how he made a stir,  
But never had written a line to her,

    Once his idol and Cara Sposa :  
And how he had stormed, and treated her ill,  
Because she refused to go down to a mill,  
She didn't know where, but remembered still  
    That the miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he waked her up at night,  
And oftener still by the morning light,  
    Reeling home from his haunts unlawful ;  
Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,  
Except by beggars and thieves unhung —  
Or volleying oaths, that a foreign tongue  
    Made still more horrid and awful!

How oft, instead of otto of rose,  
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,  
    From gin, tobacco, and onion !  
And then how wildly he used to stare !  
And shake his fist at nothing, and swear, —  
And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,  
Till he looked like a study of Giant Despair  
    For a new edition of Bunyan !

For dice will run the contrary way,  
As well is known to all who play,  
    And cards will conspire as in treason :  
And what with keeping a hunting-box,

Following fox —  
 Friends in flocks,  
 Burgundies, Hocks,  
 From London Docks;  
 Stultz's frocks,  
 Manton and Nock's  
 Barrels and locks,  
 Shooting blue rocks,  
 Trainers and jocks,  
 Buskins and socks,  
 Pugilistical knocks,  
 And fighting-cocks,

If he found himself short in funds and stocks,  
 These rhymes will furnish the reason!

His friends, indeed, were falling away —  
 Friends who insist on play or pay —  
 And he feared at no very distant day  
 To be cut by Lord and by Cadger,  
 As one who was gone or going to smash,  
 For his checks no longer drew the cash,  
 Because, as his comrades explained in flash,  
 "He had overdrawn his badger."

Gold! gold — alas! for the gold  
 Spent where souls are bought and sold,  
 In Vice's Walpurgis revel!  
 Alas! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,  
 The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,  
 All real evils, though Fancy ones,  
 When they lead to debt, dishonor, and duns,  
 Nay, to death, and perchance the Devil!

Alas! for the last of a Golden race!  
 Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,  
 She had warrant for all her clamor —

For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,  
 Was breaking her heart by constant aches,  
 With as little remorse as the pauper who breaks  
 A flint with a parish hammer!

Her Fast Will.

Now the Precious Leg, while cash was flush,  
 Or the count's acceptance worth a rush,  
 Had never excited dissension;  
 But no sooner the stocks began to fall,  
 Than, without any ossification at all,  
 The limb became what people call  
 A perfect bone of contention.

For altered days brought altered ways,  
 And instead of the complimentary phrase,  
 So current before her bridal —  
 The countess heard, in language low,  
 That her Precious Leg was precious slow,  
 A good 'un to look at, but bad to go,  
 And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,  
 Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs —  
 As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares —  
 It made an infernal stumping.  
 Whereas a member of cork, or wood,  
 Would be lighter and cheaper, and quite as good,  
 Without the unbearable thumping.

Perhaps she thought it a decent thing  
 To show her calf to cobbler and king,  
 But nothing could be absurder —  
 While none but the crazy would advertise  
 Their gold before their servants' eyes,

Who of course some night would make it a prize,  
By a shocking and barbarous murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,  
The Leg kept its situation :  
For legs are not to be taken off  
By a verbal amputation.  
And mortals when they take a whim,  
The greater the folly the stiffer the limb  
That stands upon it or by it —  
So the countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,  
At her marriage refused to stir a peg,  
Till the lawyers had fastened on her leg,  
As fast as the law could tie it.

Firmly then — and more firmly yet —  
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,  
The proud one confronted the cruel :  
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,  
Fierce and merciless — one of those,  
With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,  
In all but the bloodshed a duel !

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,  
Were the words that came from weak and strong,  
Till, maddened for desperate matters,  
Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,  
She flew to her desk — 'twas opened — and then,  
In the time it takes to try a pen,  
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,  
Her Will was in fifty tatters !

But the count, instead of curses wild,  
Only nodded his head and smiled,  
As if at the spleen of an angry child ;

But the calm was deceitful and sinister!  
 A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea —  
 For Hate in that moment had sworn to be  
 The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,  
 And that very night to administer!

### Her Death.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think  
 How often mortality stands on the brink  
 Of its grave without any misgiving :  
 And yet, in this slippery world of strife,  
 In the stir of human bustle so rife  
 There are daily sounds to tell us that Life  
 Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the girl, and Love the boy,  
 Bright as they are with hope and joy,  
 How their souls would sadden instanter,  
 To remember that one of those wedding bells,  
 Which ring so merrily through the dells,  
 Is the same that knells  
 Our last farewells,  
 Only broken into a canter!

But breath and blood set doom at nought —  
 How little the wretched countess thought,  
 When at night she unloosed her sandal,  
 That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,  
 And that Death, in the shape of a death's head moth,  
 Was fluttering round her candle!

As she looked at her clock of or-molu,  
 For the hours she had gone so wearily through  
 At the end of a day of trial —  
 How little she saw in her pride of prime

The dart of death in the hand of Time —  
 That hand which moved on the dial !

As she went with her taper up the stair,  
 How little her swollen eye was aware  
 That the Shadow which followed was double !  
 Or when she closed her chamber door,  
 It was shutting out, and forevermore,  
 The world — and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside  
 Her jewels — after one glance of pride —  
 They were solemn bequests to Vanity —  
 Or when her robes she began to doff,  
 That she stood so near to the putting off  
 Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quenched the taper's light,  
 How little she thought, as the smoke took flight,  
 That her day was done — and merged in a night  
 Of dreams and duration uncertain —  
 Or, along with her own,  
 That a hand of bone  
 Was closing mortality's curtain !

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,  
 And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind  
 In concealing the day of sorrow ;  
 And enough is the present tense of toil —  
 For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil —  
 And the mind flies back with a glad recoil  
 From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the spirit fly  
 And bid its daily cares good-by,  
 Along with its daily clothing ?  
 Just as the felon condemned to die —

With a very natural loathing —  
 Leaving the sheriff to dream of ropes,  
 From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes,  
 To eaper on sunny greens and slopes,  
 Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the countess slept,  
 While Death still nearer and nearer crept,  
 Like the Thane who smote the sleeping —  
 But her mind was busy with early joys,  
 Her golden treasures and golden toys,  
 That flashed a bright  
 And golden light  
 Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug!  
 Her coral of gold, and the golden mug!  
 Her godfather's golden presents!  
 The golden service she had at her meals,  
 The golden watch, and chain, and seals,  
 Her golden seissors, and thread, and reels,  
 And her golden fishes and pheasants!

The golden guineas in silken purse —  
 And the golden legends she heard from her nurse,  
 Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage —  
 And London streets that were paved with gold —  
 And the golden eggs that were laid of old —  
 With each golden thing  
 To the golden ring  
 At her own auriferous marriage!

And still the golden light of the sun  
 Through her golden dream appeared to run,  
 Though the night that roared without was one  
 To terrify seamen or gypsies —

While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,  
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,  
As though she enjoyed the tempest's birth,  
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly the thunder fell,  
For the soul of the sleeper was under a spell  
That time had lately embittered —  
The count, as once at her foot he knelt —  
That foot which now he wanted to melt!  
But — hush! — 'twas a stir at her pillow she felt —  
And some object before her glittered.

'Twas the Golden Leg! — she knew its gleam!  
And up she started, and tried to scream, —  
But even in the moment she started —  
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,  
And, lost in the universal flash  
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,  
The spark, called Vital, departed!

\* \* \* \* \*

Gold, still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,  
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold —  
By a golden weapon — not oaken;  
In the morning they found her all alone —  
Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone —  
But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,  
And the “golden bowl was broken!”

Gold — still gold! it haunted her yet —  
At the Golden Lion the inquest met —  
Its foreman, a carver and gilder —  
And the jury debated from twelve till three  
What the verdict ought to be,

And they brought it in as Felo-de-Se,  
 "Because her own leg had killed her!"

### Her Moral.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
 Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
 Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
 Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:  
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
 To the very verge of the church-yard mould;  
 Price of many a crime untold:  
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Good or bad a thousand-fold!

How widely its agencies vary —  
 To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —  
 As even its minted coins express,  
 Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

---

### A MORNING THOUGHT.

No more, no more will I resign  
 My couch so warm and soft,  
 To trouble trout with hook and line,  
 That will not spring aloft.

With larks appointments one may fix  
 To greet the dawning skies,  
 But hang the getting up at six  
 For fish that will not *rise*!

## LOVE AND LUNACY.

THE Moon — who does not love the silver moon,  
 In all her fantasies and all her phases ?  
 Whether full-orbed in the nocturnal noon,  
 Shining in all the dew-drops on the daisies,  
 To light the tripping Fairies in their mazes,  
 While stars are winking at the pranks of Puck ;  
 Or huge and red, as on brown sheaves she gazes ;  
 Or new and thin when coin is turned for luck ; —  
 Who will not say that Dian is a Duck ?

But, O ! how tender, beautiful and sweet,  
 When in her silent round, serene, and clear,  
 By assignation loving fancies meet,  
 To recompense the pangs of absence drear !  
 So Ellen, dreaming of Lorenzo, dear,  
 But distant from the city mapped by Mogg,  
 Still saw his image in that silver sphere,  
 Plain as the Man with lantern, bush, and dog,  
 That used to set our ancestors a-gog.

And so she told him in a pretty letter,  
 That came to hand exactly as Saint Meg's  
 Was striking ten — eleven had been better ;  
 For then he might have eaten six more eggs,  
 And both of the bedevilled turkey-legs,  
 With relishes from East, West, North, and South,  
 Draining, beside, the teapot to the dregs.  
 Whereas a man whose heart is in his mouth,  
 Is rather spoilt for hunger and for drouth.

And so the kidneys, broiling hot, were wasted ;  
 The brawn — it never entered in his thought ;

The grated Parmesan remained untasted ;  
 The potted shrimps were left as they were bought,  
 The capelings stood as merely good for nought,  
 The German sausage did not tempt him better,  
 Whilst Juno, licking her poor lips, was taught  
 There's neither bone nor skin about a letter,  
 Gristle, nor scalp, that one can give a setter.

Heaven bless the man who first devised a mail !  
 Heaven bless that public pile which stands concealing  
 The Goldsmiths' front with such a solid veil !  
 Heaven bless the Master, and Sir Francis Freeling,  
 The drags, the nags, the leading or the wheeling,  
 The whips, the guards, the horns, the coats of scarlet,  
 The boxes, bags, those evening bells a-pealing !  
 Heaven bless, in short, each posting thing, and varlet,  
 That helps a Werter to a sigh from Charlotte.

So felt Lorenzo as he oped the sheet,  
 Where, first, the darling signature he kissed,  
 And then, recurring to its contents sweet  
 With thirsty eyes, a phrase I must enlist,  
 He *gulped* the words, to hasten to their gist ;  
 In mortal ecstasy his soul was bound —  
 When, lo ! with features all at once a-twist,  
 He gave a whistle, wild enough in sound  
 To summon Faustus's Infernal Hound !

Alas ! what little miffs and tiffs in love,  
 A snubbish word, or pouting look mistaken,  
 Will loosen screws with sweethearts hand and glove,  
 O ! love, rock firm when chimney-pots were shaken,  
 A pettish breath will into huffs awaken,  
 To spit like hump-backed cats, and snarling Towzers !  
 Till hearts are wrecked and foundered, and forsaken,

As ships go to Old Davy, Lord knows how, sirs,  
While heaven is blue enough for Dutchmen's trousers !

“The moon's at full, love, and I think of you” —

Who would have thought that such a kind P. S.  
Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,  
Then black, and knit his eyebrows and compress  
His teeth, as if about to effervesce

Like certain people when they lose at whist !

So looked the chafed Lorenzo, ne'ertheless,  
And, in a trice, the paper he had kissed  
Was crumpled like a snowball in his fist !

Ah ! had he been less versed in scientifics —

More ignorant, in short, of what is what —

He ne'er had flared up in such calorifics ;

But he *would* seek societies, and trot  
To Clubs — Mechanics' Institutes — and got  
With Birkbeck — Bartley — Combe — George Robins  
— Rennie,

And other lecturing men. And had he not  
That work, of weekly parts, which sells so many,  
The Copper-bottomed Magazine — or “Penny ?”

But, of all learned pools whereon, or in,

Men dive like dabchicks, or like swallows skim,  
Some hardly damped, some wetted to the skin,  
Some drowned like pigs when they attempt to swim,  
Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim,

('Tis studied by a Prince among the Burmans) :

He loved those heavenly bodies which, the Hymn  
Of Addison declares, preach solemn sermons,  
While waltzing on their pivots like young Germans.

Night after night, with telescope in hand,  
Supposing that the night was fair and clear,

Aloft, on the house-top, he took his stand,  
 Till he obtained to know each twinkling sphere  
 Better, I doubt, than Milton's "Starry Vere;"  
 Thus, reading through poor Ellen's fond epistle,  
 He soon espied the flaw — the lapse so sheer  
 That made him raise his hair in such a bristle.  
 And like the Boatswain of the Storm-Ship, whistle.

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of thee," —  
 "Indeed! I'm very much her humble debtor,  
 But not the moon-calf she would have me be.  
 Zounds! does she fancy that I know no better?"  
 Herewith, at either corner of the letter  
 He gave a most ferocious, rending pull; —  
 "O woman! woman! that no vows can fetter,  
 A moon to stay for three weeks at the full!  
 By Jove! a very pretty cock-and-bull!

"The moon at full! 'twas very finely reckoned!  
 Why so she wrote me word upon the first,  
 The twelfth, and now upon the twenty-second —  
 Full! — yes — it must be full enough to burst!  
 But let her go — of all vile jilts the worst" —  
 Here with his thumbs he gave contemptuous snaps,  
 Anon he blubbered like a child that's nursed,  
 And then he hit the table frightful raps,  
 And stamped till he had broken both his straps.

"The moon's at full — and I am in her thought —  
 No doubt: I do believe it in my soul!"  
 Here he threw up his head, and gave a snort  
 Like a young horse first harnessed to a pole;  
 "The moon is full — ay, so is this d—d bowl!"  
 And, grinning like the sourest of curmudgeons,  
 Globe — water — fishes — he dashed down the whole,

Strewing the carpet with the gasping gudgeons ;  
Men do the strangest things in such love-dudgeons.

“ I fill her thoughts — her memory’s vicegerent ?

No, no — some paltry puppy — three weeks old —  
And round as Norval’s shield ” — thus incoherent

His fancies grew as he went on to scold ;  
So stormy waves are into breakers rolled,  
Worked up at last to mere chaotic wroth —  
This — that — heads — tails — thoughts jumbled un-  
controlled,

As onions, turnips, meat, in boiling broth,  
By turns bob up, and splutter in the froth.

“ Fool that I was to let a baby face —

A full one — like a hunter’s — round and red —

Ass that I am, to give her more a place

Within this heart ” — and here he struck his head.

“ ‘ Sdeath ! are the almanac-compilers dead ?

But no — ’tis all an artifice — a trick,

Some newer face — some dandy underbred —

Well — be it so — of all the sex I’m sick ! ”

Here Juno wondered why she got a kick.

“ ‘ The moon is full ’ — where’s her infernal scrawl ?

‘ And you are in my thought : that silver ray

Will ever your dear image thus recall ’ —

My image ? Mine ! She’d barter it away

For Pretty Poll’s on an Italian’s tray !

Three weeks, full weeks — it is too plain — too bad —

Too gross and palpable ! O curséd day !

My senses have not crazed — but if they had —

Such moons would worry a Mad Doctor mad !

“ O Nature ! wherefore did you frame a lip

So fair for falsehood ? Wherefore have you dressed

Deceit so angel-like ? ” With sudden rip  
 He tore six new buff buttons from his vest,  
 And groped with hand impetuous at his breast,  
 As if some flea from Juno’s fleecy curls  
 Had skipped to batten on a human chest ;  
 But no — the hand comes forth, and down it hurls  
 A lady’s miniature beset with pearls.

Yet long upon the floor it did not tarry,  
 Before another outrage could be planned :  
 Poor Juno, who had learned to fetch and carry,  
 Picked up and brought it to her master’s hand,  
 Who seized it, and the mimic features scanned ;  
 Yet not with the old loving ardent drouth,  
 He only saw in that fair face, so bland,  
 Look how he would at it, East, West, North, South,  
 A moon, a full one, with eyes, nose, and mouth.

“ I’ll go to her ; ” — herewith his hat he touched,  
 And gave his arm a most heroic brandish ;  
 “ But no — I’ll write ” — and here a spoon he clutched,  
 And rammed it with such fury in the standish,  
 A sable flood, like Niger the outlandish,  
 Came rushing forth. O Antics and Buffoons !  
 Ye never danced a caper so ran-tan-dish ;  
 He jumped, thumped, tore — swore — more than ten  
     dragoons,  
 At all nights, noons, moons, spoons, and pantaloons

But soon ashamed, or weary, of such dancing,  
 Without a Collinet’s or Weippert’s band,  
 His rampant arms and legs left off their prancing,  
 And down he sat again, with pen in hand,  
 Not fiddle-headed, or King’s pattern grand,  
 But one of Bramah’s patent Caligraphics ;

And many a sheet it spoiled before he planned  
A likely letter. Used to pure seraphics,  
Philippics sounded strangely after Sapphics.

Long while he rocked like Yankee in his chair,  
Staring as he would stare the wainscot through,  
And then he thrust his fingers in his hair,  
And set his crest up like a cockatoo ;  
And trampled with his hoofs, a mere Yahoo :  
At last, with many a tragic frown and start,  
He penned a billet, very far from doux,  
'Twas sour, severe — but think of a man's smart  
Writing with lunar caustic on his heart !

The letter done and closed, he lit his taper,  
And sealing, as it were, his other mocks,  
He stamped a grave device upon the paper,  
No Cupid toying with his Psyche's locks,  
But some stern head of the old Stoic stocks —  
Then, fiercely striding through the staring streets,  
He dropped the bitter missive in a box,  
Beneath the cakes, and tarts, and sugared treats  
In Mrs. Smelling's window-full of sweets.

Soon sped the letter — thanks to modern plans,  
Our English mails run little in the style  
Of those great German wild-beast caravans,  
*Eil-wagens* — though they do not "go like *itc*," —  
But take a good twelve minutes to the mile —  
On Monday morning, just at ten o'clock,  
As Ellen hummed "The Young May Moon" the while,  
Her ear was startled by that double knock  
Which thrills the nerves like an electric shock !

Her right hand instantly forgot its cunning,  
And down into the street it dropped, or flung,

Right on the hat and wig of Mr. Gunning,  
 The jug that o'er her ten-weeks-stocks had hung ;  
 Then down the stairs by twos and threes she sprung,  
 And through the passage like a burglar darted.

Alas ! how sanguine are the fond and young —  
 She little thought, when with the coin she parted,  
 She paid a sixpence to be broken-hearted !

Too dear at any price ; had she but paid  
 Nothing, and taken discount, it was dear ;  
 Yet, worthless as it was, the sweet-lipped maid  
 Oft kissed the letter in her brief career  
 Between the lower and the upper sphere,  
 Where, seated in a study bistre-brown,  
 She tried to pierce a mystery as clear  
 As *that* I once saw puzzling a young clown —  
 "Reading Made Easy," but turned upside down.

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,  
 Had sipped sky blue through certain of her teens,  
 At one of those establishments which stand  
 In highways, byways, squares, and village greens ;  
 'Twas called "The Grove," a name that always means  
 Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate —  
 Each window had its close Venetian screens  
 And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state  
 The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclosed by chance,  
 The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,  
 Each upper window to a passing glance  
 Revealed a little dimity white bed ;  
 Each lower one a cropped or curly head ;  
 And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,  
 Along the road the twenty-four were led,

Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies  
With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued :— On Sunday,  
Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price ;  
Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar — of a Monday ;  
Tuesday — hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice ;  
Wednesday — fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice) ;  
Thursday — pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, reading ;  
Friday — beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice :  
Saturday — scraps, short lessons and short feeding,  
Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel-collars, and good breeding.

From this repertory of female learning  
Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter !  
To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.  
'Twas evident in bolsters, beef, and batter,  
Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not smatter,  
But heartily, as Jenkins says, " demollidge ;"  
But as for any learning, not to flatter,  
As often happens when girls leave their college,  
She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At Long Division sums she had no chance,  
And History was quite as bad a balk ;  
Her French it was too small for Petty France  
And Priscian suffered in her English talk :  
Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk ;  
As for the globes — the use of the terrestrial  
She knew when she went out to take a walk,  
Or take a ride ; but touching the celestial,  
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars ;  
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for Burgo,

Sidus, for Master : then, for northern stars,  
 The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go,  
 The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo,  
 The Ram the same that butted at her brother ;  
 As for the Twins, she only guessed that Virgo  
 From coming after them, must be their mother ;  
 The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.

As ignorant as donkeys in Gallicia,  
 She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but  
 A private, may be, in the Kent Militia :  
 That Charles's Wain would stick in a deep rut,  
 That Venus was a real West End slut —  
 O, gods and goddesses of Greek Theogony !  
 That Bernice's Hair would curl and cut,  
 That Cassiopœia's Chair was good Mahogany,  
 Nicely French-polished — such was her cosmogony !

Judge, then, how puzzled by the scientifics  
 Lorenzo's letter came now to dispense ;  
 A lizard, crawling over hieroglyphics,  
 Knows quite as much of their Egyptian sense ;  
 A sort of London fog, opaque and dense,  
 Hung over verbs, nouns, genitives, and datives.  
 In vain she pored and pored, with eyes intense,  
 As well is known to oyster-operatives,  
 Mere looking at the shells won't open natives.

Yet mixed with the hard words, so called, she found  
 Some easy ones that gave her heart the staggers ;  
 Words giving tongue against her, like a hound  
 At picking out a fault — words speaking daggers  
 The very letters seemed, in hostile swaggers,  
 To lash their tails, but not as horses do,  
 Nor like the tails of spaniels, gentle waggers,

But like a lion's, ere he tears in two  
A black, to see if he is black all through.

With open mouth, and eyeballs at full stretch,  
She gazed upon the paper sad and sorry,  
No sound — no stir — quite petrified, poor wretch !  
As when Apollo, in old allegory,  
Down-stooping like a falcon, made his quarry  
Of Niobe, just turned to Purbeck stone ;  
In fact, since Cupid got into a worry,  
Judge if a suing lover, let alone  
A lawyer, ever wrote in such a tone.

“ Ellen, I will no longer call you mine,  
That time is past, and ne'er can come again ;  
However other lights undimmed may shine,  
And undiminishing, one truth is plain,  
Which I, alas ! have learned — that love can wane.  
The dream has passed away, the veil is rent,  
Your heart was not intended for my reign ;  
A sphere so full, I feel, was never meant  
With one poor man in it to be content.

“ It must, no doubt, be pleasant beyond measure,  
To wander underneath the whispering bough  
With Dian, a perpetual round of pleasure.  
Nay, fear not — I absolve of every vow —  
Use — use your own celestial pleasure now,  
Your apogee and perigee arrange.  
Herschel might aptly stare and wonder how,  
To me that constant disk has nothing strange —  
A counterfeit is something hard to change.

“ O Ellen ! I once little thought to write  
Such words unto you, with so hard a pen ;  
Yet outraged love will change its nature quite,

And turn like tiger hunted to its den —  
 How Falsehood trips in her deceits on men!  
 And stands abashed, discovered, and forlorn!

Had it been only cusped — but gibbous — then  
 It had gone down — but Faith drew back in scorn,  
 And would not swallow it — without a horn!

“I am in occultation — that is plain:

My culmination's past — that's quite as clear.  
 But think not I will suffer your disdain

To hang a lunar rainbow on a tear.

Whate'er my pangs, they shall be buried here;  
 No murmur — not a sigh — shall thence exhale:

Smile on — and for your own peculiar sphere  
 Choose some eccentric path — you cannot fail,  
 And pray stick on a most portentous tail!

“Farewell! I hope you are in health and gay;

For me, I never felt so well and merry —  
 As for the bran-new idol of the day,

Monkey or man, I am indifferent — very!

Nor even will ask who is the Happy Jerry;  
 My jealousy is dead, or gone to sleep,

But let me hint that you will want a wherry,  
 Three weeks spring-tide, and not a chance of neap,  
 Your parlors will be flooded six feet deep!

“O Ellen! how delicious was that light

Wherein our plighted shadows used to blend,  
 Meanwhile the melancholy bird of night —

No more of that — the lover's at an end.

Yet if I may advise you, as a friend,  
 Before you next pen sentiments so fond,

Study your cycles — I would recommend

Our Airy — and let South be duly conned,  
And take a dip, I beg, in the great Pond.

“Farewell again! it is farewell forever!  
Before your lamp of night be lit up thrice,  
I shall be sailing, haply, for Swan River,  
Jamaica, or the Indian land of rice,  
Or Boothia Felix — happy clime of ice!  
For Trebizond, or distant Scanderoon,  
Ceylon, or Java redolent of spice,  
Or settling, neighbor of the Cape baboon,  
Or roaming o'er — The Mountains of the Moon!

“What matters where? my world no longer owns  
That dear meridian spot from which I dated  
Degrees of distance, hemispheres, and zones,  
A globe all blank and barren and belted.  
What matters where my future life be fated?  
With Lapland hordes, or Koords or Afric peasant,  
A squatter in the western woods located,  
What matters where? My bias, at the present,  
Leans to the country that reveres the Crescent!

“Farewell! and if forever, fare thee well!  
As wrote another of my fellow-martyrs:  
I ask no sexton for his passing-bell,  
I do not ask your tear-drops to be starters,  
However I may die, transfixed by Tartars,  
By Cobras poisoned, by Constrictors strangled,  
By shark or cayman snapt above the garters,  
By royal tiger or Cape lion mangled,  
Or starved to death in the wild woods entangled,

“Or tortured slowly at an Indian stake,  
Or smothered in the sandy hot simoom,

Or crushed in Chili by earth's awful quake,  
 Or baked in lava, a Vesuvian tomb,  
 Or dirged by syrens and the billows' boom,  
 Or stiffened to a stock 'mid Alpine snows,  
 Or stricken by the plague with sudden doom,  
 Or sucked by Vampyres to a last repose,  
 Or self-destroyed, impatient of my woes.

"Still fare you well, however I may fare,  
 A fare perchance to the Lethean shore,  
 Caught up by rushing whirlwinds in the air,  
 Or dashed down cataracts with dreadful roar :  
 Nay, this warm heart, once yours unto the core,  
 This hand you should have claimed in church or minster,  
 Some cannibal may gnaw" — she read no more —  
 Prone on the carpet fell the senseless spinster,  
 Losing herself, as 'twere, in Kidderminster !

Of course of such a fall the shock was great ;  
 In rushed the father, panting from the shop,  
 In rushed the mother, without cap or tête,  
 Pursued by Betty Housemaid with her mop ;  
 The cook to change her apron did not stop,  
 The charwoman next scrambled up the stair —  
 All help to lift, to haul, to seat, to prop,  
 And then they stand and smother round the chair,  
 Exclaiming in a chorus, "Give her air !"

One sears her nostrils with a burning feather,  
 Another rams a phial up her nose ;  
 A third crooks all her finger-joints together,  
 A fourth rips up her laces and her bows,  
 While all by turns keep trampling on her toes,  
 And, when she gasps for breath, they pour in plump,  
 A sudden drench that down her thorax goes,

As if in fetching her — some wits so jump —  
 She must be fetched with water like a pump!

No wonder that thus drenched, and wrenched, and galled,

As soon as possible, from syncope's fetter  
 Her senses had the sense to be recalled,  
 "I'm better — that will do — indeed I'm better,"  
 She cried to each importunate besetter ;  
 Meanwhile escaping from the stir and smother,  
 The prudent parent seized the lover's letter,  
 (Daughters should have no secrets with a Mother,)  
 And read it through from one end to the other

From first to last, she never skipped a word —  
 For young Lorenzo of all youths was one  
 So wise, so good, so moral she averred,  
 So clever, quite above the common run —  
 She made him sit by her, and called him son.  
 No matrimonial suit, e'en Duke's or Earl's,  
 So flattered her maternal feelings — none!  
 For mothers always think young men are pearls  
 Who come and throw themselves before their girls.

And now, at warning signal from her finger,  
 The servants most reluctantly withdrew,  
 But listening on the stairs contrived to linger ;  
 For Ellen, gazing round with eyes of blue,  
 At last the features of her parent knew,  
 And summoning her breath and vocal powers,  
 "O, mother!" she exclaimed — "O, is it true —  
 Our dear Lorenzo" — the dear name drew showers —  
 "Ours," cried the mother, "pray don't call him ours!

"I never liked him, never, in my days!"

["O yes — you did" — said Ellen with a sob,]

“There always *was* a something in his ways —  
 [“So sweet — so kind,” said Ellen, with a throb,]  
 “His very face was what I call a snob,  
 And, spite of West End coats and pantaloons,  
 He had a sort of air of the swell mob;  
 I’m sure when he has come of afternoons  
 To tea, I’ve often thought — I’ll watch my spoons!”

“The spoons!” cried Ellen, almost with a scream,  
 “O cruel — false as cruel — and unjust!  
 He that once stood so high in your esteem!”  
 “He!” cried the dame, grimacing her disgust,  
 “I like him? — yes — as any body must  
 An infidel that scoffs at God and Devil:  
 Didn’t he bring you Bonaparty’s bust?  
 Lord! when he calls I hardly can be civil —  
*My* favorite was always Mr. Neville.

“Lorenzo? — I should like, of earthly things,  
 To see him hanging forty cubits high;  
 Doesn’t he write like Captain Rocks and Swings?  
 Nay, in this very letter bid you try  
 To make yourself particular, and tie  
 A tail on — a prodigious tail! — O, daughter!  
 And don’t he ask you down his area — fie!  
 And recommend to cut your being shorter,  
 With brick-bats round your neck in ponds of water?”

Alas! to think how readers thus may vary  
 A writer’s sense! — What mortal would have thought  
 Lorenzo’s hints about Professor Airy  
 And Pond to such a likeness could be brought!  
 Who would have dreamed the simple way he taught  
 To make a comet of poor Ellen’s moon,  
 Could furnish forth an image so distraught,

As Ellen, walking Regent Street at noon,  
Tailed — like a fat Cape sheep, or a raccoon!

And yet, whate'er absurdity the brains  
May hatch, it ne'er wants wet-nurses to suckle it;  
Or dry ones, like a hen, to take the pains  
To lead the nudity abroad, and chuckle it;  
No whim so stupid but some fool will buckle it  
To jingle bell-like on his empty head,  
No mental mud—but some will knead and knuckle it,  
And fancy they are making fancy-bread;—  
No ass has written, but some ass has read.

No dolts could lead if others did not follow 'em.  
No Hahnemann could give decillionth drops  
If any man could not be got to swallow 'em;  
But folly never comes to such full stops.  
As soon, then, as the Mother made such swaps  
Of all Lorenzo's meanings, heads and tails,  
The Father seized upon her malaprops—  
“My girl down areas — of a night! 'Ods nails!  
I'll stick the scoundrel on his area-rails!

“I will! — as sure as I was christened John!  
A girl — well born — and bred — and schooled at  
Ditton —  
Accomplished — handsome — with a tail stuck on!  
And chucked — Zounds! chucked in horseponds like  
a kitten;  
I wish I had been by when that was written!” —  
And doubling to a fist each ample hand,  
The empty air he boxed with, à la Britton,  
As if in training for a fight long planned,  
With Nobody — for love — at No Man's Land!

"I'll pond — I'll tail him!" In a voice of thunder

He recommenced his fury and his fuss,

Loud, open-mouthed, and wedded to his blunder,

Like one of those great guns that end in buss.

"I'll teach him to write ponds and tails to us!"

But while so menacing this-that-and-t'others,

His wife broke in with certain truths, as thus :

"Men are not women — fathers can't be mothers —

Females are females" — and a few such others.

So saying, with rough nudges, willy-nilly,

She hustled him outside the chamber-door,

Looking, it must be owned, a little silly ;

And then she did as the Carinthian boor

Serves (Goldsmith says) the traveller that's poor :

*Id est*, she shut him in the outer space,

With just as much apology — no more —

As Boreas would present in such a case,

For slamming the street door right in your face.

And now the secrets of the sex thus kept,

What passed in that important tête-à-tête

"Twixt dam and daughter, nobody except

Paul Pry, or his Twin Brother, could narrate —

So turn we to Lorenzo, left of late

In front of Mrs. Snelling's sugared snacks,

In such a very waspish stinging state —

But now at the Old Dragon, stretched on racks,

Fretting, and biting down his nails to tacks ;

Because that new fast four-inside — the Comet,

Instead of keeping its appointed time,

But deviated some few minutes from it,

A thing with all astronomers a crime,

And he had studied in that lore sublime ;

Nor did his heat get any less or shorter

For pouring upon passion's unslacked lime  
A well-grown glass of Cogniac and water,  
Mixed stiff as starch by the Old Dragon's daughter.

At length, "Fair Ellen" sounding with a flourish,

The Comet came all bright, bran new, and smart:

Meanwhile the melody conspired to nourish

The hasty spirit in Lorenzo's heart,

And soon upon the roof he "topped his part,"

Which never had a more impatient man on,

Wishing devoutly that the steeds would start

Like lightning greased — or, as at Ballyshannon

Sublimed, "greased lightning shot out of a cannon!"

For, ever since the letter left his hand,

His mind had been in vasculating motion,

Dodge-dodging like a flustered crab on land,

That cannot ask its way, and has no notion

If right or left leads to the German Ocean —

Hatred and Love by turns enjoyed monopolies,

Till, like a Doctor following his own potion,

Before a learned pig could spell Acropolis,

He went and booked himself for our metropolis.

"O, for a horse," or rather four — "with wings!"

For so he put his wish into the plural —

No relish he retained for country things,

He could not join felicity with rural,

His thoughts were all with London and the mural,

Where architects — not paupers — heap and *pile*  
stones :

Or with the horses' muscles, called the crural,

How fast they could macadamize the milestones

Which passed as tediously as gall or bile stones.

Blind to the picturesque, he ne'er perceived  
 In Nature one artistical fine stroke ;  
 For instance, how that purple hill relieved  
 The beggar-woman in the gypsy-poke,  
 And how the red cow carried off her cloak ;  
 Or how the aged horse, so gaunt and gray,  
 Threw off a noble mass of beech and oak !  
 Or how the tinker's ass, beside the way,  
 Came boldly out from a white cloud — to bray ! ,

Such things have no delight for worried men,  
 That travel full of care and anxious smart :  
 Coachmen and horses are your artists then ;  
 Just try a team of draughtsmen with the Dart,  
 Take Shee, for instance, ETTY, JONES, and HART,  
 Let every neck be put into its noose,  
 Then tip 'em on the flank to make 'em start,  
 And see how they will draw ! — Four screws let loose  
 Would make a difference — or I'm a goose —

Nor cared he more about the promised crops,  
 If oats were looking up, or wheat was laid,  
 For flies in turnips, or a blight in hops,  
 Or how the barley prospered or decayed ;  
 In short, no items of the farming trade,  
 Peas, beans, tares, 'taters, could his mind beguile ;  
 Nor did he answer to the servant-maid,  
 That always asked at every other mile,  
 " Where do we change, sir ? " with her sweetest smile.

Nor more he listened to the Politician,  
 Who lectured on his left, a formal prig,  
 Of Belgium's, Greece's, Turkey's sad condition,  
 Not worth a cheese, an olive, or a fig ;  
 Nor yet unto the critic, fierce and big,

Who, holding forth, all lonely, in his glory,  
 Called one a sad bad Poet — and a Whig,  
 And one, a first-rate proser — and a Tory ;  
 So critics judge, now, of a song or story.

Nay, when the coachman spoke about the 'Leger,  
 Of Popsy, Mopsy, Bergamotte, and Civet,  
 Of breeder, trainer, owner, baeker, hedger,  
 And nags as right, or righter than a trivet,  
 The theme his cracked attention could not rivet ;  
 Though leaning forward to the man of whips,  
 He seemed to give an ear — but did not give it,  
 For Ellen's moon (that saddest of her slips)  
 Would not be hidden by a "new Eclipse."

If any thought e'er flitted in his head  
 Belonging to the sphere of Bland and Crocky,  
 It was to wish the team all thorough-bred,  
 And every buckle on their backs a jockey :  
 When spinning down a steep descent, or rocky,  
 He never watched the wheel, and longed to lock it,  
 He liked the bolters that set off so cocky,  
 Nor did it shake a single nerve or shock it,  
 Because the Comet raced against the Rocket.

Thanks to which rivalry, at last the journey  
 Finished an hour and a quarter under time,  
 Without a case for surgeon or attorney,  
 Just as St. James's rang its seventh chime.  
 And now, descending from his seat sublime,  
 Behold Lorenzo, weariest of wights,  
 In that great core of brick, and stone, and lime,  
 Called England's Heart — but which, as seen of nights,  
 Has rather more the appearance of its lights.

Away he scudded — elbowing, perforce,  
 Through cads, and lads, and many a Hebrew worrier,  
 With fruit, knives, pencils — all dirt cheap, of course,  
 Coachmen, and hawkers, of the Globe and “Currier;”  
 Away! the cookmaid is not such a skurrier,  
 When, fit to split her gingham as she goes,  
 With six just striking on the clock to hurry her,  
 She strides along with one of her three beaux,  
 To get well placed at “Ashley’s” — now Ducrow’s.

“I wonder if the moon is full to-night!”  
 He muttered, jealous as a Spanish Don,  
 When, lo! to aggravate that inward spite,  
 In glancing at a board he spied thereon  
 A play-bill for dramatic folks to con,  
 In letters such as those may read, who run,  
 “‘KING JOHN’ — O yes — I recollect King John!  
 ‘My Lord, they say five moons’ — *five moons!* well done!  
 I wonder Ellen was content with one!

“Five moons — all full! and all at once in heaven!  
 She should have lived in that prolific reign!”  
 Here he arrived in front of number seven,  
 The abode of all his joy and all his pain;  
 A sudden tremor shot through every vein,  
 He wished he’d come up by the heavy wagon,  
 And felt an impulse to turn back again,  
 O, that he ne’er had quitted the Old Dragon!  
 Then came a sort of longing for a flagon.

His tongue and palate seemed so parched with drouth —  
 The very knocker filled his soul with dread,  
 As if it had a living lion’s mouth,  
 With teeth so terrible, and tongue so red,  
 In which he had engaged to put his head.

The bell-pull turned his courage into vapor,  
 As though 'twould cause a shower-bath to shed  
 Its thousand shocks, to make him sigh and caper —  
 He looked askance, and did not like the scraper.

“What business have I here? (he thought) a dunce  
 A hopeless passion thus to fan and foster,  
 Instead of putting out its wick at once :  
 She's gone — it's very evident I've lost her —  
 And to the wanton wind I should have tossed her —  
 Pish! I will leave her with her moon, at ease,  
 To toast and eat it, like a single Gloster,  
 Or cram some fool with it, as good green cheese,  
 Or make a honey-moon, if so she please.

“Yes — here I leave her;” and as thus he spoke,  
 He plied the knocker with such needless force,  
 It almost split the pannel of sound oak ;  
 And then he went as wildly through a course  
 Of ringing, till he made abrupt divorce  
 Between the bell and its dumbfounded handle ;  
 While up ran Betty, out of breath and hoarse,  
 And thrust into his face her blown-out candle,  
 To recognize the author of such scandal.

Who, presto! cloak, and carpet-bag to boot,  
 Went stumbling, rumbling, up the dark one pair,  
 With other noise than his whose “very foot  
 Had music in't as he came up the stair :”  
 And then with no more manners than a bear,  
 His hat upon his head, no matter how,  
 No modest tap his presence to declare,  
 He bolted in a room, without a bow,  
 And there sat Ellen, with a marble brow!

Like fond Medora, watching at her window,  
 Yet not of any Corsair bark in search —  
 The jutting lodging-house of Mrs. Lindo,  
 “The Cheapest House in Town” of Todd and Sturch,  
 The private house of Reverend Doctor Birch,  
 The public-house, closed nightly at eleven,  
 And then that house of prayer, the parish church,  
 Some roofs and chimneys, and a glimpse of heaven,  
 Made up the whole look-out of Number Seven.

Yet something in the prospect so absorbed her,  
 She seemed quite drowned and dozing in a dream ;  
 As if her own beloved full moon still orb'd her,  
 Lulling her fancy in some lunar scheme,  
 With lost Lorenzo, may be, for its theme —  
 Yet when Lorenzo touched her on the shoulder,  
 She started up with an abortive scream,  
 As if some midnight ghost, from regions colder,  
 Had come within his bony arms to fold her.

“Lorenzo !” — “Ellen !” — then came “Sir !” and  
 “Madam !”

They tried to speak, but hammered at each word,  
 As if it were a flint for great MacAdam ;  
 Such broken English never else was heard,  
 For like an aspen leaf each nerve was stirred,  
 A chilly tremor thrilled them through and through,  
 Their efforts to be stiff were quite absurd,  
 They shook like jellies made without a due  
 And proper share of common joiner’s glue.

“Ellen ! I’m come — to bid you — fare — farewell ;”  
 They thus began to fight their verbal duel ;  
 “Since some more hap — hap — happy man must  
 dwell —”

“Alas — Loren — Lorenzo ! — cru — cru — cruel !”

For so they split their words like grits for gruel.  
 At last the Lover, as he long had planned,  
 Drew out that once inestimable jewel,  
 Her portrait, which was erst so fondly scanned,  
 And thrust poor Ellen's face into her hand.

"There — take it, Madam — take it back, I crave,  
 The face of one — but I must now forget her ;  
 Bestow it on whatever hapless slave  
 Your art has last enticed into your fetter —  
 And there are your epistles — there ! each letter !  
 I wish no record of your vows' infractions ;  
 Send them to South — or Children — you had better —  
 They will be novelties — rare benefactions  
 To shine in Philosophical Transactions !

"Take them — pray take them — I resign them quite !  
 And there's the glove you gave me leave to steal —  
 And there's the handkerchief, so pure and white,  
 Once sanctified by tears, when Miss O'Neill —  
 But no — you did not — cannot — do not feel  
 A Juliet's faith, that time could only harden !  
 Fool that I was, in my mistaken zeal !  
 I should have led you — by your leave and pardon —  
 To Bartley's Orrery, not Covent Garden !

"And here's the birth-day ring — nor man nor devil  
 Should once have torn it from my living hand ;  
 Perchance 'twill look as well on Mr. Neville ;  
 And that — and that is all — and now I stand  
 Absolved of each dissevered tie and band —  
 And so farewell, till Time's eternal sickle  
 Shall reap our lives ; in this, or foreign land  
 Some other may be found for truth to stickle,  
 Almost as fair, and not so false and fickle !"

And there he ceased, as truly it was time ;  
 For of the various themes that left his mouth,  
 One half surpassed her intellectual climb :  
 She knew no more than the old Hill of Howth  
 About that " Children of a larger growth,"  
 Who notes proceedings of the F. R. S.'s ;  
 Kit North was just as strange to her as South,  
 Except the South the weathercock expresses ;  
 Nay, Bartley's Orrery defied her guesses.

Howbeit some notion of his jealous drift  
 She gathered from the simple outward fact  
 That her own lap contained each slighted gift ;  
 Though quite unconscious of his cause to act  
 So like Othello, with his face unblackened ;  
 " Alas ! " she sobbed, " your cruel course I see  
 These faded charms no longer can attract ;  
 Your fancy palls, and you would wander free,  
 And lay your own apostasy on me !

" *I* false ! — unjust Lorenzo ! — and to *you* !  
 O, all ye holy gospels that incline  
 The soul to truth, bear witness I am true !  
 By all that lives, of earthly or divine —  
 So long as this poor throbbing heart is mine —  
*I* false ! — the world shall change its course as soon !  
 True as the streamlet to the stars that shine —  
 True as the dial to the sun at noon,  
 True as the tide to ' yonder blessed moon ' ! "

And as she spoke, she pointed through the window,  
 Somewhere above the houses' distant tops,  
 Betwixt the chimney-pots of Mrs. Lindo,  
 And Todd and Sturch's cheapest of all shops  
 For ribbons, laces, muslins, silks, and fops ; —

Meanwhile, as she upraised her face so Grecian,  
 And eyes suffused with scintillating drops,  
 Lorenzo looked, too, o'er the blinds Venetian,  
 To see the sphere so troubled with repletion.

“The Moon!” he cried, and an electric spasm  
 Seemed all at once his features to distort,  
 And fixed his mouth, a dumb and gaping chasm —  
 His faculties benumbed and all amort —  
 At last his voice came, of most shrilly sort,  
 Just like a sea-gull’s wheeling round a rock —  
 “Speak! — Ellen! — is your sight indeed so short!  
 The Moon! — Brute! savage that I am, and block!  
 The Moon! (O, ye Romantics, what a shock!)  
 Why, that’s the new Illuminated Clock!”

---

### MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,  
 How well to rise while nights and larks are flying;  
 For my part, getting up seems not so easy  
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,  
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out —  
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?  
 I’m not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such-like hums,  
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime;  
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes  
 A bed of *time*.

To me' Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,  
 His steeds that paw impatiently about ;  
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,  
 The first turn-out !

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,  
 Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl ;  
 What then, — if I prefer my pillow-beer  
 To early pearl ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,  
 And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs  
 Wherefore should master rise before the hens  
 Have laid their eggs ?

Why from a comfortable pillow start  
 To see faint flushes in the east awaken ?  
 A fig, say I, for any streaky part,  
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,  
 Who used to haste the dewy grass among,  
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," —  
 Well — he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,  
 And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup ;  
 But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be  
 All up — all up !

So here I lie, my morning calls deferring,  
 Till something nearer to the stroke of noon ; —  
 A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,  
 Must be a spoon.

## A TALE OF A TRUMPET.

“Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?  
 Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing.”

OLD BALLAD.

OF all old women hard of hearing,  
 The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing !  
     On her head, it is true,  
     Two flaps there grew,  
 That served for a pair of gold rings to go through ;  
 But for any purpose of ears in a parley,  
 They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.  
 You saw in her face that the woman was deaf :  
 From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,  
 Each queer feature asked a query ;  
 A look that said, in a silent way,  
 “ Who ? and What ? and How ? and Eh ?  
 I'd give my ears to know what you say ! ”  
 And well she might ! for each auricular  
 Was deaf as a post — and that post in particular  
 That stands at the corner of Dyott-street now,  
 And never hears a word of a row !

Ears that might serve her now and then  
 As extempore racks for an idle pen ;  
 Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops,  
 With coral, ruby, or garnet drops ;  
 Or, provided the owner so inclined,  
 Ears to stick a blister behind ;  
 But as for hearing wisdom or wit,  
 Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,

Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,  
 Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,  
 Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,  
 They might as well, for any such wish,  
 Have been buttered, done brown, and laid in a dish!  
 She was deaf as a post, — as said before, —  
 And as deaf as twenty similes more,  
 Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,  
 Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house — which modern tricks  
 Of language would call as deaf as bricks —  
     For her all human kind were dumb ;  
     Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,  
     That none could get a sound to come,  
 Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks !  
 She was deaf as a stone — say one of the stones  
 Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones ;  
 And surely deafness no further could reach  
 Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech !  
 She was deaf as a nut — for nuts, no doubt,  
 Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out —  
 As deaf, alas ! as the dead and forgotten —  
 (Gray has noticed the waste of breath  
 In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death,")  
 Or the Felon's ear, that was stuffed with Cotton —  
 Or Charles the First, *in statue quo* ;  
 Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,  
 With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,  
 That only stare, whatever you "ax,"  
 For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,  
 And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond, —

As deaf as any Frenchman appears,  
 When he puts his shoulders into his ears :  
 And — whatever the citizen tells his son —  
 As deaf as Gog and Magog at one !  
 Or, still to be a simile-seeker,  
 As deaf as dog's-ears to Enfield's Speaker !

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,  
 Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy ;  
 Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,  
 Were plugged with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail — that you cannot hammer  
 A meaning into, for all your clamor —  
 There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer !

So formed to worry  
 Both Lindley and Murray,  
 By having no ear for music or grammar !

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,  
 Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,  
 Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,  
 Deaf to even the definite article —  
 No verbal message was worth a pin,  
 Though you hired an earwig to carry it in !

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,  
 Or all the deafness in Yearsley's Work,  
 Who, in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,  
 Boring, blasting, and pioneering,  
 To give the dunny organ a clearing,  
 Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,  
 For one of her sex — whatever her station —  
 And none the less that the dame had a turn

For making all families one concern,  
 And learning whatever there was to learn  
 In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham —  
 As who wore silk ? and who wore gingham ?  
 And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em ?  
 How the Smiths contrived to live ? and whether  
 The fourteen Murphys all pigged together ?  
 The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,  
 And what they boiled for their Sunday dinners ?  
 What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,  
 Crockery, china, wooden, or delf ?  
 And if the parlor of Mrs. O'Grady  
 Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady ?  
 Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle ?  
 Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle ?  
 What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown ?  
 And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown ?  
 If the cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope ?  
 And how the Grubbs were off for soap ?  
 If the Snobbs had furnished their room up stairs,  
 And how they managed for tables and chairs,  
 Beds, and other household affairs,  
 Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares ;  
 And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows ?  
 In fact she had much of the spirit that lies  
 Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,  
 By courtesy called Statistical Fellows —  
 A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,  
 Who had gone upon much of the self-same plan,  
 Jotting the laboring class's riches ;  
 And after poking in pot and pan,  
 And routing garments in want of stitches,  
 Have ascertained that a working man  
 Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches !

But this, alas ! from her loss of hearing  
 Was all a sealed book to Dame Eleanor Spearing ;  
 And often her tears would rise to their founts —  
 Supposing a little scandal at play  
 'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait —

That she couldn't audit the gossips' accounts.

'Tis true, to her cottage still they came,

And ate her muffins just the same,

And drank the tea of the widowed dame,

And never swallowed a thimble the less

Of something the reader is left to guess,

For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,

Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,

But to *see* and not share in the social flow,

She might as well have lived, you know,

In one of the houses in Owen's Row,

Near the New River Head, with its water cut off !

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,

And fifty infallible things beside,

Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,

Dabbed, and dribbled, and squirted in :

But all remedies failed ; and though some it was clear

(Like the brandy and salt

We now exalt)

Had made a noise in the public ear,

She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear.

At last — one very fine day in June —

Suppose her sitting,

Busily knitting,

And humming she didn't quite know what tune,

For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,

Which, unless the sound of a circulation,

Or of thoughts in the process of fabrication,

By a spinning-jennyish operation,  
It's hard to say what buzzing it is.  
However, except that ghost of a sound,  
She sat in a silence most profound —  
The cat was purring about the mat,  
But her mistress heard no more of that  
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat ;  
And as for the elock the moments nicking,  
The dame only gave it credit for ticking.  
The bark of her dog she did not catch ;  
Nor yet the clik of the lifted latch ;  
Nor yet the creak of the opening door ;  
Nor yet the fall of the foot on the floor —  
But she saw the shadow that erept on her gown,  
And turned its skirt of a darker brown.

And, lo ! a man ! a pedler ? ay, marry,  
With a little baek-shop that such tradesmen carry,  
Stocked with brooches, ribbons, and rings,  
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,  
For lad and lass, as Autolyeus sings ;  
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware  
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,  
But deemed a piratical sort of invader  
By him we dub the "regular trader,"  
Who, luring the passengers in as they pass  
By lamps, gay panèls, and mouldings of brass,  
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,  
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman,  
If he isn't a pedler, at least is a showman !

However, in the stranger came,  
And, the moment he met the eyes of the dame,  
Threw her as knowing a nod as though  
He had known her fifty long years ago ;

And, presto! before she could utter "Jack" —  
 Much less "Robinson" — opened his pack —

And then from amongst his portable gear,  
 With even more than a pedler's tact, —  
 (Slick himself might have envied the act) —  
 Before she had time to be deaf, in fact,  
 Popped a trumpet into her ear.

"There, ma'am! try it!

You needn't buy it —

The last new patent — and nothing comes nigh it  
 For affording the deaf, at little expense,  
 The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense!  
 A real blessing — and no mistake,  
 Invented for poor humanity's sake;  
 For what can be a greater privation  
 Than playing dummy to all creation,  
 And only looking at conversation —  
 Great philosophers talking like Platos,  
 And members of Parliament moral as Catos,  
 And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes!  
 Not to name the mischievous quizzers,  
 Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,  
 Who get you to answer quite by guess  
 Yes for no, and no for yes."

("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again! No harm in trying —  
 I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying.  
 A little practice — that is all —  
 And you'll hear a whisper, however small,  
 Through an Act of Parliament party wall, —  
 Every syllable clear as day,  
 And even what people are going to say —

I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,  
 But my trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't ;  
 And as for Scott, he promises fine,  
 But can he warrant his horns, like mine,  
 Never to hear what a lady shouldn't ? —  
 Only a guinea — and can't take less."  
 ("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear! — O dear, to call it dear!  
 Why it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear ;  
 Only think, and you'll find on reflection  
 You're bargaining, ma'am, for the Voice of Affection ;  
 For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,  
 And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth ;  
 Not to mention the striking of clocks —  
 Cackle of hens — crowing of cocks —  
 Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox —  
 Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks —  
 Murmur of waterfall over the rocks —  
 Every sound that Echo mocks —  
 Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box —  
 And, zounds! to call such a concert dear!  
 But I mustn't swear with my horn in your ear.  
 Why, in buying that trumpet you buy all those  
 That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows  
 At the Queen's levees, or the Lord Mayor's shows,  
 At least as far as the music goes,  
 Including the wonderful lively sound  
 Of the Guards' key-bugles all the year round.  
 Come — suppose we call it a pound!  
 Come," said the talkative man of the pack,  
 "Before I put my box on my back,  
 For this elegant, useful conductor of sound,  
 Come — suppose we call it a pound!

" Only a pound! it's only the price  
 Of hearing a concert once or twice,  
     It's only the fee  
     You might give Mr. C.,  
 And after all not hear his advice,  
 But common prudence would bid you stump it;  
     For, not to enlarge,  
     It's the regular charge  
 At a fancy fair for a penny trumpet.  
 Lord! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing!"  
 (" A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

" Try it again! no harm in trying!  
 A pound's a pound, there's no denying;  
 But think what thousands and thousands of pounds  
 We pay for nothing but hearing sounds;  
 Sounds of equity, justice, and law,  
 Parliamentary jabber and jaw,  
 Pious cant and moral saw,  
 Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,  
 And empty sounds not worth a straw;  
 Why, it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,  
 To hear the sounds at a public dinner;  
 One-pound-one thrown into the puddle,  
 To listen to fiddle, faddle and fuddle!  
 Not to forget the sounds we buy  
 From those who sell their sounds so high,  
 That, unless the managers pitch it strong,  
 To get a signora to warble a song  
 You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's prong.

" It's not the thing for me — I know it —  
 To crack my own trumpet up and blow it;  
 But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs. F.

So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion-cap,  
 And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap.  
 Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day  
 She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!  
 Come — eighteen shillings — that's very low,  
 You'll save the money as shillings go, —  
 And I never knew so bad a lot, —  
 By hearing whether they ring or not!  
 Eighteen shillings! it's worth the price,  
 Supposing you're delicate-minded and nice,  
 To have the medical man of your choice,  
 Instead of the one with the strongest voice —  
 Who comes and asks you how's your liver,  
 And where you ache, and whether you shiver,  
 And as to your nerves so apt to quiver,  
 As if he was hailing a boat on the river!  
 And then, with a shout, like Pat in a riot,  
 Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet!

“ Or a tradesman comes — as tradesmen will —  
 Short and crusty about his bill,

Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,  
 And because you're deaf and unable to pay,  
 Shouts whatever he has to say,  
 In a vulgar voice, that goes over the way,

Down the street and round the corner!  
 Come — speak your mind — it's ‘ No or Yes.’ ”  
 (“ I've half a mind,” said Dame Eleanor S.)

“ Try it again — no harm in trying ;  
 Of course you hear me, as easy as lying ;  
 No pain at all, like a surgical trick,  
 To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,

Like Juno, or Rose,  
Whose ear undergoes

Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,  
For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle!

“ You may go to surgical chaps, if you choose,  
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,  
Or cut your tonsils right away,  
As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-day ;  
And after all a matter of doubt,  
Whether you ever would hear the shout  
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,  
'There you go with your tonsils out!'

Why, I knew a deaf Welshman who came from Gla-  
morgan

On purpose to try a surgical spell,  
And paid a guinea, and might as well  
Have called a monkey into his organ !  
For the Aurist only took a mug,  
And poured in his ear some acoustical drug,  
That, instead of curing, deafened him rather,  
As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father !  
That's the way with your surgical gentry !

And happy your luck

If you don't get stuck

Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,  
Because you never answered the sentry !

“ Try it again, dear madam, try it !  
Many would sell their beds to buy it.  
I warrant you often wake up in the night,  
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,  
And up you must get to strike a light,  
And down you go in you know not what,  
Whether the weather is chilly or not,—

That's the way a cold is got, —  
To see if you heard a noise or not!

“Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours  
Is hardly safe to step out of doors!  
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,  
But as quiet as if he was ‘shod with felt,’  
Till he rushes against you with all his force,  
And then I needn't describe, of course,  
While he kicks you about without remorse,  
How awkward it is to be groomed by a horse!  
Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,  
And you never dream that the brute is near,  
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,  
Whether you like the thing or lump it, —  
And all for want of buying a trumpet!

“I'm not a female to fret and vex,  
But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,  
Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,  
I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.

Lord! only think of chucking a copper  
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,  
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,  
Instead of a song that's very improper!

Or just suppose in a public place  
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,  
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O, —  
And how is a poor deaf lady to know —  
The lower orders are up to such games —  
If he's calling ‘Green Peas,’ or calling her names?”  
 (“They're tenpence a peck!” said the deafest of dames.)

“'Tis strange what very strong advising,  
By word of mouth or advertising,

By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,  
 With fifty other different plans,  
 The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,  
 It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing !  
 Whether the Soothing American Syrup,  
 A Safety Hat or a Safety Stirrup, —  
 Infallible Pills for the human frame,  
 Or Rowland's O-don't-o (an ominous name !)  
 A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits  
 That it beats all others into *fits* ;  
 A Mechi's razor for beards unshorn,  
 Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn !

“ Try it again, ma'am, only try ! ”  
 Was still the voluble pedler's cry ;  
 “ It's a great privation, there's no dispute,  
 To live like the dumb unsociable brute,  
 And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,  
 And how society's going on,  
 Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,  
 And all for want of this *sine quâ non* ;

Whereas, with a horn that never offends,  
 You may join the genteelest party that is,  
 And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,  
 And be certain to hear of your absent friends ; —  
 Not that elegant ladies, in fact,  
 In genteel society ever detract,  
 Or lend a brush when a friend is blacked,  
 At least as a mere malicious act, —  
 But only talk scandal for fear some fool  
 Should think they were bred at *charity* school.

Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,  
 Which even the most Don Juanish rake  
 Would surely object to undertake  
 At the same high pitch as an altercation.

It's not for me, of course, to judge  
 How much a deaf lady ought to begrudge ;  
 But half-a-guinea seems no great matter —  
 Letting alone more rational patter —  
 Only to hear a parrot chatter ;  
 Not to mention that feathered wit,  
 The starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit ;  
 The pies and jays that utter words,  
 And other Dicky Gossips of birds,  
 That talk with as much good sense and decorum  
 As many *Beaks* who belong to the quorum.

“ Try it — buy it — say ten-and-six,  
 The lowest price a miser could fix :  
 I don't pretend with horns of mine,  
 Like some in the advertising line,  
 To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales,  
 That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's ;  
 But popular rumors, right or wrong, —  
 Charity sermons, short or long, —  
 Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,  
 All noises and voices, feeble or strong,  
 From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,  
 This tube will deliver, distinct and clear ;

Or supposing by chance

You wish to dance,

Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear !

Try it — buy it !

Buy it — try it !

The last new patent, and nothing comes nigh it,

For guiding sounds to proper tunnel :

Only try till the end of June,

And if you and the trumpet are out of tune,

I'll turn it gratis into a funnel !”

In short, the pedler so beset her, —  
 Lord Bacon couldn't have gammoned her better, —  
 With flatteries plump and indirect,  
 And plied his tongue with such effect, —  
 A tongue that could almost have buttered a crumpet, —  
 The deaf old woman bought the trumpet.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

The pedler was gone. With the horn's assistance,  
 She heard his steps die away in the distance ;  
 And then she heard the tick of the clock,  
 The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock !  
 And she purposely dropt a pin that was little,  
 And heard it fall as plain as a skittle !

'Twas a wonderful horn, to be but just !  
 Nor meant to gather dust, must, and rust :  
 So in half a jiffy, or less than that,  
 In her scarlet cloak and her steeple hat,  
 Like old Dame Trot, but without her Cat,  
 The gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,  
 As if she meant to canvass the borough,  
 Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity : —  
 And, sure, had the horn been one of those  
 The wild rhinoceros wears on his nose  
 It couldn't have ripped up more depravity !

Depravity ! mercy shield her ears !  
 'Twas plain enough that her village peers  
 In the ways of vice were no raw beginners ;  
 For whenever she raised the tube to her drum,  
 Such sounds were transmitted as only come  
 From the very brass band of human sinners !

Ribald jest and blasphemous curse,  
 (Bunyan never vented worse,)

With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech  
 Which the seven Dialecticians teach ;  
 Filthy conjunctions, and dissolute nouns,  
 And particles picked from the kennels of towns,  
 With irregular verbs for irregular jobs,  
 Chiefly active in rows and mobs,  
 Picking possessive pronouns' fobs,  
 And interjections as bad as a blight,  
 Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight ;  
 Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,  
 And smacking of vulgar lips where gin,  
 Garlic, tobacco, and offals go in —  
 A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,  
 To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,  
 So fit for the brute with the human shape,  
 Savage baboon, or libidinous ape,  
 From their ugly mouths it will certainly come  
 Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb !

Alas ! for the voice of Virtue and Truth,  
 And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth !  
 The smallest urchin whose 'tongue could tang  
 Shocked the dame with a volley of slang,  
 Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang ;

While the charity chap,

With his muffin cap,

His crimson coat and his badge so garish,  
 Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,  
 Cursed his eyes, limbs, body, and soul,

As if they didn't belong to the parish !

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,  
 The wicked words of the popular song ;

Or supposing she listened — as gossips will —  
 At a door ajar, or a window agape,  
 To catch the sounds they allowed to escape,

Those sounds belonged to Depravity still!  
 The dark allusion, or bolder brag  
 Of the dexterous "dodge," and the lots of "swag,"  
 The plundered house — or the stolen nag —  
 The blazing rick, or the darker crime  
 That quenched the spark before its time —  
 The wanton speech of the wife immoral —  
 The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel, —  
 With savage menaces, which threatened the life,  
 Till the heart seemed merely a strop "for the knife;"  
 The human liver, no better than that  
 Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat;  
 And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,  
 To be punched into holes, like a "shocking bad hat"  
 That is only fit to be punched into wadding!

In short, wherever she turned the horn,  
 To the highly bred or the lowly born,  
 The working man who looked over the hedge,  
 Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,  
 The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,  
 Or the governess pacing the village through,  
 With her twelve young ladies, two and two,  
 Looking, as such young ladies do,  
 Trussed by Decorum and stuffed with morals —  
 Whether she listened to Hob or Bob,  
 Nob or Snob,  
 The Squire on his cob,  
 Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,  
 To the saint who expounded at "Little Zion" —  
 Or the "sinner who kept the Golden Lion" —  
 The man teetotally weaned from liquor —  
 The beadle, the clerk, or the reverend vicar —  
 Nay, the very pie in its cage of wicker —  
 She gathered such meanings, double or single,

That, like the bell  
With muffins to sell,

Her ear was kept in a constant tingle!

But this was nought to the tales of shame,  
The constant runnings of evil fame,  
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,  
That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,  
Poured in her horn like slops in a sink :

While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,  
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,  
And not a little of feline spleen

Lapped up in "Catty packages," too,  
To give a zest to the sipping and sipping ;  
For still, by some invisible tether,  
Scandal and tea are linked together,

As surely as scarification and cupping ;  
Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea —  
Or sloe, or whatever it happened to be,

For some grocerly thieves  
Turn over new leaves

Without much amending their lives or their tea —  
No, never since cup was filled or stirred,  
Were such vile and horrible anecdotes heard,  
As blackened their neighbors of either gender,  
Especially that which is called the Tender,  
But instead of the softness we fancy therewith,  
As hardened in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women ! the wretches ! had soiled and marred

Whatever to womanly nature belongs ;  
For the marriage tie they had no regard,  
Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,  
(Like Madame Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches  
Kept cutting off her L by inches)  
And as for drinking, they drank so hard

That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs !  
 The men — they fought and gambled at fairs ;  
 And poached — and didn't respect gray hairs —  
 Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses ;  
 And broke in houses as well as horses ;  
 Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,  
 And would their own mothers and wives for a button —  
 But not to repeat the deeds they did,  
 Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,  
 If all were true that fell from the tongue,  
 There was not a villager, old or young,  
 But deserved to be whipped, imprisoned, or hung,  
 Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries  
 To publish at Colburn's, or Longmans', or Murray's.

Meanwhile the trumpet, *con amore*,  
 Transmitted each vile diabolical story ;  
 And gave the least whisper of slips and falls,  
 As that gallery does in the dome of St. Paul's,  
 Which, as all the world knows, by practice or print,  
 Is famous for making the most of a hint.

Not a murmur of shame,  
 Or buzz of blame,

Not a flying report that flew at a name,  
 Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,  
 Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat  
 Of a beam in the eye or diminutive mote,  
 But vortex-like that tube of tin  
 Sucked the censorious particle in ;

And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ  
 As ever listened to serpent's hiss,  
 Nor took the viperous sound amiss,

On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon !

The dame, it is true, would mutter " Shocking !"  
 And give her head a sorrowful rocking,

And make a clucking with palate and tongue,  
Like the call of Partlet to gather her young,—

A sound, when human, that always proclaims

At least a thousand pities and shames,

But still the darker the tale of sin,  
Like certain folks when calamities burst

Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst,"

The further she poked the trumpet in.

Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread

East, and West, and North, and South,

Like the ball which, according to Captain Z.,

Went in at his ear, and came out at his mouth.

What wonder, between the horn and the dame,  
Such mischief was made wherever they came,  
That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame!

For although it requires such loud discharges,  
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,

To turn the smallest of table-beer,

A little whisper breathed into the ear

Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."

In fact, such very ill blood there grew,

From this private circulation of stories,

That the nearest neighbors, the village through,

Looked at each other as yellow and blue

As any electioneering crew

Wearing the colors of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the poet said, in sooth,

That "whispering tongues can poison Truth,"

Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,

Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,

And rack dear Love with internal fuel,

Like arsenic pastry, or, what is as cruel,

Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel;

At least such torments began to wing 'em  
 From the very morn  
 When that mischievous horn  
 Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs,  
 And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,  
 While feuds arose, and family quarrels,  
 That discomposed the mechanics of morals,  
 For screws were loose between brother and brother,  
 While sisters fastened their nails on each other :  
 Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,  
 And spar, and jar — and breezes as stiff  
 As ever upset a friendship or skiff!  
 The plighted lovers, who used to walk,  
 Refused to meet, and declined to talk ;  
 And wished for *two* moons to reflect the sun,  
 That they mightn't look together on one ;  
 While wedded affection ran so low,  
 That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo —  
 And instead of the toddle adown the hill,  
     Hand in hand,  
     As the song has planned,  
 Scratched her, penniless, out of his will !

In short, to describe what came to pass  
 In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,  
 Instead of " Love in a Village " — alas !

The picee they performed was " The Devil to Pay ! "

However, as secrets are brought to light,  
 And mischief comes home like chickens at night ;  
 And rivers are tracked throughout their course,  
 And forgeries traced to their proper source ; —  
     And the sow that ought  
     By the ear is caught, —

And the sin to the sinful door is brought ;  
 And the cat at last escapes from the bag —  
 And the saddle is placed on the proper nag ;  
 And the fog blows off, and the key is found —  
 And the faulty scent is picked out by the hound —  
 And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground  
 And the matter gets wind to waft it about ;  
 And a hint goes abroad and the murder is out —  
 And the riddle is guessed — and the puzzle is known —  
 So the truth was sniffed, and the trumpet was *blown* !

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis a day in November — a day of fog —  
 But the Tringham people are all agog ;  
     Fathers, mothers, and mothers' sons, —  
     With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns, —  
 As if in pursuit of a rabid dog ;  
 But their voices — raised to the highest pitch —  
 Declare that the game is “ a Witch ! — a Witch ! ”  
 Over the green and along by the George —  
 Past the stocks, and the church, and the forge,  
 And round the pound, and skirting the pond,  
 Till they come to the whitewashed cottage beyond,  
 And there at the door they muster and cluster,  
 And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster —  
 Enough to put old Nick in a fluster !  
 A noise, indeed, so loud and long,  
 And mixed with expressions so very strong,  
 That supposing, according to popular fame,  
 “ Wise Woman ” and Witch to be the same,  
 No hag with a broom would unwisely stop,  
 But up and away through the chimney-top ;  
 Whereas, the moment they burst the door,  
 Planted fast on her sanded floor,

With her trumpet up to her organ of hearing,  
Lo and behold! — Dame Eleanor Spearing!

O! then arises the fearful shout —  
Bawled and screamed, and bandied about —  
“Seize her! — drag the old Jezebel out!”  
While the beadle — the foremost of all the band —  
Snatches the horn from her trembling hand,  
And after a pause of doubt and fear,  
Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

“Now silence — silence — one and all!”  
For the clerk is quoting from Holy Paul!

But before he rehearses

A couple of verses,

The beadle lets the trumpet fall;  
For instead of the words so pious and humble,  
He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough! and more than enough; —  
Twenty impatient hands and rough,  
By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,  
Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff —  
Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff —  
Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,  
With the spite of woman and fury of man;  
And then — but first they kill her cat,  
And murder her dog on the very mat —  
And crush the infernal trumpet flat; —  
And then they hurry her through the door  
She never, never, will enter more!

Away! away! down the dusty lane  
They pull her and haul her, with might and main:  
And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry,  
Dandy, or Sandy, Jerry, or Larry,

Who happens to get a "leg to carry!"  
 And happy the foot that can give her a kick,  
 And happy the hand that can find a brick —  
 And happy the fingers that hold a stick —  
 Knife to cut, or pin to prick —  
 And happy the boy who can lend her a lick; —  
 Nay, happy the urchin — charity-bred —  
 Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head!

Alas! to think how people's creeds  
 Are contradicted by people's deeds!

But though the wishes that Witches utter  
 Can play the most diabolical rigs —  
 Send styes in the eye — and measles the pigs —  
 Grease horses' heels — and spoil the butter;  
 Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk —  
 And turn new milk to water and chalk, —  
 Blight apples — and give the chickens the pip —  
 And cramp the stomach — and cripple the hip —  
 And waste the body — and addle the eggs —  
 And give a baby bandy legs;  
 Though in common belief a Witch's curse  
 Involves all these horrible things and worse —  
 As ignorant bumpkins all profess —  
 No bumpkin makes a poke the less  
 At the back or the ribs of old Eleanor S.!

As if she were only a sack of barley;  
 Or gives her credit for greater might  
 Than the powers of darkness confer at night  
 On that other old woman, the parish Charley;  
 Ay, now's the time for a witch to call  
 On her imps and sucklings one and all —  
 Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,  
 (As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)  
 Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,

Greedy Grizel, Jarmara the Black,  
 Vinegar Tom and the rest of the pack —  
 Ay, now's the nick for her friend Old Harry  
 To come "with his tail" like the bold Glengarry,  
 And drive her foes from their savage job  
 As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob : —

But no such matter is down in the bond ;  
 And spite of her cries that never cease,  
 But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,  
 The dame is dragged to the fatal pond !

And now they come to the water's brim —  
 And in they bundle her — sink or swim ;  
 Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,  
 With twenty sticks to hold her down ;  
 Including the help to the self-same end,  
 Which a travelling pedler stops to lend.  
 A pedler ! — Yes ! — The same ! — the same !  
 Who sold the horn to the drowning dame !  
 And now is foremost amid the stir,  
 With a token only revealed to her ;  
 A token that makes her shudder and shriek,  
 And point with her finger, and strive to speak —  
 But before she can utter the name of the Devil,  
 Her head is under the water level !

### Moral.

There are folks about town — to name no names —  
 Who much resemble that deafest of dames ;  
 And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,  
 Circulate many a scandalous word,  
 And whisper tales they could only have heard  
 Through some such Diabolical Trumpets !

## NO!

No sun — no moon!  
 No morn — no noon —  
 No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —  
 No sky — no earthly view —  
 No distance looking blue —  
 No road — no street — no “ t’other side the way ” —  
 No end to any Row —  
 No indications where the Crescents go —  
 No top to any steeple —  
 No recognitions of familiar people —  
 No courtesies for showing ’em —  
 No knowing ’em!  
 No travelling at all — no locomotion,  
 No inkling of the way — no notion —  
 “ No go ” — by land or ocean —  
 No mail — no post —  
 No news from any foreign coast —  
 No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —  
 No company — no nobility —  
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
 No comfortable feel in any member —  
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
 November!

---

## THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

ALACK! ’tis melancholy theme to think  
 How Learning doth in rugged states abide,  
 And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,

In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied ;  
 Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,  
 Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,  
 But with one lonely priest compelled to hide,  
 In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,  
 In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen !

This college looketh South and West alsoe,  
 Because it hath a cast in windows twain ;  
 Crazy and cracked they be, and wind doth blow  
 Thorough transparent holes in every pane,  
 Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again  
 With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach  
 To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain  
 Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"  
 Outside and in, though broke, yet so he mendeth each.

And in the midst a little door there is,  
 Whereon a board that doth congratulate  
 With painted letters, red as blood I wis,  
 Thus written, "Children taken in to Bate ;"  
 And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,  
 Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,  
 And moans of infants that bemoan their fate  
 In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,  
 Which, all i'the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,  
 And some for Doctors of Divinitie,  
 Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,  
 And soe win academical degree ;  
 But some are bred for service of the sea,  
 Howbeit, their store of learning is but small,  
 For mickle waste he counteth it would be

To stock a head with bookish wares at all,  
Only to be knocked off by ruthless cannon-ball.

Six babes he sways, — some little and some big,  
Divided into classes six ; — alsoe,  
He keeps a parlor boarder of a pig,  
That in the college fareth to and fro,  
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below, —  
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,  
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know, —  
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,  
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,  
Whereof, above his head, some two or three  
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,  
But on the branches of no living tree,  
And overlook the learned family ;  
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,  
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,  
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research  
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge — now a birch.

No chair he hath, the awful pedagogue,  
Such as would magisterial hams imbéd,  
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,  
Secure in high authority and dread :  
Large, as a dome for learning, seems his head,  
And like Apollo's, all beset with rays,  
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,  
And stand abroad in many several ways : —  
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his eap is baize,

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows  
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,  
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows

A mongrel tint, that is ne brow ne blue ;  
 His nose, — it is a coral to the view ;  
 Well nourished with Pierian potheen, —  
 For much he loves his native mountain dew ; —  
 But to depict the dye would laek, I ween,  
 A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short  
 As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales ;  
 But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,  
 So that the wind his airy breast assails ;  
 Below, he wears the nether garb of males,  
 Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee : —  
 Thence further down the native red prevails,  
 Of his own naked fleecy hosierie : —  
 Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pie.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap  
 His function in a magisterial gown,  
 That shows more eountries in it than a map, —  
 Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,  
 Besides some blots, standing for country-town ;  
 And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide ;  
 But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,  
 He turns the garment of the other side,  
 Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied !

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,  
 That look for shady or for sunny noon,  
 Within his visage, like an almanaek, —  
 His quiet smile foretelling graeious boon :  
 But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,  
 With horrid ehill each little heart unwarms,  
 Knowing that infant showers will follow soon,

And with forebodings of near wrath and storms  
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat  
"Corduroy Colloquy," — or "Ki, Kæ, Kod," —  
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat  
More sodden, though already made of sod,  
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God, —  
Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,  
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,  
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,  
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

But surely the just sky will never wink  
At men who take delight in childish throe,  
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink  
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;  
Such bloody pedagogues, when they shall know,  
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,  
Which is no holiday, in Pit below,  
Will hell not seem designed for their distress, —  
A melancholy place, that is all bottomlesse?

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use  
Of needful discipline, in due degree.  
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce!  
Whene'er the twig untrained grows up a tree,  
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,  
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,  
And Learning's help be used for infamie,  
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,  
In murdered English write Rock's murderous commands.

But, ah! what shrilly cry doth now alarm  
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,

All sudden fluttering from the brandished arm  
 And cackling chorus with the human scream ;  
 Meanwhile the scourge plies that unkindly seam  
 In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,  
 Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,  
 That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,  
 Nor seeks the pedagogue by other course to win.

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries ; —  
 Alas ! his parent dear is far aloof,  
 And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,  
 Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,  
 Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,  
 Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,  
 Or, whilst he labors, weaves a fancy-woof,  
 Dreaming he sees his home, — his Phelim smile ;  
 Ah, me ! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while !

Ah ! who can paint that hard and heavy time,  
 When first the scholar lists in Learning's train,  
 And mounts her rugged steep enforced to climb,  
 Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,  
 From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,  
 Wherein, alas ! no sugared juices dwell ?  
 For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,  
 Another weepeth over chilblains fell,  
 Always upon the heel, yet never to be well !

Anon a third, for his delicious root,  
 Late ravished from his tooth by elder chit,  
 So soon is human violence afoot,  
 So hardly is the harmless biter bit !  
 Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit  
 And mouthing faee, derides the small one's moan,  
 Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,

Alack, — mischance comes seldom times alone,  
But ay the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

For, lo! the pedagogue, with sudden drub,  
Smites his scald head, that is already sore, —  
Superfluous wound, — such is Misfortune's rub!  
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,  
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,  
That still with backward fist he strives to dry;  
Washing with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,  
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,  
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,  
And with his natural untender knack,  
By new distress, bids former grievance cease,  
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,  
That sets the mournful visage all awrack;  
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine  
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,  
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,  
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soaked in brine.

Now, all is hushed, and, with a look profound,  
The Dominie lays ope the learned page;  
(So be it called) although he doth expound  
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage;  
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,  
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,  
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage,  
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,  
But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,  
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;

And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,  
 Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown:  
 And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,  
 In garb of Greece most beggar-like and torn,  
 He paints, with colly, wandering up and down:  
 Because, at once, in seven cities born;  
 And so, of parish rights, was, all his days, forlorn.

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,  
 Of gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,  
 But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows  
 How Plato wise, and clear-eyed Socrates,  
 Confessed not to those heathen he's and she's;  
 But through the clouds of the Olympic cope  
 Beheld St. Peter with his holy keys,  
 And owned their love was nought, and bowed to Pope,  
 Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope.

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,  
 To new philosophies, that still are green,  
 And shows what railroads have been tracked to guide  
 The wheels of great political machine;  
 If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,  
 And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;  
 How many pigs be born to each spalpeen;  
 And, ah! how man shall thrive beyond his meat, —  
 With twenty souls alive to one square sod of peat!

Here he makes end; and all the fry of youth,  
 That stood around with serious look intense,  
 Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,  
 Which they had opened to his eloquence,  
 As if their hearing were a three-fold sense.  
 But now the current of his words is done,  
 And whether any fruits shall spring from thence

In future time, with any mother's son !  
It is a thing, God wot ! that can be told by none.

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,  
The hour is come to lay aside their lore ;  
The cheerful pedagogue perceives it soon,  
And cries " Begone ! " unto the imps, — and four  
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,  
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,  
All blithe and boisterous, — but leave two more,  
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,  
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask.

Like sportive Elfin, on the verdant sod,  
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,  
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,  
So soothly kind is Erin to her own !  
And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all alone. —  
For P'hehim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow ;  
Ah ! P'hehim's step-dame is a cankered crone !  
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,  
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow !

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,  
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe ;  
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift  
His college gown, because of solar glow,  
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow :  
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,  
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,  
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,  
With that crisp curly herb, called Kale in Aberdeen.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,  
Linked each to each by labor, like a bee,

Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bowers ;  
 Would there were many more such wights as he,  
 To sway each capital academic  
 Of Cam and Isis ; for, alack ! at each  
 There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,  
 That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,  
 But wears a floury head, and talks in flowery speech !

---

TO —.

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.

I GAZE upon a city, — a city new and strange ;  
 Down many a watery vista my fancy takes a range :  
 From side to side I saunter, and wonder where I am ;  
 And can *you* be in England, and *I* at Rotterdam !

Before me lie dark waters, in broad canals and deep,  
 Whereon the silver moonbeams sleep, restless in their  
 sleep ;  
 A sort of vulgar Venice reminds me where I am ;  
 Yes, yes, you are in England, and I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables, where frequent windows  
 shine,  
 And quays that lead to bridges, and trees in formal line,  
 And masts of spicy vessels from western Surinam,  
 All tell me you're in England, but I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish the face and form of each !  
 They deal in foreign gestures, and use a foreign speech ;  
 A tongue not learned near Isis, or studied by the Cam,  
 Declares that you're in England, and I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market my doubtful way I trace,  
 Where stands a solemn statue, the Genius of the place ;  
 And to the great Erasmus I offer my salaam,  
 Who tells me you're in England, but I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open — I mingle in its crowd —  
 The dominos are noisy — the hookahs raise a cloud ;  
 The flavor now of Fearon's, that mingles with my dram,  
 Reminds me you're in England, and I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper — the toast it shall be mine,  
 In scheidam, or in sherry, tokay, or hock of Rhine ;  
 It well deserves the brightest, where sunbeam ever swam —  
 "The Girl I love in England " I drink at Rotterdam !

March, 1835.

---

LOVE.

O, LOVE! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,  
 Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits ;  
 A player, masquerading many parts  
 In life's odd carnival ; — a boy that shoots,  
 From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts ;  
 A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots ;  
 The Puck of Passion — partly false — part real —  
 A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal" ?

O, Love ! what art thou, Love ? a wicked thing,  
 Making green misses spoil their work at school ;  
 A melancholy man, cross-gartering !  
 Grave ripe-faced Wisdom made an April fool ?  
 A youngster, tilting at a wedding-ring ?  
 A sinner, sitting on a cuttie-stool ?  
 A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,  
 Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel ?

O, Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad  
 With palpitations of the heart — like mine —  
 A poor bewildered maid, making so sad  
 A necklace of her garters — fell design!  
 A poet, gone unreasonably mad,  
 Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?  
 O, Love! — but whither, now? forgive me, pray;  
 I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

---

THE SEASON.

SUMMER'S gone and over!  
 Fogs are falling down;  
 And with russet tinges  
 Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled  
 By the gusty thieves,  
 And the Book of Nature  
 Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,  
 Swallows, as they flit,  
 Give, like yearly tenants,  
 Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,  
 Weep by turns, and laugh —  
 Night and Day together  
 Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth —  
 Cold, and most perverse —  
 But the month that follows  
 Sure will pinch us worse!

## FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade ;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew ;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me ;  
For when your swain is in our boat,  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone ?"  
She cried, and wept outright :  
"Then I will to the water side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her, —  
“ Now, young woman,” said he,  
“ If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea.”

“ Alas ! they’ve taken my beau, Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow ; ”  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she’d said, Gee woe !

Says he, “ They’ve only taken him  
To the Tender-ship, you see ; ”  
“ The Tender-ship,” cried Sally Brown,  
“ What a hard-ship that must be !

“ O ! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I’d follow him ;  
But, O ! — I’m not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

“ Alas ! I was not born beneath  
The virgin and the scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales.”

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That’s underneath the world ;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furred.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she’d got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

“O, Sally Brown, O, Sally Brown,  
 How could you serve me so?  
 I've met with many a breeze before,  
 But never such a blow!”

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,  
 He heaved a heavy sigh,  
 And then began to eye his pipe,  
 And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing “All's Well,”  
 But could not, though he tried;  
 His head was turned, and so he chewed  
 His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
 At forty-odd befell:  
 They went and told the sexton, and  
 The sexton tolled the bell.

---

## BIANCA'S DREAM.

### A VENETIAN STORY.

BIANCA! — fair Bianca! — who could dwell  
 With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,  
 Nor find there lurked in it a witching spell,  
 Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days?  
 The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell  
 She turned to gas, and set it in a blaze;  
 Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,  
 That he could light his link at in a minute.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,  
 A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;

Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,  
 And beaux were turned to flambeaux where she came ;  
 All hearts indeed were conquered but her own,  
 Which none could ever temper down or tame :  
 In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,  
 She might have written over it, — " From Flints."

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,  
 At least in Venice — where with eyes of brown,  
 Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex  
 An amorous gentle with a needless frown ;  
 Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,  
 And love at casements climbeth up and down,  
 Whom, for his tricks and custom in that kind,  
 Some have considered a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,  
 Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailer,  
 To hapless Julio — all in vain he sought  
 With each new moon his hatter and his tailor ;  
 In vain the richest padusoy he bought,  
 And went in bran-new beaver to assail her —  
 As if to show that Love had made him *smart*  
 All over — and not merely round his heart.

In vain he labored through the sylvan park  
 Bianca haunted in — that where she came  
 Her learned eyes in wandering might mark  
 The twisted cipher of her maiden name,  
 Wholesomely going through a course of bark :  
 No one was touched or troubled by his flame,  
 Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow  
 In trees, — like wooden dolls in embryo.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,  
 And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,

And sang in quavers how his heart was split,  
 Constant beneath her lattice with each eye ;  
 She mocked his wooing with her wicked wit,  
 And slashed his suit so that it matched his sleeve,  
 Till he grew silent at the vesper star,  
 And, quite despairing, hamstringed his guitar.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er  
 With snows unmelting — an eternal sheet ;  
 But his was red within him, like the core  
 Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat ;  
 And oft he longed internally to pour  
 His flames and glowing lava at her feet,  
 But when his burnings he began to spout,  
 She stopped his mouth, and put the *crater* out.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,  
 So thin, he seemed a sort of skeleton-key  
 Suspended at Death's door — so pale — and then  
 He turned as nervous as an aspen-tree ;  
 The life of man is three-score years and ten,  
 But he was perishing at twenty-three,  
 For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,  
 " It could not shorten his poor life — much longer."

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,  
 Nor relished any kind of mirth below ;  
 Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,  
 Love had become his universal foe,  
 Salt in his sugar — nightmare in his bed,  
 At last, no wonder wretched Julio,  
 A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth  
 Of hope, — made up his mind to cut her girth !

For hapless lovers always died of old,  
 Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud ;

So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told  
 The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood :  
 And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,  
 Drowned her salt tear-drops in a salter flood,  
 Their fame still breathing, though their breath be past,  
 For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

So Julio went to drown, — when life was dull,  
 But took his corks, and merely had a bath ;  
 And once, he pulled a trigger at his skull,  
 But merely broke a window in his wrath ;  
 And once, his hopeless being to annul,  
 He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath,  
 A line so ample, 'twas a query whether  
 'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust  
 His sorrows through — 'tis horrible to die ;  
 And come down with our little all of dust,  
 That dun of all the duns to satisfy ;  
 To leave life's pleasant city as we must,  
 In Death's most dreary sponging-house to lie,  
 Where even all our personals must go  
 To pay the debt of nature that we owe !

So Julio lived : — 'twas nothing but a pet  
 He took at life — a momentary spite ;  
 Besides, he hoped that time would some day get  
 The better of love's flame, however bright.  
 A thing that time has never compassed yet,  
 For love, we know, is an immortal light.  
 Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,  
 Was always in, — for none have found it out.

Meanwhile, Bianca dreamed — 'twas once when night  
 Along the darkened plain began to creep,

Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,  
 Although in skin as sooty as a sweep :  
 The flowers had shut their eyes — the zephyr light  
 Was gone, for it had rocked the leaves to sleep,  
 And all the little birds had laid their heads  
 Under their wings — sleeping in feather beds.

Lone in her chamber sate the dark-eyed maid,  
 By easy stages jaunting through her prayers,  
 But listening side long to a serenade,  
 That robbed the saints a little of their shares ;  
 For Julio underneath the lattice played  
 His *Deh Vieni*, and such amorous airs,  
 Born only underneath Italian skies,  
 Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the tune — the words were even sweeter,  
 Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,  
 With all the common tropes wherewith in metre  
 The hackney poets overcharge their fair.  
 Her shape was like Diana's, but completer ;  
 Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare.  
 Cupid, alas ! was cruel Sagittarius,  
 Julio — the weeping waterman Aquarius.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,  
 'Twas very natural indeed to go —  
 What if she did postpone one little prayer ! —  
 To ask her mirror "if it was not so ?"  
 'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,  
 Reflecting her at once from top to toe :  
 And there she gazed upon that glossy track,  
 That showed her front face, though it "gave her back."

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,  
 By that dear page where first the woman reads :

That Julio was no flatterer, none at all,  
 She told herself— and then she told her beads  
 Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall  
 Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds ;  
 For sleep had crept and kissed her unawares,  
 Just at the half-way milestone of her prayers.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,  
 Till her bowed head upon her hand reposed ;  
 But still she plainly saw, or seemed to see,  
 That fair reflection, though her eyes were closed,  
 A beauty bright, as it was wont to be,  
 A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed :  
 'Tis very natural, some people say,  
 To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shone her face — yet not, alas ! the same,  
 But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,  
 And sadder thoughts with sadder changes came —  
 Her eyes resigned their light, her lips their bloom,  
 Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,  
 Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum :  
 There was a throbbing at her heart within,  
 For, O ! there was a shooting in her chin.

And, lo ! upon her sad desponding brow  
 The cruel trenches of besieging age,  
 With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show  
 Her place was booking for the seventh stage ;  
 And where her raven tresses used to flow,  
 Some locks that time had left her in his rage,  
 And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,  
 A compound (like our Psalms) of tête and braidy.

Then for her shape — alas ! how Saturn wrecks,  
 And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,

Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,  
Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,  
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex :

Witness those pensioners called In and Out,  
Who, all day watching first and second rater,  
Quaintly unbend themselves — but grow no straighter

So time with fair Bianca dealt, and made

Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow ;  
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,

And twisted all awry her “winsome marrow.”  
In truth it was a change ! — she had obeyed

The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,  
But spectacles and palsy seemed to make her  
Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,  
And she had ample reason for her trouble ;

For what sad maiden can endure to seem

Set in for singleness, though growing double ?  
The fancy maddened her ; but now the dream,

Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,  
Burst, — but still left some fragments of its size,  
That, like the soap-suds, smarted, in her eyes.

And here — just here — as she began to heed

The real world, her clock chimed out its score ;  
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,

That cried the hour from one to twenty-four.

The works moreover standing in some need

Of workmanship, it struck some dozens more ;  
A warning voice that clenched Bianca's fears,  
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,

By twenty she had quite renounced the veil ;

She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,  
 And thirty made her very sad and pale,  
 To paint that ruin where her charms would run ;  
 At forty all the maid began to fail,  
 And thought no higher, as the late dream crossed her,  
 Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

And so Bianca changed ; — the next sweet even,  
 With Julio in a black Venetian bark,  
 Rowed slow and stealthily — the hour, eleven,  
 Just sounding from the tower old St. Mark,  
 She sate with eyes turned quietly to heaven,  
 Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark  
 That veiled her blushing cheek, — for Julio brought her  
 Of course — to break the ice upon the water.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind  
 To open ! — oysters, when the ice is thick,  
 Are not so difficult and disinclined ;  
 And Julio felt the declaration stick  
 About his throat in a most awful kind ;  
 However, he contrived by bits to pick  
 His trouble forth, — much like a rotten cork  
 Groped from a long-necked bottle with a fork.

But Love is still the quickest of all readers ;  
 And Julio spent, besides those signs profuse  
 That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,  
 In help of language, are so apt to use,  
 Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,  
 Nods, shrugs and bends, — Bianca could not choose  
 But soften to his suit with more facility,  
 He told his story with so much agility.

“ Be thou my park. and I will be thy dear,  
 (So he began at last to speak or quote ;)

Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,  
 (For passion takes this figurative note;)
   
Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier;
   
Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote;
   
My lily be, and I will be thy river;
   
Be thou my life — and I will be thy liver.”

This, with more tender logic of the kind,  
 He poured into her small and shell-like ear,  
 That timidly against his lips inclined :
   
Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere  
 That even now began to steal behind
   
A dewy vapor, which was lingering near,  
 Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,  
 Just like a virgin putting on the veil : —

Bidding adieu to all her sparks — the stars,  
 That erst had wooed and worshipped in her train  
 Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars —
   
Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.  
 Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,  
 Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,  
 But turned to Julio at the dark eclipse,  
 With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and, backed  
 By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,  
 Bestowed a something on her cheek that smacked  
 (Though quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness ;  
 That made her think all other kisses lacked  
 Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness :  
 Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,  
 Insipid things — like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring  
 The pretty fingers all, instead of one ;

Anon his stealthy arm began to cling  
 About her waist that had been clasped by none ;  
 Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,  
 Since cold description would but be outrun ;  
 For bliss and Irish watches have the power  
 In twenty minutes to lose half an hour !

---

OVER THE WAY.

“ I sat over against a window where there stood a pot with very pretty flowers ; and had my eyes fixed on it, when on a sudden the window opened, and a young lady appeared whose beauty struck me.” — ARABIAN NIGHTS.

ALAS ! the flames of an unhappy lover  
 About my heart and on my vitals prey ;  
 I've caught a fever that I can't get over,  
 Over the way !

O ! why are eyes of hazel ? noses Grecian ?  
 I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day,  
 For want of some brown Holland or Venetian,  
 Over the way !

I've gazed too often, till my heart's as lost  
 As any needle in a stack of hay :  
 Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed  
 Over the way !

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax —  
 Of what avail Lord Althorpe or Earl Grey ?  
 They cannot ease me of *my* window-tax  
 Over the way !

Even on Sunday my devotions vary,  
 And from St. Bennet Flint they go astray  
 To dear St. Mary Overy — the Mary  
 Over the way !





I've fitted bullets to my pistol-bore ;  
I've vowed at times to rush where trumpets bray,  
Quite sick of Number One — and Number Four  
Over the way !

Sometimes my fancy builds up castles airy,  
Sometimes it only paints a ferme ornée,  
A horse — a cow — six fowls — a pig — and Mary,  
Over the way !

Sometimes I dream of her in bridal white,  
Standing before the altar, like a fay ;  
Sometimes of balls, and neighborly invite  
Over the way !

I've cooed with her in dreams, like any turtle ;  
I've snatched her from the Clyde, the Tweed, and Tay :  
Thrice I have made a grove of that one myrtle  
Over the way !

Thrice I have rowed her in a fairy shallop,  
Thrice raced to Gretna in a neat " po-shay,"  
And showered crowns to make the horses gallop  
Over the way !

And thrice I've started up from dreams appalling  
Of killing rivals in a bloody fray —  
There is a young man very fond of calling  
Over the way !

O ! happy man — above all kings in glory,  
Whoever in her ear may say his say,  
And add a tale of love to that one story  
Over the way !

Nabob of Arcot — Despot of Japan —  
 Sultan of Persia — Emperor of Cathay —  
 Much rather would I be the happy man  
                                                           Over the way!

With such a lot my heart would be in clover —  
 But what — O, horror! — what do I survey!  
 Postilions and white favors! — all is over  
                                                           Over the way!

---

### EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTI- MENTALIST.

*“My Tables! Meat it is, I set it down!” — HAMLET.*

I THINK it was Spring — but not certain I am —  
 When my passion began first to work;  
 But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,  
 And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,  
 Yes, — for Morris had asked me to dine, —  
 And I thought I had never beheld such a face,  
 Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild  
 With sheer envy to witness my luck;  
 How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smiled  
 As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas! to my cost,  
 Through three courses of dishes and meats;  
 Getting deeper in love — but my heart was quite lost,  
 When it came to the trifle and sweets!

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,  
 To her parents I told my designs —

And then to herself I presented my hand,  
With a very fine pottle of pines !

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,  
And she did not object in the least ; —  
I can't tell the date — but we married, I know,  
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to ——, it certainly was the sea-side ;  
For the next, the most blesséd of morns,  
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,  
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O, never may memory lose sight of that year,  
But still hallow the time as it ought !  
That season the “ grass ” was remarkably dear,  
And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seemed to haste,  
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,  
So united in heart — so congenial in taste —  
We were both of us partial to brawn !

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,  
But then Death — I ne'er dreamt about that !  
O, there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried  
When my turbot eloped with the cat !

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,  
But the cause no physician could nab ;  
But something it seemed like consumption, I fear, —  
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctored, in vain she was dosed,  
Still her strength and her appetite pined ;  
She lost relish for what she had relished the most,  
Even salmon she deeply declined !

For months still I lingered in hope and in doubt,  
 While her form it grew wasted and thin ;  
 But the last dying spark of existence went out,  
 As the oysters were just coming in !  
 She died, and she left me the saddest of men,  
 To indulge in a widower's moan ;  
 O, I felt all the power of solitude then,  
 As I ate my first natives alone !  
 But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,  
 And with sorrowful crape on their hats,  
 O, my grief poured a flood ! and the out-of-door folks  
 Were all crying — I think it was sprats !



### THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD.

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,  
 Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond ;  
 And whiles His flatteryng Vowes She drank,  
 Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond !

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,  
 For She was fayre and He was Kinde ;  
 The Sunne went down before She wist  
 Another Sonne had sett behinde !

With angrie Hands and frownyng Browe,  
 That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,  
 She pluekt Him out, but he was nowe  
 Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde  
 With Shrikes that Echo answerede round —  
 O ! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde  
 The Momente that her Care was drownd !

## ODE TO PERRY,

THE INVENTOR OF THE PATENT PERRYAN PEN.

“In this good work, Penn appears the greatest, usefulest of God’s instruments. Firm and unbending when the exigency requires it — soft and yielding when rigid inflexibility is not a desideratum — fluent and flowing, at need, for eloquent rapidity — slow and retentive in cases of deliberation — never spluttering or by amplification going wide of the mark — never splitting, if it can be helped, with any one, but ready to wear itself out rather in their service — all things as it were with all men, — ready to embrace the hand of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan. — heavy with the German. light with the Italian, oblique with the English, upright with the Roman. backward in coming forward with the Hebrew, — in short, for flexibility, amiability, constitutional durability, general ability, and universal utility, it would be hard to find a parallel to the great Penn.” — PERRY’S CHARACTERISTICS OF A SETTLER.

O! PATENT Pen-inventing Perrian Perry!

Friend of the goose and gander,  
That now unplucked of their quill-feathers wander,  
Cackling, and gabbling, dabbling, making merry,  
About the happy fen,  
Untroubled for one penny-worth of pen,  
For which they chant thy praise all Britain through,  
From Goose-Green unto Gander-Cleugh! —

Friend to all Author-kind, —  
Whether of Poet or of Proser, —  
Thou art composer unto the composer  
Of pens, — yea, patent vehicles for Mind  
To carry it on jaunts, or more extensive  
*Perrygrinations* through the realms of thought;  
Each plying from the Comic to the Pensive,  
An Omnibus of intellectual sort!

Modern improvements in their course we feel;  
And while to iron-railroads heavy wares,

Dry goods, and human bodies, pay their fares,  
 Mind flies on steel,  
 To Penrith, Penrhyn, even to Penzance ;  
 Nay, penetrates, perchance,  
 To Pennsylvania, or, without rash vaunts,  
 To where the Penguin haunts !

In times bygone, when each man cut his quill,  
 With little Perryan skill,  
 What horrid, awkward, bungling tools of trade  
 Appeared the writing implements home-made !  
 What Pens were sliced, hewed, hacked, and haggled out,  
 Slit or unslit, with many a various snout,  
 Aquiline, Roman, crooked, square, and snubby,  
 Stumpy and stubby ;  
 Some capable of ladye-billets neat,  
 Some only fit for ledger-keeping clerk,  
 And some to grub down Peter Stubbs his mark,  
 Or smudge through some illegible receipt ;  
 Others in florid caligraphic plans,  
 Equal to ships, and wiggy heads, and swans !

To try in any common inkstands, then,  
 With all their miscellaneous stocks,  
 To find a decent pen,  
 Was like a dip into a lucky box :  
 You drew, — and got one very curly,  
 And split like endive in some hurly-burly ;  
 The next unslit, and square at end, a spade ;  
 The third, incipient pop-gun, not yet made ;  
 The fourth a broom ; the fifth of no avail,  
 Turned upwards, like a rabbit's tail ;  
 And last, not least, by way of a relief,  
 A stump that Master Richard, James or John,

Had tried his candle-cookery upon,  
 Making "roast-beef!"

Not so thy Perryan Pens!

True to their M's and N's,  
 They do not with a whizzing zig-zag split,  
 Straddle, turn up their noses, sulk, and spit,

Or drop large dots,  
 Huge full-stop blots,

Where even semicolons were unfit.

They will not frizzle up, or, broom-like, drudge  
 In sable sludge —

Nay, bought at proper "Patent Perryan" shops,

They write good grammar, sense, and mind their stops:

Compose both prose and verse, the sad and merry —

For when the editor, whose pains compile

The grown-up Annual, or the Juvenile,

Vaunteth his articles, not women's, men's,

But lays "by the most celebrated Pens,"

What means he but thy Patent Pens, my Perry?

Pleasant they are to feel!

So firm! so flexible! composed of steel

So finely tempered — fit for tenderest Miss

To give her passion breath,

Or kings to sign the warrant stern of death —

But their supremest merit still is this,

Write with them all your days,

Tragedy, Comedy, all kinds of plays —

(No dramatist should ever be without 'em) —

And, just conceive the bliss, —

There is so little of the goose about 'em,

One's safe from any hiss!

Ah! who can paint that first great awful night,  
 Big with a blessing or a blight,  
 When the poor dramatist, all fume and fret,  
 Fuss, fidget, fancy, fever, funking, fright,  
 Ferment, fault-fearing, faintness — more f's yet :  
 Flushed, frigid, flurried, flinching, fitful, flat,  
 Add famished, fuddled, and fatigued, to that ;  
 Funeral, fate-foreboding — sits in doubt,  
 Or rather doubt with hope, a wretched marriage,  
 To see his play upon the stage come out ;  
 No stage to him ! it is Thalia's carriage,  
 And he is sitting on the spikes behind it,  
 Striving to look as if he didn't mind it !

Witness how Beazley vents upon his hat  
 His nervousness, meanwhile his fate is dealt :  
 He kneads, moulds, pummels it, and sits it flat,  
 Squeezes and twists it up, until the felt,  
 That went a beaver in, comes out a rat !  
 Miss Mitford had mis-givings, and in fright,  
 Upon Rienzi's night  
 Gnawed up one long kid glove, and all her bag,  
 Quite to a rag.  
 Knowles has confessed he trembled as for life,  
 Afraid of his own " Wife ;"  
 Poole told me that he felt a monstrous pail  
 Of water backing him, all down his spine, —  
 " The ice-brook's temper " — pleasant to the chine !  
 For fear that Simpson and his Co. should fail.  
 Did Lord Glengall not frame a mental prayer,  
 Wishing devoutly he was Lord knows where ?  
 Nay, did not Jerrold, in enormous drouth,  
 While doubtful of Nell Gwynne's eventful luck,  
 Squeeze out and suck

More oranges with his one fevered mouth  
 Than Nelly had to hawk from north to south?  
 Yea, Buckstone, changing color like a mullet,  
 Refused, on an occasion, once, twice, thrice,  
 From his best friend, an ice,  
 Lest it should hiss in his own red-hot gullet.

Doth punning Peake not sit upon the points  
 Of his own jokes, and shake in all his joints,  
     During their trial?

    'Tis past denial.

And does not Pocock, feeling, like a peacock,  
 All eyes upon him, turn to very meacock?  
 And does not Planché, tremulous and blank,  
 Meanwhile his personages tread the boards,  
     Seem goaded by sharp swords,  
 And called upon himself to "walk the plank"?  
 As for the Dances, Charles and George to boot,  
     What have they more

Of ease and rest, for sole of either foot,  
 Than bear that capers on a hotted floor!

Thus pending — does not Mathews, at sad shift  
 For voice, croak like a frog in waters fenny? —  
 Serle seem upon the surly seas adrift? —  
 And Kenny think he's going to Kilkenny? —  
 Haynes Bayly feel Old ditto, with the note  
 Of Cotton in his ear, a mortal grapple

    About his arms, and Adam's apple

Big as a fine Dutch codling in his throat?  
 Did Rodwell, on his chimney-piece, desire  
 Or not to take a jump into the fire?  
 Did Wade feel as composed as music can?  
 And was not Bernard his own Nervous Man?  
 Lastly, don't Farley, a bewildered elf,

Quake at the Pantomime he loves to cater,  
And ere its changes ring transform himself? —

A frightful mug of human delf!

A spirit-bottle — empty of “the cratur”?

A leaden-platter ready for the shelf?

A thunderstruck dumb-waiter?

To clench the fact,

Myself, once guilty of one small rash act,

Committed at the Surrey,

Quite in a hurry,

Felt all this flurry,

Corporal worry,

And spiritual scurry,

Dram-devil — attic curry!

All going well,

From prompter’s bell,

Until befell

A hissing at some dull imperfect dance —

There’s no denying

I felt in all four elements at once!

My head was swimming, while my arms were flying!

My legs for running — all the rest was frying!

Thrice welcome, then, for this peculiar use,

Thy pens so innocent of goose!

For this shall dramatists, when they make merry,

Discarding port and sherry,

Drink — “Perry!”

Perry, whose fame, pennated, is let loose

To distant lands,

Perry, admitted on all hands,

Text, running, German, Roman,

For Patent Perryans approached by no man!

And when, ah me! far distant be the hour!

Pluto shall call thee to his gloomy bower,  
 Many shall be thy pensive mourners, many !  
 And Penury itself shall club its penny  
 To raise thy monument in lofty place,  
 Higher than York's or any son of War ;  
 Whilst time all meaner effigies shall bury,  
     On due pentagonal base  
 Shall stand the Parian, Perryan, periwigged Perry,  
 Perched on the proudest peak of Penman Mawr !

---

NUMBER ONE.

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's very hard ! — and so it is, to live in such a row, —  
 And witness this that every miss but me has got a beau.  
 For Love goes calling up and down, but here he seems  
     to shun ;  
 I'm sure he has been asked enough to call at Number  
     One !

I'm sick of all the double knocks that come to Number  
     Four ! —  
 That Number Three I often see a lover at the door ; —  
 And one in blue, at Number Two, calls daily like a dun, —  
 It's very hard they come so near, and not to Number  
     One !

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear exactly to her mind, —  
 By sitting at the window-pane without a bit of blind ; —  
 But I go in the balcony, which she has never done,  
 Yet arts that thrive at Number Five don't take at Num-  
     ber One !

'Tis hard, with plenty in the street, and plenty passing  
by, —

There's nice young men at Number Ten, but only rather  
shy ; —

And Mrs. Smith across the way has got a grown-up son,  
But, la ! he hardly seems to know there is a Number  
One !

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine, but he's intent on  
pelf,

And though he's pious will not love his neighbor as him-  
self. —

At Number Seven there was a sale — the goods had  
quite a run !

And here I've got my single lot on hand at Number One !

My mother often sits at work and talks of props and  
stays,

And what a comfort I shall be in her declining days : —  
The very maids about the house have set me down a nun,  
The sweethearts all belong to them that call at Number  
One !

Once only when the flue took fire, one Friday afternoon,  
Young Mr. Long came kindly in and told me not to  
swoon :

Why can't he come again without the Phoenix and the  
Sun ?

We cannot always have a flue on fire at Number One !

I am not old, I am not plain, nor awkward in my gait —  
I am not crooked, like the bride that went from Number  
Eight : —

I'm sure white satin made her look as brown as any bun —  
But even beauty has no chance, I think, at Number One !

At Number Six they say Miss Rose has slain a score of  
 hearts,  
 And Cupid, for her sake, has been quite prodigal of darts.  
 The imp they show with bended bow, I wish he had a  
 gun!  
 But if he had, he'd never deign to shoot with Number  
 One.

It's very hard, and so it is, to live in such a row!  
 And here's a ballad-singer come to aggravate my woe; —  
 O, take away your foolish song and tones enough to  
 stun —  
 There is "Nae luck about the house," I know, at Num-  
 ber One!

---

## LINES ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

BY DORCAS DOVE.

AND is it thus ye welcome Peace,  
 From mouths of forty-pounding Bores?  
 O, cease, exploding Cannons, cease!  
 Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores!  
 Not so the quiet Queen should come;  
 But like a Nurse to still our Fears,  
 With shoes of List, demurely dumb,  
 And Wool or Cotton in her Ears!  
 She asks for no triumphal Arch;  
 No Steeples for their ropy Tongues;  
 Down, Drumsticks, down! She needs no March,  
 Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.  
 She wants no Noise of mobbing Throats  
 To tell that She is drawing nigh:

Why this Parade of scarlet Coats,  
When War has closed his bloodshot Eye ?

Returning to Domestic Loves,  
When War has ceased with all its Ills,  
Captains should come like sucking Doves,  
With Olive Branches in their Bills.

No need there is of vulgar Shout,  
Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife and Drum,  
And Soldiers marching all about,  
To let Us know that Peace is come.

O, mild should be the Signs, and meek,  
Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim !  
Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,  
And Echo should repeat the same.

Lo! where the Soldier walks, alas !  
With Scars received on foreign Grounds ;  
Shall we consume in colored Glass  
The Oil that should be poured in Wounds ?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close,  
Will whizzing Rocket-Flight avail ?  
Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes ?  
Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale ?

---

### THE DEMON-SHIP.

'TWAS off the Wash — the sun went down — the sea  
looked black and grim,  
For stormy clouds with murky fleece were mustering at  
the brim ;  
Titanic shades ! enormous gloom ! — as if the solid night  
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !

It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,  
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm — close reefed — the tack held  
freely in my hand —

With ballast snug — I put about, and scudded for the  
land.

Loud hissed the sea beneath her lee; my little boat flew  
fast,

But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the  
blast.

Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!  
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults  
of hail!

What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged  
steeps behind!

Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the  
wind.

Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,  
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;  
As black as night — they turned to white, and cast against  
the cloud

A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's  
shroud:

Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly  
run!

Behold yon fatal billow rise — ten billows heaped in one!  
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling  
fast,

As if the scooping sea contained only one wave, at last!  
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift-pursuing grave!  
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness  
to a wave!

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face —  
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!

I saw its Alpine hoary head impending over mine !  
 Another pulse, and down it rushed, an avalanche of  
 brine !  
 Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and  
 home ;  
 The waters closed — and when I shrieked, I shrieked be-  
 low the foam !  
 Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed —  
 For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Where am I ? in the breathing world, or in the world  
 of death ? ”  
 With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of  
 breath ;  
 My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful  
 sound,  
 And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed  
 around ?

A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ;  
 But were those beams the very beams that I had seen  
 so oft ?  
 A face that mocked the human face before me watched  
 alone ;  
 But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against  
 my own ?

O ! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight  
 As met my gaze, when first I looked on that accursed  
 night !  
 I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce ex-  
 tremes  
 Of fever ; and most frightful things have haunted in my  
 dreams —

Hyenas, cats, blood-loving bats, and apes with hateful  
stare,

Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls, the lion and she-  
bear,

Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and  
spite —

Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the  
light!

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their  
tombs —

All fantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms —

Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all  
aghast, —

But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the  
mast!

His cheek was black — his brow was black — his eyes  
and hair as dark :

His hand was black, and where it touched it left a sable  
mark ;

His throat was black, his vest the same ; and when I  
looked beneath,

His breast was black — all, all was black, except his grin-  
ning teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves !

O, horror ! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the  
inky waves !

“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ for love of truth and blessed mercy's  
sake,

Where am I ? in what dreadful ship ? upon what dread-  
ful lake ?

What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal ?  
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul !

O, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that  
beguiled

My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child, —  
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:  
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return  
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem  
to stern —

A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the  
nonce —

As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once;  
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,  
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like demons of  
the Pit.

They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made answer  
for the whole; —

"Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we  
carry coal;

You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native  
fields —

For this here ship has picked you up, the Mary Ann of  
Shields!"

---

## SPRING.

A NEW VERSION.

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly — it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air." — HAMLET.

"COME, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness*, come!"

O! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,  
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?

There's no such season.

The Spring ! I shrink and shudder at her name !  
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter !  
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came  
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,  
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,  
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*  
Poured down their shoulders.

Let others eulogize her floral shows ;  
From me they cannot win a single stanza.  
I know her blooms are in full blow — and so's  
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,  
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,  
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,  
Are things I sneeze at !

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year !  
And fair its early buddings and its blowings —  
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear  
With other sowings !

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,  
A frigid, not a genial inspiration ;  
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy  
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,  
To me all vernal luxuries are fables ;  
O ! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,  
Stiff as a table's ?

I limp in agony, — I wheeze and cough,  
 And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;  
 Nor dream, before July, of leaving off  
 My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack  
 A peg for laudatory verse to hang on? —  
 Spring mild and gentle! — yes, a Spring-heeled Jack  
 To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie  
 In fulsome odes too many to be cited,  
 The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,  
 And that is blighted!

---

## FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

### A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
 And used to war's alarms;  
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
 So he laid down his arms!

Now, as they bore him off the field,  
 Said he, "Let others shoot,  
 For here I leave my second leg,  
 And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:  
 Said he, "They're only pegs:  
 But there's as wooden members quite  
 As represent my legs!"

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray ;  
So he went to pay her his devours,  
When he devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff ;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off !

“ O, Nelly Gray ! O, Nelly Gray !  
Is this your love so warm ?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat  
Should be more uniform ! ”

Said she, “ I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave ;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave !

“ Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now ! ”

“ O, Nelly Gray ! O, Nelly Gray !  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Badajos's *breaches* ! ”

“ Why then, ” said she, “ you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms ! ”

“O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!  
I know why you refuse: —  
Though I've no feet — some other man  
Is standing in my shoes!

“I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
But, now, a long farewell!  
For you will be my death; — alas,  
You will not be my *Nell!*”

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off — of course  
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead  
As any nail in town, —  
For, though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died —  
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
With a *stake* in his inside!

## THE FLOWER.

ALONE, across a foreign plain,  
 The exile slowly wanders,  
 And on his isle beyond the main  
 With saddened spirit ponders ;

This lovely isle beyond the sea,  
 With all its household treasures ;  
 Its cottage homes, its merry birds,  
 And all its rural pleasures ;

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,  
 Its moors, and purple heather ;  
 Its verdant fields bedecked with stars  
 His childhood loved to gather ;

When, lo ! he starts with glad surprise,  
 Home-joys come rushing o'er him,  
 For " modest, wee, and crimson-tipped,"  
 He spies the flower before him !

With eager haste he stoops him down,  
 His eyes with moisture hazy,  
 And as he plucks the simple bloom,  
 He murmurs, " Lawk-a-daisy ! "

---

 THE SEA-SPELL.

*" Cauld, cauld, he lies beneath the deep." — Old Scotch Ballad.*

It was a jolly mariner !  
 The tallest man of three, —  
 He loosed his sail against the wind,  
 And turned his boat to sea :

The ink-black sky told every eye  
A storm was soon to be !

But still that jolly mariner  
Took in no reef at all,  
For, in his pouch, confidingly,  
He wore a baby's caul ;  
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,  
That always brings a squall !

His hat was new, or, newly glazed,  
Shone brightly in the sun ;  
His jacket, like a mariner's,  
True blue as e'er was spun ;  
His ample trousers, like St. Paul,  
Bore forty stripes save one.

And now the fretting, foaming tide  
He steered away to cross ;  
The bounding pinnace played a game  
Of dreary pitch and toss ;  
A game that, on the good dry land,  
Is apt to bring a loss !

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,  
And guide her on her way !  
A boat, they say, has canvas wings,  
But cannot fly away !  
Though, like a merry singing-bird,  
She sits upon the spray !

Still south by east the little boat,  
With tawny sail, kept beating :  
Now out of sight, between two waves,  
Now o'er the horizon fleeting ;

Like greedy swine that feed on mast, —  
The waves her mast seemed eating !

The sullen sky grew black above,  
The wave as black beneath ;  
Each roaring billow showed full soon  
A white and foamy wreath ;  
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,  
And then display their teeth.

The boatman looked against the wind,  
The mast began to creak,  
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,  
In salt, upon his cheek !  
The pointed wave against him reared,  
As if it owned a pique !

Nor rushing wind nor gushing wave  
The boatman could alarm,  
But still he stood away to sea,  
And trusted in his charm ;  
He thought by purchase he was safe,  
And armed against all harm !

Now thick and fast and far aslant  
The stormy rain came pouring,  
He heard, upon the sandy bank,  
The distant breakers roaring, —  
A groaning intermitting sound,  
Like Gog and Magog snoring !

The sea-fowl shrieked around the mast,  
Ahead the grampus tumbled,  
And far off, from a copper cloud,  
The hollow thunder rumbled ;  
It would have quailed another heart,  
But his was never humbled.

For why? he had that infant's caul;  
And wherefore should he dread?  
Alas! alas! he little thought,  
Before the ebb-tide sped,—  
That, like that infant, he should die,  
And with a watery head!

The rushing brine flowed in apace;  
His boat had ne'er a deck:  
Fate seemed to call him on, and he  
Attended to her beck;  
And so he went, still trusting on,  
Though reckless — to his wreck!

For as he left his helm, to heave  
The ballast-bags a-weather,  
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,  
Like lions leagued together.  
The two first waves the little boat  
Swam over like a feather,—

The two first waves were past and gone,  
And sinking in her wake;  
The hugest still came leaping on,  
And hissing like a snake.  
Now helm a-lee! for through the midst  
The monster he must take!

Ah, me! it was a dreary mount!  
Its base as black as night,  
Its top of pale and livid green,  
Its crest of awful white,  
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—  
And so it reared upright!

With quaking sails the little boat  
Climbed up the foaming heap,  
With quaking sails it paused a while,  
At balance on the steep ;  
Then, rushing down the nether slope,  
Plunged with a dizzy sweep !

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,  
Disdains his careful guide ;  
So now the headlong, headstrong boat,  
Unmanaged, turns aside,  
And straight presents her reeling flank  
Against the swelling tide !

The gusty wind assaults the sail ;  
Her ballast lies a-lee !  
The sheet's to windward taut and stiff,  
O ! the Lively — where is she ?  
Her capsized keel is in the foam,  
Her pennon's in the sea !

The wild gull, sailing overhead,  
Three times beheld emerge  
The head of that bold mariner,  
And then she screamed his dirge !  
For he had sunk within his grave,  
Lapped in a shroud of surge !

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,  
Rushed o'er and covered all ;  
The jolly boatman's drowning scream  
Was smothered by the squall,  
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did  
The ocean heed his *caul*.

## A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE'S some is born with their straight legs by natur,  
 And some is born with bow-legs from the first —  
 And some that should have growed a good deal  
     straighter,

    But they were badly nursed,  
 And set, you see, like Bæehus, with their pegs  
     Astride of easks and kegs :

I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,  
     And starboard,

And this is what it was that warped my legs. —

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,  
 That fouled my eable when I ought to slip ;

    But on the tenth of May,  
     When I gets under weigh,

Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,  
     I sees the mail  
     Get under sail,

The only one there was to make the trip.

    Well — I gives chase,  
     But as she run  
     Two knots to one,

There warn't no use in keeping on the race !

Well — casting round about, what next to try on,  
     And how to spin,

I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,  
 And bears away to leeward for the inn,  
     Beats round the gable,

And fetehes up before the coach-horse stable :

Well — there they stand, four kickers in a row,  
     And so

I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's eable.  
 But riding isn't in a seaman's natur —

So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,  
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter  
    To splice me, heel to heel,  
    Under the she-mare's keel,  
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn !

    My eyes ! how she did pitch !  
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,  
Though I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bowline,  
But always making lee-way to the ditch,  
And yawed her head about all sorts of ways.

    The devil sink the craft !  
And wasn't she trimendous slack in stays !  
We couldn't, nohow, keep the inn abaft !

    Well — I suppose  
We hadn't run a knot — or much beyond —  
(What will you have on it ?) — but off she goes,  
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond !

    There I am ! — all a-back !  
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,  
To heave her head round on the t'other tack ;

    But when I starts,  
    The leather parts,  
And goes away right over by the ears !

    What could a fellow do,  
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,  
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,  
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,  
    In rig all snug and elever,  
Just while his craft was taking in her water ?  
I didn't like my berth, though, howsomdever,  
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter, —  
Says I — I wish this job was rather shorter !

    The chase had gained a mile  
Ahead, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking :

Now, all the while  
 Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.  
 Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking —  
     And so she swelled, and swelled,  
     And yet the tackle held,  
 Till both my legs began to bend like wiikin.  
 My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!  
 And there's my timbers straining every bit,  
     Ready to split,  
 And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there — off Hartford Ness,  
 We lay both lashed and water-logged together,  
     And can't contrive a signal of distress;  
 Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,  
 Though sick of riding out — and nothing less;  
 When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn: —  
 Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter! —  
 And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.  
 So I gets off, and lands upon the road,  
 And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,  
     A-standing by the water.  
 If I get on another, I'll be blowed! —  
 And that's the way, you see, my legs got bowed!

---

### THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

MY pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,  
 My curtains drawn and all is snug;  
 Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,  
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.  
 Last night I had a curious dream,  
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg —

What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,  
 I could but woo and she was won;  
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,  
 The ring was placed, the deed was done!  
 Away we went in chaise-and-four,  
 As fast as grinning boys could flog —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!  
 But tête-à-têtes must still defer!  
 When Susan came to live with me,  
 Her mother came to live with her!  
 With sister Belle she couldn't part,  
 But all *my* ties had leave to jog —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll —  
 A monkey too, what work he made!  
 The sister introduced a beau —  
 My Susan brought a favorite maid.  
 She had a tabby of her own, —  
 A snappish mongrel christened Gog, —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit — the parrot screamed,  
 All day the sister strummed and sung;  
 The petted maid was such a scold!  
 My Susan learned to use her tongue;  
 Her mother had such wretched health,

She sate and croaked like any frog —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,  
 I soon came down to simple "M!"  
 The very servants crossed my wish,  
 My Susan let me down to them.  
 The poker hardly seemed my own,  
 I might as well have been a log —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!  
 Such coats and hats she never met!  
 My ways they were the oddest ways!  
 My friends were such a vulgar set!  
 Poor Tomkinson was snubbed and huffed,  
 She could not bear that Mister Blogg —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then  
 Mamma must mingle in the song —  
 The sister took a sister's part —  
 The maid declared her master wrong —  
 The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"  
 My life was like a London fog —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,  
 As proved by bills that had no end;  
 I never had a decent coat —  
 I never had a coin to spend!  
 She forced me to resign my club,

Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout  
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list ;  
 And when I tried to steal away,  
 I found my study full of whist !  
 Then, first to come, and last to go,  
 There always was a Captain Hogg —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

Now was not that an awful dream  
 For one who single is and snug —  
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair,  
 And Tray reposing on the rug ? —  
 If I must totter down the hill,  
 'Tis safest done without a clog —  
 What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
 What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

---

## THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

It was a merry company,  
 And they were just afloat,  
 When, lo ! a man, of dwarfish span,  
 Came up and hailed the boat.

“ Good-morrow to ye, gentle folks,  
 And will you let me in ? —  
 A slender space will serve my case,  
 For I am small and thin.”

They saw he was a dwarfish man,  
And very small and thin ;  
Not seven such would matter much,  
And so they took him in.

They laughed to see his little hat,  
With such a narrow brim ;  
They laughed to note his dapper coat,  
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,  
When, gravely, one and all  
At once began to think the man  
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,  
His hat a broader brim,  
His leg grew stout, and soon plumped out  
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,  
More rough the billows grew, —  
And rose and fell, a greater swell,  
And he was swelling too !

And, lo ! where room had been for seven,  
For six there scarce was space !  
For five ! — for four ! — for three ! — not more  
Than two could find a place !

There was not even room for one !  
They crowded by degrees —  
Ay — closer yet, till elbows met,  
And knees were jogging knees.

“ Good sir, you must not sit astern,  
The wave will else come in ! ”

Without a word he gravely stirred,  
Another seat to win.

“ Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,  
You must not sit a-lee ! ”

With smiling face and courteous grace,  
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,  
His back became so wide,  
Each neighbor wight, to left and right,  
Was thrust against the side.

Lord ! how they chided with themselves,  
That they had let him in !

To see him grow so monstrous now,  
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,  
They grew so scared and hot, —  
“ I' the name of all that's great and tall,  
Who are ye, sir, and what ? ”

Loud laughed the Gogmagog, a laugh  
As loud as giant's roar —

“ When first I came, my proper name  
Was Little — now I'm *Moore* ! ”

---

### DEATH'S RAMBLE.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death  
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,  
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,  
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,  
His body was lean and lank ;  
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur  
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,  
This goblin of grisly bone ?  
He dabbled and spilled man's blood, and he killed  
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughtered it made him laugh,  
(For the man was a coffin-maker,)  
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,  
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church ;  
Quoth he, " We shall not differ."  
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,  
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,  
In fear they could not smother ;  
And he shot one through at once — for he knew  
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,  
And he gave a snore infernal ;  
Said Death, " He may keep his breath, for his sleep  
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving a coach  
So slow that his fare grew siek ;  
But he let him stray on his tedious way,  
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a tollman taking a toll,  
In the spirit of his fraternity ;

But he knew that sort of man would extort,  
Though summoned to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,  
But he let him write no further ;  
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,  
Is jealous of all self-murder !

Death saw a patient that pulled out his purse,  
And a doctor that took the sum ;  
But he let them be — for he knew that the “ fee ”  
Was a prelude to “ faw ” and “ fum.”

He met a dustman ringing a bell,  
And he gave him a mortal thrust ;  
For himself, by law, since Adam’s flaw,  
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,  
And he marked him out for slaughter ;  
For on water he scarcely had cared for death,  
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at eards,  
But the game wasn’t worth a dump,  
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,  
To wait for the final trump !

---

### THE PROGRESS OF ART.

O HAPPY time ! — Art’s early days !  
When o’er each deed, with sweet self-praise,  
Narcissus-like I hung !  
When great Rembrandt but little seemed,  
And such Old Masters all were deemed  
As nothing to the young !

Some scratchy strokes — abrupt and few,  
So easily and swift I drew,  
    Sufficed for my design ;  
My sketchy, superficial hand,  
Drew solids at a dash — and spanned  
    A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,  
But grew more critical — my bent  
    Essayed a higher walk ;  
I copied leaden eyes in lead —  
Rheumatic hands in white and red,  
    And gouty feet — in chalk.

Anon my studious art for days  
Kept making faces — happy phrase,  
    For faces such as mine !  
Accomplished in the details then,  
I left the minor parts of men,  
    And drew the form divine.

Old gods and heroes — Trojan — Greek,  
Figures — long after the antique,  
    Great Ajax justly feared ;  
Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,  
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt  
    Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,  
A Pallas, that out-stared her owl,  
    A Vulcan — very lame ;  
A Dian stuck about with stars,  
With my right hand I murdered Mars —  
    (One Williams did the same.)

But tired of this dry work at last,  
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,

And gave my brush a drink ;  
 Dipping — “ as when a painter dips  
 In gloom of earthquake and eclipse, ” —  
 That is — in Indian ink.

O then, what black Mont Blancs arose,  
 Crested with soot, and not with snows !

What clouds of dingy hue !  
 In spite of what the bard has penned,  
 I fear the distance did not “ lend  
 Enchantment to the view. ”

Not Radclyffe’s brush did e’er design  
 Black forests half so black as mine,  
 Or lakes so like a pall ;  
 The Chinese cake dispersed a ray  
 Of darkness, like the light of Day  
 And Martin, over all.

Yet urchin pride sustained me still ;  
 I gazed on all with right good will,  
 And spread the dingy tint ;  
 “ No holy Luke helped me to paint ;  
 The Devil, surely not a Saint,  
 Had any finger in’t ! ”

But colors came ! — like morning light,  
 With gorgeous hues displacing night,  
 Or Spring’s enlivened scene :  
 At once the sable shades withdrew ;  
 My skies got very, very blue ;  
 My trees, extremely green.

And, washed by my cosmetic brush,  
 How Beauty’s cheek began to blush !  
 With lock of auburn stain —

(Not Goldsmith's Auburn) — nut-brown hair  
That made her loveliest of the fair ;  
Not "loveliest of the plain !"

Her lips were of vermilion hue ;  
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,  
Set all my heart in flame !  
A young Pygmalion, I adored  
The maids I made — but time was stored  
With evil — and it came !

Perspective dawned — and soon I saw  
My houses stand against its law ;  
And "keeping " all unkept !  
My beauties were no longer things  
For love and fond imaginings ;  
But horrors to be wept !

Ah ! why did knowledge ope my eyes ?  
Why did I get more artist-wise ?  
It only serves to hint  
What grave defects and wants are mine ;  
That I'm no Hilton in design —  
In nature no Dewint !

Thrice happy time ! — Art's early days !  
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,  
Narcissus-like I hung !  
When great Rembrandt but little seemed,  
And such Old Masters all were deemed  
As nothing to the young !

## A FAIRY TALE.

ON Hounslow heath — and close beside the road,  
As western travellers may oft have seen, —  
A little house some years ago there stood,  
A minikin abode ;  
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood ;  
The walls of white, the window-shutters green ; —  
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West  
(Though now at rest,)

On which it used to wander to and fro,  
Because its master ne'er maintained a rider,  
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row ;  
But made his business travel for itself,  
Till he had made his pelf,  
And then retired — if one may call it so,  
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot  
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,  
Made him more relish the repose and quiet  
Of his now sedentary caravan ;  
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,  
And so he might impale a strip of soil,  
That furnished, by his toil,  
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman ; —  
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.  
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil  
His peace, — unless, in some unlucky hour,  
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bower !

But, tired of always looking at the coaches,  
The same to come, — when they had seen them one day !  
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife

Began to suffer N U E's approaches,  
 And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday, —  
 So, having had some quarters of school-breeding,  
 They turned themselves, like other folks, to reading ;  
 But setting out where others nigh have done,  
     And being ripened in the seventh stage,  
         The childhood of old age,  
 Began, as other children have begun, —  
 Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,  
     Or Bard of Hope,  
 Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson, —  
 But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,  
 And then relaxed themselves with Whittington,  
     Or Valentine and Orson —  
 But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,  
 And being easily melted in their dotage,  
     Slobbered, — and kept  
     Reading, — and wept  
 Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on — the longer  
 They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger  
 In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim, —  
 If talking trees and birds revealed to him,  
 She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-wagons,  
     And magic fishes swim  
 In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons, —  
 Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons ;  
 When, as it fell upon a summer's day,  
     As the old man sat a feeding  
         On the old babe-reading,  
 Beside his open street-and-parlor door,  
     A hideous roar  
 Proclaimed a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,  
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels,  
Or Durham feed,

With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,  
From nether side of Tweed,  
Or Firth of Forth ;

Looking half wild with joy to leave the North, —  
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together, —  
When, — whether from a fly's malicious comment  
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank ;  
Or whether

Only in some enthusiastic moment, —  
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,  
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,  
Kicked out a passage through the beastly rabble ;  
And after a pas seul, — or, if you will, a  
Hornpipe before the basket-maker's villa,

Leapt o'er the tiny pale, —  
Backed his beef-steaks against the wooden gable  
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail  
Right o'er the page  
Wherein the sage

Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,  
Could not peruse — who could ? — two tales at once ;  
And being huffed

At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft,  
Banged-to the door,

But most unluckly enclosed a morsel  
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel : —

The monster gave a roar,  
And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,

The little house became a coach once more,  
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,  
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper  
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,  
Was getting up some household herbs for supper:  
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,  
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts  
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,  
To turn it to a coach, — what pretty gifts  
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale:  
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,  
Nor turned, till home had turned a corner, quite  
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,  
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing;  
And looking round  
Where rest was to be found,  
There was no house — no villa there — no nothing!  
No house!

The change was quite amazing;  
It made her senses stagger for a minute,  
The riddle's explication seemed to harden;  
But soon her superannuated *nous*  
Explained the horrid mystery; — and raising  
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,  
On which she meant to sup, —  
"Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,  
Little Prince Silverwings has ketched me up,  
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

## THE TURTLES.

A FABLE.

“The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle.”—BYRON.

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,  
 Two London aldermen, no matter which,—  
 Cordwainer, Girdler, Pattern-maker, Skinner,—  
 But both were florid, corpulent, and rich,  
 And both right fond of festive demolition,  
 Set forth upon a secret expedition.  
 Yet not, as might be fancied from the token,  
 To Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street  
 Of Bread, or Grub, or any thing to eat,  
 Or drink, as Milk, or Vintry, or Portsoken,  
 But eastward, to that more aquatic quarter,  
 Where folks take water,  
 Or, bound on voyages, secure a berth  
 For Antwerp or Ostend, Dundee or Perth,  
 Calais, Boulogne, or any port on earth!

Jostled and jostling, through the mud,  
 Peculiar to the town of Lud,  
 Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,  
 Past many a gusty avenue, through which  
 Came yellow fog, and smell of pitch,  
 From barge, and boat, and dusky wharf derived;  
 With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught,  
 From loco-smoko-motive craft;  
 Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,  
 Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,  
 Hides, tallow, Russia matting, hemp and flax,  
 Salt cod, red herrings, sprats, and kippered salmons,  
 Nuts, oranges, and lemons,

Each pungent spiee, and aromatic gum,  
 Gas, pepper, soaplees, brandy, gin, and rum ;  
 Alamode beef and greens — the London soil —  
 Glue, eoal, tobacco, turpentine, and oil,  
 Bark, asafetida, squills, vitriol, hops,  
 In short, all whiffs, and sniffs, and puffs, and snuffs,  
 From metals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,  
 Fruits, victual, drink, solidities, or slops —  
 In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, wagons, taverns, shops,  
 Boats, lighters, cellars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops,  
 That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,  
     Assault the nose — below the bridge.

A walk, however, as tradition tells,  
 That once a poor blind Tobit used to choose,  
 Because, incapable of other views,  
     He met with "such a sight of smells."

But on, and on, and on,  
 In spite of all unsavory shocks,  
     Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,  
 Steadily steering ship-like for the doeks —  
 And now they reach a place the Muse, unwilling,  
 Recalls for female slang and vulgar doing,  
     The famous Gate of Billing  
     That does not lead to cooing —  
 And now they pass that house that is so ugly  
 A customer to people looking smuggl'y —  
 And now along that fatal hill they pass  
 Where centuries ago an Oxford bled,  
 And proved — too late to save his life, alas! —  
 That *he* was "off his head."

At last before a lofty brick-built pile  
 Sir Peter stopped, and with mysterious smile

Tinkled a bell that served to bring  
 The wire-drawn genius of the ring,  
 A species of commereial Samuel Weller —  
 To whom Sir Peter, tipping him a wink,  
     And something else to drink,  
 “Show us the cellar.”

Obsequious bowed the man, and led the way  
 Down sundry flights of stairs, where wiudows small,  
 Dappled with mud, let in a dingy ray —  
 A dirty tax, if they were taxed at all.  
 At length they came into a cellar damp,  
 With venerable cobwebs fringed around,  
     A cellar of that stamp  
 Which often harbors vintages renowned,  
 The feudal Hoek, or Burgundy the courtly,  
     With sherry, brown or golden,  
     Or port, so olden,  
 Bereft of body 'tis no longer portly —  
 But old or otherwise — to be veracious —  
 That cobwebbed cellar, damp, and dim, and spaeious,  
 Held nothing crusty — but crustaceous.

Prone on the ehilly floor,  
 Five splendid turtles — such a five!  
 Natives of some West Indian shore,  
     Were flapping all alive,  
 Late landed from the Jolly Planter's yawl —  
     A sight whereon the dignitaries fixed  
     Their eager eyes, with ecstacy unmixed,  
 Like fathers that behold their infants erawl,  
 Enjoying every little kick and sprawl.  
 Nay — far from fatherly the thoughts they bred,  
 Poor loggerheads from far Ascension ferried!  
 The Aldermen too plainly wished them dead  
     And Aldermanbury'd!

“There!” cried Sir Peter, with an air  
 Triumphant as an ancient victor’s,  
 And pointing to the creatures rich and rare,  
 “There’s picters!

“Talk of Olympic Games! They’re not worth mention;  
 The real prize for wrestling is when Jack,  
 In Providence or Ascension,  
 Can throw a lively turtle on its back!”

“Ay!” cried Sir John, and with a score of nods,  
 Thoughtful of classical symposium,  
 “There’s food for gods!  
 There’s nectar! there’s ambrosium!  
 There’s food for Roman emperors to eat —  
 O, there had been a treat  
 (Those ancient names will sometimes hobble us)  
 For Helio-gobble-us!

“There were a feast for Alexander’s Feast!  
 The real sort — none of your mock or spurious!”  
 And then he mentioned Aldermen deceased,  
 And “Epicurius,”  
 And how Tertullian had enjoyed such foison;  
 And speculated on that *verdigrease*  
 That isn’t poison.

“Talk of your Spring, and verdure, and all that!  
 Give *me* green fat!  
 As for your poets with their groves of myrtles  
 And billing turtles,  
 Give me, for poetry, them Turtles there,  
 A-billing in a bill of fare!

“Of all the things I ever swallow —  
 Good, well-dressed turtle beats them hollow;

It almost makes me wish, I vow,  
 To have *two* stomachs, like a cow!"  
 And, lo! as with the cud, an inward thrill  
 Upheaved his waistcoat and disturbed his frill,  
 His mouth was oozing and he worked his jaw —  
 "I almost think that I could eat one raw!"

And thus, as "inward love breeds outward talk,"  
 The portly pair continued to discourse;  
 And then — as Gray describes of life's divorce —  
 With "longing, lingering look" prepared to walk, —  
 Having through one delighted sense, at least,  
 Enjoyed a sort of Barmecidal feast,  
 And with prophetic gestures, strange to see,  
 Forestalled the civic banquet yet to be,  
 Its callipash and callipee!

A pleasant prospect — but, alack!  
 Scarcely each Alderman had turned his back,  
 When, seizing on the moment so propitious,  
 And having learned that they were so delicious  
 To bite and sup,  
 From praises so high flown and injudicious, —  
 And nothing could be more pernicious!  
 The Turtles fell to work, and ate each other up!

### Moral.

Never, from folly or urbanity,  
 Praise people thus profusely to their faces,  
 Till, quite in love with their own graces,  
 They're eaten up by vanity!

## LOVE LANE.

If I should love a maiden more,  
And woo her every hope to crown,  
I'd love her all the country o'er,  
But not declare it out of town.

One even, by a mossy bank,  
That held a hornet's nest within,  
To Ellen on my knees I sank, —  
How snakes will twine around the shin!

A bashful fear my soul unnerved,  
And gave my heart a backward tug;  
Nor was I cheered when she observed,  
Whilst I was silent, "What a slug!"

At length my offer I preferred,  
And Hope a kind reply forebode —  
Alas! the only sound I heard  
Was, "What a horrid ugly toad!"

I vowed to give her all my heart,  
To love her till my life took leave,  
And painted all a lover's smart —  
Except a wasp gone up his sleeve!

But when I ventured to abide  
Her father's and her mother's grants —  
Sudden she started up and cried,  
"O dear! I am all over ants!"

Nay, when beginning to beseech  
The cause that led to my rebuff,

The answer was as strange a speech —  
A “Daddy-Longlegs, sure enough!”

I spoke of fortune — house, — and lands,  
And still renewed the warm attack, —  
'Tis vain to offer ladies hands  
That have a spider on the back!

'Tis vain to talk of hopes and fears,  
And hope the least reply to win,  
From any maid that stops her ears  
In dread of earwigs creeping in!

'Tis vain to call the dearest names  
Whilst stoats and weasels startle by —  
As vain to talk of mutual flames  
To one with glowworms in her eye!

What checked me in my fond address,  
And knocked each pretty image down?  
What stopped my Ellen's faltering yes?  
A caterpillar on her gown!

To list to Philomel is sweet —  
To see the moon rise silver-pale, —  
But not to kneel at lady's feet  
And crush a rival in a snail!

Sweet is the eventide, and kind  
Its zephyr, balmy as the south;  
But sweeter still to speak your mind  
Without a chafer in your mouth!

At last, emboldened by my bliss,  
Still fickle Fortune played me foul,

For when I strove to snatch a kiss  
She screamed — by proxy, through an owl!

Then, lovers, doomed to life or death,  
Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes and bats,  
Lest you should have in self-same breath  
To bless your fate — and curse the gnats!

---

## DOMESTIC POEMS.

‘It’s hame, hame, hame.’ — A. CUNNINGHAM.

“There’s no place like home.” — CLARI.

### I.

#### HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

O KATE! my dear partner, through joy and through  
strife!

When I look back at Hymen’s dear day,  
Not a lovelier bride ever changed to a wife,  
Though you’re now so old, wizened, and gray!

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate!  
But as liquid as stars in a pool;  
Though now they’re so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,  
Just like gooseberries boiled for a fool!

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;  
Though it’s wrinkled so crookedly now,  
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,  
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,  
When a Venus demanded their skill;  
Though now it can hardly be reckoned a nose,  
But a sort of Poll-Parrotty bill!

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,  
 Such a nectar there hung on each lip ;  
 Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,  
 Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip !

Your chin, it was one of Love favorite haunts,  
 From its dimple he could not get loose ;  
 Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,  
 Or a singe, like the breast of a goose !

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,  
 With their ringlets of auburn so deep !  
 Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,  
 By a bramble torn off from a sheep !

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,  
 While in whiteness it vied with your arms :  
 Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,  
 To conceal that scrag-end of your charms !

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,  
 Though it now has two twists from upright —  
 But bless you ! still bless you ! my partner ! my Kate !  
 Though you be such a perfect old fright !

## II.

THE sun was slumbering in the west, my daily labors  
 past ;

On Anna's soft and gentle breast my head reclined at  
 last !

The darkness closed around, so dear to fond congenial  
 souls ;

And thus she murmured at my ear, " My love, we're  
 out of coals !

" That Mister Bond has called again, insisting on his  
 rent ;

And all the Todds are coming up to see us, out of Kent ;  
 I quite forgot to tell you John has had a tipsy fall ; —  
 I'm sure there's something going on with that vile Mary  
 Hall!

“ Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk, and I have  
 bought the rest —

Of course, if we go out of town, Southend will be the  
 best.

I really think the Jones's house would be the thing  
 for us ;

I think I told you Mrs. Pope had parted with her *nus*.

“ Cook, by the way, came up to-day, to bid me suit  
 myself —

And what d'ye think ? the rats have gnawed the victuals  
 on the shelf.

And, Lord ! there's such a letter come, inviting you to  
 fight !

Of course you don't intend to go — God bless you, dear,  
 good-night ! ”

### III.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND  
 FIVE MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf !

(But stop, — first let me kiss away that tear) —

Thou tiny image of myself !

(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)

Thou merry, laughing sprite !

With spirits feather-light,

Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin —

(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricksy Puck !  
 With antie toys so funnily bestuck,  
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air —  
 (The door ! the poor ! he'll tumble down the stair !)

Thou darling of thy sire !  
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)  
 Thou imp of mirth and joy !  
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
 Thou idol of thy parents — (Drat the boy !  
 There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub — but of earth ;  
 Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,  
 In harmless sport and mirth,  
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)  
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
 From every blossom in the world that blows,  
 Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny,  
 (Another tumble ! — that's his precious nose !)

Thy father's pride and hope !  
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)  
 With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint —  
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !  
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove !)  
 Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest !  
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)  
 Little epitome of man !  
 (He'll elimb upon the table, that's his plan !)  
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life —  
 (He's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,  
 My elfin John !  
 Toss the light ball — bestride the stick —  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
     With many a lamb-like frisk,  
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)  
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star, —  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove, —  
     (I'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write unless he's sent above !)

## IV.

## A SERENADE.

“ LULLABY, O, lullaby ! ”  
 Thus I heard a father cry,  
     “ Lullaby. O, lullaby ! ”  
 The brat will never shut an eye ;  
 Hither come, some power divine !  
 Close his lids, or open mine ! ”

“ Lullaby, O, lullaby ! ”  
 What the devil makes him cry ?  
     Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 Still he stares — I wonder why,  
 Why are not the sons of earth  
 Blind, like puppies, from the birth ? ”

“Lullaby, O, lullaby!”  
 Thus I heard the father cry;  
 “Lullaby, O, lullaby!”  
 Mary, you must come and try!—  
 Hush, O, hush, for merey’s sake—  
 The more I sing, the more you wake!”

“Lullaby, O, lullaby!”  
 Fie, you little creature, fie!  
 Lullaby, O, lullaby!  
 Is no poppy-syrup nigh?  
 Give him some, or give him all,  
 I am nodding to his fall!”

“Lullaby, O, lullaby!”  
 Two such nights and I shall die!  
 Lullaby, O, lullaby!  
 He’ll be bruised, and so shall I,—  
 How can I from bed-posts keep,  
 When I’m walking in my sleep!”

“Lullaby, O, lullaby!”  
 Sleep his very looks deny—  
 Lullaby, O, lullaby!  
 Nature soon will stupefy—  
 My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—  
 Who’s that fallen—me or him?”

---

### A PLAIN DIRECTION.

“Do you never deviate?”—JOHN BULL.

IN London once I lost my way in faring to and fro,  
 And asked a ragged little boy the way that I should go;

He gave a nod, and then a wink, and told me to get there  
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square."

I boxed his little saucy ears, and then away I strode;  
But since I've found that weary path is quite a common  
road.

Utopia is a pleasant place, but how shall I get there?  
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square."

I've read about a famous town that drove a famous trade,  
Where Whittington walked up and found a fortune ready  
made.

The very streets are paved with gold; but how shall I  
get there?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square."

I've read about a Fairy Land, in some romantic tale,  
Where dwarfs if good are sure to thrive, and wicked  
giants fail;

My wish is great, my shoes are strong, but how shall I  
get there?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square."

I've heard about some happy isle, where every man is  
free,

And none can lie in bonds for life for want of L. S. D.  
O! that's the land of Liberty! but how shall I get there?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square."

I've dreamt about some blessed spot, beneath the blessed  
sky,

Where bread and justice never rise too dear for folks to  
buy.

It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap, but how shall I  
get there ?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square.”

They say there is an ancient house, as pure as it is old,  
Where members always speak their minds, and votes are  
never sold.

I'm fond of all antiquities, but how shall I get there ?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square.”

They say there is a royal court maintained in noble state,  
Where every able man, and good, is certain to be great!

I'm very fond of seeing sights, but how shall I get there ?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square.”

They say there is a temple too, where Christians come to  
pray ;

But canting knaves and hypocrites and bigots keep away.

O! that's the parish church for me ! but how shall I get  
there ?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square.”

They say there is a garden fair, that's haunted by the  
dove,

Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse the golden light  
of love ;

The place must be a Paradise, but how shall I get there ?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the  
Square.”

I've heard there is a famous land for public spirit known —  
Whose patriots love its interests much better than their  
own.

The Land of Promise sure it is! but how shall I get there?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square.”

I've read about a fine estate, a mansion large and strong;  
A view all over Kent and back, and going for a song.

George Robins knows the very spot, but how shall I get there?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square.”

I've heard there is a company all formal and enrolled,  
Will take your smallest silver coin and give it back in gold.

Of course the office-door is mobbed, but how shall I get there?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square.”

I've heard about a pleasant land, where omelettes grow  
on trees,

And roasted pigs run crying out, “Come eat me, if you please.”

My appetite is rather keen, but how shall I get there?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square.”

---

## EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,  
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;  
His horse was so little, and hers so high,  
He thought his angel was up in the sky.

His love was great, though his wit was small ;  
 He bade her ride easy — and that was all.  
 The very horses began to neigh, —  
 Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,  
 They rode by a church-yard, and then he spoke : —  
 “ My pretty maiden, if you’ll agree  
 You shall always ramble through life with me.”

The damsel answered him never a word,  
 But kicked the gray mare, and away she spurred.  
 The wooer still followed behind the jade,  
 And enjoyed — like a wooer — the dust she made.

They rode through moss, and they rode through moor,  
 The gallant behind, and the lass before ; —  
 At last they came to a miry place,  
 And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, “ If my nag were better to ride,  
 I’d follow her over the world so wide.  
 O, it is not my love that begins to fail,  
 But I’ve lost the last glimpse of the gray mare’s tail !”

---

## AN OPEN QUESTION.

“ It is the king’s highway that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions.” — BUNYAN.

WHAT! shut the gardens! lock the latticed gate!  
 Refuse the shilling and the fellow’s ticket!  
 And hang a wooden notice up to state,  
 “ On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!”  
 The Birds, the Beasts, and all the Reptile race,

Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!  
 Now, really, this appears the common case  
 Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Gardens, — so unlike the ones we dub  
 Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses, —  
 Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub,  
 Wherefore should they be closed like public houses?  
 No ale is vended at the wild Deer's Head, —  
 No rum — nor gin — not even of a Monday —  
 The Lion is not carved — or gilt — or red, —  
 And does not send out porter of a Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Bear denied! the Leopard under locks!  
 As if his spots would give contagious fevers!  
 The Beaver close as hat within its box;  
 So different from other Sunday beavers!  
 The Birds invisible — the Gnaw-way Rats —  
 The Seal hermetically sealed till Monday —  
 The Monkey tribe — the Family of Cats, —  
 We visit other families on Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What is the brute profanity that shocks  
 The super-sensitively serious feeling?  
 The Kangaroo — is he not orthodox  
 To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling?  
 Was strict Sir Andrew, in his Sabbath coat,  
 Struck all a-heap to see a *Coati mundi*?  
 Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note  
 The Pelicans presenting bills on Sunday? —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What feature has repulsed the serious set ?

What error in the bestial birth or breeding,  
To put their tender fancies on the fret ?

One thing is plain — it is not in the feeding !  
Some stiltish people think that smoking joints  
Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday —  
But then the beasts are pious on these points,  
For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,  
As if transmuted by some spell organic ?

Turns fell Hyena of the Ghoulish race ?

The Snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic ?  
Do Irish minds, — (whose theory allows  
That now and then Good Friday falls on Monday) —  
Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows  
Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday ? —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

There are some moody Fellows, not a few,  
Who, turned by Nature with a gloomy bias,  
Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,

And think when they are dismal they are pious :  
Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun  
Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday —  
Or perhaps some animal, no serious one,  
Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What dire offence have serious Fellows found

To raise their spleen against the Regent's spinney ?  
Were charitable boxes handed round,  
And would not Guinea Pigs subscribe their guinea ?  
Perchance, the Demoiselle refused to moult

The feathers in her head — at least till Monday ;  
 Or did the Elephant, unseemly, bolt  
 A tract presented to be read on Sunday ? —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose ?

Who mourns through Monkey tricks his damaged  
 clothing ?

Who has been hissed by the Canadian Goose ?

On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing ?  
 Some Smithfield Saint did jealous feelings tell  
 To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,  
 Because he preyed extempore as well  
 As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

To me it seems that in the oddest way

(Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)

Our would-be Keepers of the Sabbath-day

Are like the Keepers of the brutes ferocious —  
 As soon the Tiger might expect to stalk  
 About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,  
 As any harmless man to take a walk,  
 If Saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,

As surely as I am a Christian scion,

I cannot think it is a mortal sin —

(Unless he's loose) — to look upon a lion.

I really think that one may go, perchance,

To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday —

(That is, provided that he did not dance) —

Bruin's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday) —

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all the fanatic compiles,  
 I cannot think the day a bit diviner,  
 Because no children, with forestalling smiles,  
 Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor —  
 It is not plain, to my poor faith, at least,  
 That what we christen "Natural" on Monday,  
 The wondrous history of Bird and Beast,  
 Can be unnatural because it's Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work ?  
 The Dove, the winged Columbus of man's haven ?  
 The tender Love-Bird — or the filial Stork ?  
 The punctual Crane — the providential Raven ?  
 The Pelican whose bosom feeds her young ?  
 Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday  
 That feathered marvel with a human tongue,  
 Because she does not preach upon a Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The busy Beaver — that sagacious beast !  
 The Sheep that owned an Oriental Shepherd —  
 That Desert-ship, the Camel of the East,  
 The horned Rhinoceros — the spotted Leopard —  
 The Creatures of the Great Creator's hand  
 Are surely sights for better days than Monday —  
 The Elephant, although he wears no band,  
 Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday ? —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,  
 Weary of frame, and worn and wan of feature,  
 Seek once a week their spirits to assoil,  
 And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature" ?  
 Better it were if, in his best of suits,

The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,  
Should spend a leisure-hour amongst the brutes,  
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Why, zounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss  
(Omit the zounds! for which I make apology)  
But that the Papists, like some Fellows, thus  
Had somehow mixed up *Dens* with their Theology?  
Is Brahma's Bull — a Hindoo god at home —  
A Papal Bull to be tied up till Monday —  
Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,  
That there is such a dread of them on Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough  
To make Religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,  
But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff,  
As vessels cant their ballast — rattling rubbish!  
Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,  
Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,  
And sure as fate they will deny us next  
To see the Dandelions on a Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

---

### A BLACK JOB.

“No doubt the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat.” — HUDIBRAS.

THE history of human-kind to trace  
Since Eve — the first of dupes — our doom unriddled,  
A certain portion of the human race  
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams !

A rage that time seems only to redouble —  
 The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,  
     For rolling in Pactolian streams,  
 That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.  
 No matter what, — to pasture cows on stubble,  
     To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,  
 To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,  
 Or light with gas the whole celestial cope —  
     Only propose to blow a bubble,  
 And, Lord ! what hundreds will suscribe for soap !

Soap ! it reminds me of a little tale,  
 Though not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,  
 When rustic games and merriment prevail —

    But here's my story :

Once on a time — no matter when —  
 A knot of very charitable men  
     Set up a Philanthropical Society,  
     Professing on a certain plan  
     To benefit the race of man,  
 And in particular that dark variety,  
 Which some suppose inferior — as in vermin,  
     The sable is to ermine,  
 As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,  
     As crows to swans, or soot to driven snow,  
     As blacking, or as ink to "milk below,"  
     Or yet, a better simile to show,  
 As ragman's dolls to images in plaster !

However, as is usual in our city,  
 They had a sort of managing Committee,  
     A board of grave, responsible Directors —  
 A Secretary, good at pen and ink —  
 A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,

And quite an army of Collectors!  
 Not merely male, but female duns,  
 Young, old, and middle-aged — of all degrees —  
 With many of those persevering ones,  
 Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!  
 And what might be their aim?  
 To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters —  
 To save their bodies from the burning shame  
 Of branding with hot letters —  
 Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,  
 Their necks from iron yokes?  
 To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,  
 The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery?  
 To school the heathen negroes and enlighten 'em,  
 To polish up and brighten 'em,  
 And make them worthy of eternal bliss?  
 Why, no — the simple end and aim was this —  
 Reading a well-known proverb much amiss —  
 To wash and whiten 'em!

They looked so ugly in their sable hides;  
 So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot  
 Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,  
 However the poor elves,  
 Might wash themselves,  
 Nobody knew if they were clean or not —  
 On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!  
 Not to forget more serious complaints  
 That even while they joined in pious hymn,  
 So black they were and grim,  
 In face and limb,  
 They looked like Devils, though they sang like Saints:  
 The thing was undeniable!  
 They wanted washing! not that slight ablution

To which the skin of the white man is liable,  
Merely removing transient pollution —

But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing  
And scrubbing,

Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head

With stiff, strong saponaceous lather,

And pails of water — hottish rather,

But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!

So spoke the philanthropic man

Who laid, and hatched, and nursed the plan —

And, O! to view its glorious consummation!

The brooms and mops,

The tubs and slops,

The baths and brushes in full operation!

To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,

Go in a raven and come out a swan!

While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,

Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,

And all the little Niggerlings emerge

As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision — but, alas!

However in prospectus bright and sunny,

To bring such visionary scenes to pass

One thing was requisite, and that was — money!

Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,

For socks, and collars, shirts, and frills,

Cravats, and kerchiefs — money, without which

The Negroes must remain as dark as pitch;

A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,

To think of millions of immortal souls

Dwelling in bodies black as coals,

And living — so to speak — in Satan's livery!

Money — the root of evil — dross and stuff!

But, O! how happy ought the rich to feel,  
Whose means enabled them to give enough  
To blanch an African from head to heel!  
How blessed — yea, thrice blessed — to subscribe  
Enough to scour a tribe!

While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,  
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know  
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,  
Or little one!

Moved by this logic, or appalled,  
To persons of a certain turn so proper,  
The money came when called,  
In silver, gold, and copper,  
Presents from "friends to blacks," or foes to whites,  
"Trifles," and "offerings," and "widow's mites,"  
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,  
With other gifts  
And charitable lifts,  
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.  
As thus — Elisha Brettel,  
An iron kettle.  
The Dowager Lady Scannel,  
A piece of flannel.  
Rebecca Pope,  
A bar of soap.  
The Misses Howels,  
Half-a-dozen towels.  
The Master Rush's  
Two scrubbing-brushes.  
Mr. T. Groom,  
A stable-broom,  
And Mrs. Grubb,  
A tub.

Great were the sums collected !  
 And great results in consequence expected.  
 But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavor,  
     According to reports  
     At yearly courts,  
 The Blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !

Yes ! spite of all the water soused aloft,  
 Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,  
 Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,  
 Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,  
 And scourers in the office strong and clever,  
     In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,  
     The routing and the grubbing,  
 The Blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !

In fact, in his perennial speech,  
 The Chairman owned the Niggers did not bleach,  
     As he had hoped,  
     From being washed and soaped,  
 A circumstance he named with grief and pity ;  
     But still he had the happiness to say,  
     For self and the Committee,  
 By persevering in the present way,  
 And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,  
     Although he could not promise perfect white,  
     From certain symptoms that had come to light,  
 He hoped in time to get them gray !

Lulled by this vague assurance,  
 The friends and patrons of the sable tribe  
     Continued to subscribe,  
 And waited, waited on with much endurance —  
 Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter —  
 Many a stinted widow, pinching mother —

With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,  
 Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,  
 Only to hear, as every year came round,  
 That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound ;  
 And as she loved her sable brother,  
 That Mr. Treasurer must have another !

But, spite of pounds or guineas,  
     Instead of giving any hint  
     Of turning to a neutral tint,  
 The plaguy Negroes and their piccaninnies  
 Were still the color of the bird that caws —  
     Only some very aged souls,  
 Showing a little gray upon their polls,  
     Like daws !

    However, nothing dashed  
 By such repeated failures, or abashed,  
 The Court still met ; — the Chairman and Directors,  
     The Secretary, good at pen and ink,  
     The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,  
     And all the cash Collectors ;  
 With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,  
     Without whose help no charlatan alive  
     Or Bubble Company could hope to thrive,  
 Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous —  
 Those good and easy innocents, in fact,  
     Who, willingly receiving chaff for corn,  
 As pointed out by Butler's tact,  
 Still find a secret pleasure in the act  
     Of being plucked and shorn !

However, in long hundreds there they were,  
 Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,

To hear once more addresses from the Chair,  
 And regular Report.

Alas! concluding in the usual strain,

That what with everlasting wear and tear,

The scrubbing-brushes hadn't got a hair —

The brooms — mere stumps — would never serve again —

The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,

The towels worn to threads,

The tubs and pails too shattered to be mended —

And what was added with a deal of pain,

But as accounts correctly would explain,

Though thirty thousand pounds had been expended —

The Blackamoors had still been washed in vain!

“In fact, the Negroes were as black as ink,

Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,

And hoped the proposition was not rash,

A rather free expenditure of cash — ”

But ere the prospect could be made more sunny —

Up jumped a little, lemon-colored man,

And with an eager stammer, thus began,

In angry earnest, though it sounded funny :

“What! More subscriptions! No — no — no, — not I!

You have had time — time — time enough to try!

They WON'T come white! then why — why — why —

why — why,

More money? ”

“Why!” said the Chairman, with an accent bland,

And gentle waving of his dexter hand,

“Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,

More filthy lucre, in a word more gold —

The why, sir, very easily is told,

Because Humanity declares we must!

We've scrubbed the Negroes till we've nearly killed 'em,  
 And, finding that we cannot wash them white,  
 But still their nigritude offends the sight,  
*We mean to gild 'em!*"

---

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQUIRE.

"Close, close your eyes with holy dread,  
 And weave a circle round him thrice;  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise!" — COLERIDGE

"It's very hard them kind of men  
 Won't let a body be." — OLD BALLAD.

A WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,  
 Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,  
 Where rolls between us the eternal sea,  
 Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand, —  
 Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall;  
 Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;  
 Across the wavy waste between us stretched,  
 A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,  
 Wherein my likeness you have darkly etched,  
 And though I have not seen the shadow sketched,  
 Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features : — in a line to paint  
 Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint.  
 Not one of those self-constituted saints,  
 Quacks — not physicians — in the cure of souls,  
 Censors who sniff out moral taints,  
 And call the devil over his own coals —  
 Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,  
 Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibbed ;

Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,  
 Commending sinners not to ice thick-ribbed,  
 But endless flames, to scorch them like flax, —  
 Yet sure of heaven themselves, as if they'd cribbed  
 The impression of St. Peter's keys in wax !

Of such a character no single trace  
 Exists, I know, in my fictitious face ;  
 There wants a certain cast about the eye ;  
 A certain lifting of the nose's tip ;  
 A certain curling of the nether lip,  
 In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky ;  
 In brief, it is an aspect deleterious,  
 A face decidedly not serious,  
 A face profane, that would not do at all  
 To make a face at Exeter Hall, —  
 That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,  
 And laud each other face to face,  
 Till every farthing-candle *ray*  
 Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace !

Well ! — be the graceless lineaments confest !  
 I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth ;  
     And dote upon a jest  
 “ Within the limits of becoming mirth ; ” —  
 No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,  
 Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious —  
 Nor study in my sanctum supercilious  
 To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.  
 I pray for grace — repent each sinful act —  
 Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible ;  
 And love my neighbor, far too well, in fact,  
 To call and twit him with a godly tract  
 That's turned by application to a libel.  
 My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,

All creeds I view with toleration thorough,  
 And have a horror of regarding heaven  
     As any body's rotten borough.

What else? No part I take in party fray,  
 With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging Tartars,  
 I fear no Pope — and let great Ernest play  
 At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs!  
 I own I laugh at over-righteous men,  
 I own I shake my sides at ranters,  
 And treat sham Abr'am saints with wicked banter; ;  
 I even own, that there are times — but then  
 It's when I've got my wine — I say d—— canter!

I've no ambition to enact the spy  
 On fellow-souls, a spiritual Pry —  
 'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses  
 Who thrust them into matters none of theirs :  
 And, though no delicacy discomposes  
 Your saint, yet I consider faith and prayers  
 Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,  
 And thus upon the public mind intrude it,  
 As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,  
 No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it.

On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk ;  
 Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk, —  
     For man may pious texts repeat,  
 And yet religion have no inward seat ;  
 'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,  
 A man has got his belly full of meat  
 Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!

Mere verbiage, — it is not worth a carrot!  
 Why, Socrates or Plato — where's the odds? —

Once taught a Jay to supplicate the gods,  
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot !

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is  
Not a whit better than a Mantis, —  
An insect, of what clime I can't determine,  
That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,  
By simple savages — through sheer pretence —  
Is reckoned quite a saint amongst the vermin.  
But where's the reverence, or where the *nous*,  
To ride on one's religion through the lobby,  
Whether as stalking-horse or hobby,  
To show its pious paces to "the house."

I honestly confess that I would hinder  
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,  
That spiritual Pindar,  
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,  
That must be lashed by law, wherever found,  
And driven to church as to the parish pound.  
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,  
I view that grovelling idea as one  
Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,  
A charity-boy who longs to be a beadle.  
On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd  
How much a man can differ from his neighbor ;  
One wishes worship freely given to God,  
Another wants to make it statute-labor —  
The broad distinction in a line to draw,  
As means to lead us to the skies above,  
You say — Sir Andrew and his love of law,  
And I — the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,  
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole ;

But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,  
 Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,

Fresh from St. Andrew's college,

Should nail the conscious needle to the north ?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink

From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,

That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink

The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly —

My soul revolts at such bare hypocrisy,

And will not, dare not, fancy in accord

The Lord of Hosts with an exclusive lord

Of this world's aristocracy.

It will not own a notion so unholy,

As thinking that the rich by easy trips

May go to heaven, whereas the poor and lowly

Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is — beneath the burial-sod,

Where all mankind are equalized by death ;

Another place there is — the Fane of God,

Where all are equal who draw living breath ; —

Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,

Playing the Judas with a temporal dole —

He who can come beneath that awful cope,

In the dread presence of a Maker just,

Who metes to every pinch of human dust

One even measure of immortal hope —

He who can stand within that holy door,

With soul unbowed by that pure spirit-level,

And frame unequal laws for rich and poor, —

Might sit for Hell, and represent the Devil !

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,

In your last journey-work, perchance, you ravage,

Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say

I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless, savage ;

A very Guy, deserving fire and fagots, —  
 A scoffer, always on the grin,  
 And sadly given to the mortal sin  
 Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots !

The humble records of my life to search,  
 I have not herded with mere pagan beasts ;  
 But sometimes I have “ sat at good men’s feasts,”  
 And I have been “ where bells have knolled to church.”  
 Dear bells ! how sweet the sound of village bells  
 When on the undulating air they swim !  
 Now loud as welcomes ! faint, now, as farewells !  
 And trembling all about the breezy dells,  
 As fluttered by the wings of Cherubim.  
 Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn ;  
 And lost to sight the ecstatic lark above  
 Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,  
 With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon : —  
 O pagans, heathens, infidels, and doubters !  
 If such sweet sounds can’t woo you to religion,  
 Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters ?

A man may cry Church ! Church ! at every word,  
 With no more piety than other people —  
 A daw’s not reckoned a religious bird  
 Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple ;  
 The Temple is a good, a holy place,  
 But quacking only gives it an ill savor ;  
 While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,  
 And bring religion’s self into disfavor !

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,  
 Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,  
 Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,  
 A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,

Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,  
 Against the wicked remnant of the week,  
 A saving bet against his sinful bias —  
 “Rogue that I am,” he whispers to himself,  
 “I lie — I cheat — do any thing for pelf,  
 But who on earth can say I am not pious!”

In proof how over-righteousness reacts,  
 Accept an anecdote well based on facts;  
 On Sunday morning — (at the day don't fret) —  
 In riding with a friend to Ponder's End,  
 Outside the stage, we happened to commend  
 A certain mansion that we saw 'To Let.  
 “Ay,” cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,  
 “You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it!  
 'Twas built by the same man as built yon chapel,  
     And master wanted once to buy it, —  
 But t'other driv the bargain much too hard, —  
     He axed sure-*ly* a sum prodigious!  
 But being so particular religious,  
 Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard!”  
     Church is “a little heaven below,  
     I have been there, and still would go,” —  
 Yet I am none of those who think it odd  
     A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,  
     And, passing by the customary hassock,  
 Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,  
 And sue in formâ pauperis to God.

As for the rest, — intolerant to none,  
 Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,  
 Even the poor pagan's homage to the sun  
 I would not harshly scorn, lest even there  
 I spurned some elements of Christian prayer —  
 An aim, though erring, at a “world ayont” —



With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit  
 The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,  
 About the graceless images to flit,  
 And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers,  
 Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops? —  
 People who hold such absolute opinions  
 Should stay at home in Protestant dominions,  
 Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,  
 Yet weak at the same time,  
 Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,  
 That grasps the nearest stem with tendril rings;  
 And as the climate and the soil may grant,  
 So is the sort of tree to which it clings.  
 Consider, then, before, like Húrlothrumbo,  
 You aim your club at any creed on earth,  
 That, by the simple accident of birth,  
 You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me — through heathen ignorance perchance,  
 Not having knelt in Palestine, — I feel  
 None of that griffinish excess of zeal  
 Some travellers would blaze with here in France.  
 Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,  
 Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker  
 Like crazy Quixotte at the puppet's play,  
 If their "offence be rank," should mine be *rancor*?

Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan  
 To cure the dark and erring mind;  
 But who would rush at a benighted man,  
 And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop  
 Around a cankered stem should twine,

What Kentish boor would tear away the prop  
So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the bine ?

The images, 'tis true, are strangely dressed,  
With gauds and toys extremely out of season ;  
The carving nothing of the very best,  
The whole repugnant to the eye of Reason,  
Shocking to Taste, and to Fine Arts a treason —  
Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect  
One truly *Catholic*, one common form,  
At which uncheeked  
All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,  
One bright and balmy morning, as I went  
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,  
If hard by the wayside I found a cross,  
That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot —  
While Nature of herself, as if to trace  
The emblem's use, had trailed around its base  
The blue significant Forget-Me-Not ?  
Methought, the claims of Charity to urge  
More forcibly along with Faith and Hope,  
The pious choice had pitched upon the verge  
Of a delicious slope,  
Giving the eye much variegated scope ! —  
“ Look round,” it whispered, “ on that prospect rare,  
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue ;  
Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh and fair,  
But ” — (how the simple legend pierced me through !)  
“ PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX.”

With sweet kind natures, as in honeyed cells,  
Religion lives, and feels herself at home ;  
But only on a formal visit dwells  
Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.

Shun pride, O Rae! — whatever sort beside  
 You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!  
 A pride there is of rank — a pride of birth,  
 A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,  
 A London pride — in short, there be on earth  
 A host of prides, some better and some worse;  
 But of all prides, since Lucifer's attain't,  
 The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,  
 Fancy a peacock in a poultry-yard.  
 Behold him in conceited circles sail,  
 Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,  
 In all his pomp of pageantry, as if  
 He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!  
 As for the humble breed retained by man,  
     He scorns the whole domestic clan —  
         He bows, he bridles,  
         He wheels, he sidles,  
 As last, with stately dodgings in a corner,  
 He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her  
 Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!

    "Look here," he cries, (to give him words,)  
     "Thou feathered clay, — thou scum of birds!"  
 Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes, —  
     "Look here, thou vile predestined sinner,  
     Doomed to be roasted for a dinner,  
 Behold these lovely variegated dyes!  
 These are the rainbow colors of the skies,  
 That heaven has shed upon me *con amore* —  
 A Bird of Paradise? — a pretty story!  
 I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!  
     Look at my erown of glory!  
 Thou dingy, dirty, dabbled, draggled jill!"

And off goes Partlett, wriggling from a kick,  
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill!

That little simile exactly paints

How sinners are despised by saints.

By saints! — the Hypocrites that ope heaven's door  
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches —

But put the wicked, naked, bare-legged poor,  
In parish stocks, instead of breeches.

The Saints? — the Bigots that in public spout,  
Spread phosphorus of zeal on seraps of fustian,

And go like walking "Lucifers" about,

Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints! — the aping Fanatics that talk

All cant and rant and rhapsodies high flown —

That bid you balk

A Sunday walk,

And shun God's work as you should shun your own.

The Saints! — the Formalists, the extra pious,

Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,

By trundling, with a mere mechanic bias,

To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl!

The Saints! — the Pharisees, whose beadle stands

Beside a stern coercive kirk,

A piece of human mason-work,

Calling all sermons contrabands,

In that great Temple that's not made with hands!

Thrice blessed, rather, is the man with whom

The gracious prodigality of nature,

The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,

The bounteous providence in every feature,

Recall the good Creator to his creature,

Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome!

To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells  
 Ring Sabbath knells ;  
 The jubilate of the soaring lark  
 Is chant of clerk ;  
 For Choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet ;  
 The sod's a cushion for his pious want ;  
 And, consecrated by the heaven within it,  
 The sky-blue pool, a font.  
 Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar ;  
 An organ breathes in every grove ;  
 And the full heart's a Psalter,  
 Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love !

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians  
 Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust,  
 Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked ; but must  
 Religion have its own Utilitarians,  
 Labelled with evangelical phylacteries,  
 To make the road to heaven a railway trust,  
 And churches — that's the naked fact — mere factories ?

O ! simply open wide the temple door,  
 And let the solemn, swelling organ greet,  
 With *Voluntaries* meet,  
 The *willing* advent of the rich and poor !  
 And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,  
 With rich vibrations from the vocal throng —  
 From quiet shades that to the woods belong,  
 And brooks with music of their own,  
 Voices may come to swell the choral song  
 With notes of praise they learned in musings lone.

How strange it is, while on all vital questions,  
 That occupy the House and public mind,  
 We always meet with some humane suggestions

Of gentle measures of a healing kind,  
 Instead of harsh severity and vigor,  
 The saint alone his preference retains  
 For bills of penalties and pains,  
 And marks his narrow code with legal rigor !  
 Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,  
 What men of all political persuasion  
 Extol — and even use upon occasion —  
 That Christian principle, conciliation ?  
 But possibly the men who make such fuss  
 With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,  
 Attach some other meaning to the term,  
 As thus :

One market morning, in my usual rambles,  
 Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,  
 Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,  
 I had to halt a while, like other folks,

To let a killing butcher coax

A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.  
 A sturdy man he looked to fell an ox,  
 Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak  
 Of well-greased hair down either cheek,  
 As if he dee-dashed-dee'd some other flocks  
 Besides those woolly-headed stubborn blocks  
 That stood before him, in vexatious huddle —  
 Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers grouped,  
 While, now and then, a thirsty creature stooped  
 And meckly snuffed, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce barked the dog, and many a blow was dealt,  
 That loin, and chump, and scrag, and saddle felt,  
 Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it, —  
 And shunned the tainted door as if they smelt  
 Onions, mint-sauce, and lemon-juice behind it.

At last there came a pause of brutal force ;  
 The cur was silent, for his jaws were full  
 Of tangled locks of tarry wool ;  
 The man had whooped and bellowed till dead hoarse,  
 The time was ripe for mild expostulation,  
 And thus it stammered from a stander-by —  
 “ Zounds ! — my good fellow, — it quite makes me — why  
 It really — my dear fellow — do just try  
 Conciliation ! ”

Stringing his nerves like flint,  
 The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint, —  
 At least he seized upon the foremost wether, —  
 And hugged and lugged and tugged him neek and crop  
 Just *volens volens* through the open shop —  
 If tails come off he didn't care a feather, —  
 Then walking to the door, and smiling grim,  
 He rubbed his forehead and his sleeve together —  
 “ There ! — I've *conciliated* him ! ”

Again — good-humoredly to end our quarrel —  
 (Good humor should prevail !)  
 I'll fit you with a tale  
 Whereto is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass  
 Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,  
 Cough, hectic flushes, every evil sign,  
 That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,  
 The doctors gave her over — to an ass.

Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,  
 Each morn the patient quaffed a frothy bowl  
 Of asinine new milk,  
 Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal

Which got proportionably spare and skinny —  
 Meanwhile the neighbors eried “ Poor Mary Ann !  
 She can’t get over it ! she never can ! ”

When, lo ! to prove each prophet was a ninny,  
 The one that died was the poor wet-nurse Jenny.

To aggravate the ease,

There were but two grown donkeys in the place ;  
 And, most unluckily for Eve’s sick daughter,  
 The other long-eared creature was a male,  
 Who never in his life had given a pail

Of milk, or even chalk and water.

No matter : at the usual hour of eight  
 Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,  
 With Mister Simon Gubbins on his back, —  
 “ Your sarvant, Miss, — a werry spring-like day, —  
 Bad time for hasses, though ! good lack ! good lack !  
 Jenny be dead, Miss, — but I’ze brought ye Jack, —  
 He doesn’t give no milk — but he can bray.”

So runs the story,

And, in vain self-glory,

Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness ;

But what the better are their pious saws

To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,

Without the milk of human kindness ?

---

## A TABLE OF ERRATA.

(*Hostess loquitur.*)

WELL ! thanks be to Heaven,

The summons is given ;

It’s only gone seven,

And should have been six ;

There's fine overdoing  
In roasting and stewing,  
And victuals past chewing  
    To rags and to sticks!

How dreadfully chilly!  
I shake, willy-nilly;  
That John is so silly,  
    And never will learn  
This plate is a cold one,  
That cloth is an old one, —  
I wish they had told one  
    The lamp wouldn't burn.

Now then for some blunder  
For nerves to sink under:  
I never shall wonder,  
    Whatever goes ill.  
That fish is a riddle!  
It's broke in the middle.  
A Turbot! a fiddle!  
    It's only a Brill!

It's quite over-boiled too,  
The butter is oiled too,  
The soap is all spoiled too,  
    It's nothing but slop.  
The smelts looking flabby,  
The soles are as dabby,  
It all is so shabby  
    That Cook shall not stop!

As sure as the morning,  
She gets a month's warning,  
My orders for scorning —  
    There's nothing to eat!

I hear such a rushing,  
I feel such a flushing,  
I know I am blushing  
As red as a beet!

Friends flatter and flatter,  
I wish they would chatter;  
What *can* be the matter  
That nothing comes next?  
How very unpleasant!  
Lord! there is the pheasant!  
Not wanted at present,  
I'm born to be vexed!

The pudding brought on too,  
And aiming at ton too!  
And where is that John too,  
The plague that he is?  
He's off on some ramble:  
And there is Miss Campbell,  
Enjoying the scramble,  
Detestable Quiz!

The veal they all eye it,  
But no one will try it,  
An Ogre would shy it  
So rudely as that!  
And as for the mutton,  
The cold dish it's put on  
Converts to a button  
Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard!  
My fate's to be flustered,  
And there comes the custard  
To eat with the hare!

Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,  
 Such waiting and dishing,  
 I cannot help wishing  
     A woman might swear !

O dear ! did I ever —  
 But no, I did never —  
 Well, come, that is clever,  
     To send up the brawn !  
 That Cook, I could scold her,  
 Gets worse as she's older ;  
 I wonder who told her  
     That woodcocks are drawn !

It's really audacious !  
 I cannot look gracious !  
 Lord help the voracious  
     That came for a cram !  
 There's Alderman Fuller  
 Gets duller and duller.  
 Those fowls, by the color,  
     Were boiled with the ham !

Well, where is the curry ?  
 I'm all in a flurry.  
 No, Cook's in no hurry —  
     A stoppage again !  
 And John makes it wider,  
 A pretty provider !  
 By bringing up cider  
     Instead of champagne !

My troubles come faster !  
 There's my lord and master  
 Detects each disaster,  
     And hardly can sit :

He cannot help seeing,  
 All things disagreeing ;  
 If *he* begins d—ing  
     I'm off in a fit !

This cooking ? — it's messing !  
 The spinach wants pressing,  
 And salads in dressing  
     Are best with good eggs.  
 And John — yes, already —  
 Has had something heady,  
 That makes him unsteady  
     In keeping his legs.

How *shall* I get through it ?  
 I never can do it,  
 I'm quite looking to it,  
     To sink by and by.  
 O! would I were dead now,  
 Or up in my bed now,  
 To cover my head now,  
     And have a good cry !

---

## A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS.

“Glorious Apollo from on high behold us.” — OLD SONG.

As latterly I chanced to pass  
 A Public House, from which, alas !  
 The Arms of Oxford dangle !  
 My ear was startled by a din,  
 That made me tremble in my skin,  
 A dreadful hubbub from within,  
 Of voices in a wrangle —

Voices loud, and voices high,  
 With now and then a party-cry,  
 Such as used in times gone by  
 To scare the British border :  
 When foes from North and South of Tweed—  
 Neighbors — and of Christian creed —  
 Met in hate to fight and bleed,  
 Upsetting Social Order.  
 Surprised, I turned me to the crowd,  
 Attracted by that tumult loud,  
 And asked a gazer, beetle-browed,  
 The cause of such disquiet.  
 When, lo ! the solemn-looking man  
 First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,  
 And then, with fluent tongue, began  
 His version of the riot :

A row ! — why, yes, — a pretty row, you might hear  
 from this to Garmany,  
 And what is worse, it's all got up among the Sons of  
 Harmony,  
 The more's the shame for them as used to be in time and  
 tune,  
 And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June !  
 Ah ! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here  
 along,  
 When Swiveller was President a-knocking down a song ;  
 But Dick's resigned the post, you see, and all them shouts  
 and hollers  
 Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned  
 scholars,  
 Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers !  
 Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than  
 any yokel,

But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal;  
Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumor  
varies,

They've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen ca-  
naries;

Though that might pass if they were dabs at t'other sort  
of thing,

For a man may make a song, you know, although he  
cannot sing;

But, lork! it's many folks' belief they're only good at  
prosing,

For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their com-  
posing;

And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,  
If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,  
And then about all sorts of streets, by every little monkey,  
It's chanted like the "Dog's Meat Man," or "If I had a  
Donkey."

Whereas, as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge  
neither,

No ballad worth a ha'penny has ever come from either,  
And him as writ "Jim Crow," he says, and got such  
lots of dollars,

Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that's the meaning of the squabble that  
arouses

This neighborhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads  
of Houses,

Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is  
reason,

In Christian peace and charity according to the season.  
But from Number Thirty-Nine, since this electioneering  
job,

Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there's an everlasting mob;

Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,  
 But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye;  
 And a pretty noise there is! — what with canvassers and  
 spouters,

For in course each side is furnished with its backers and  
 its touters;

And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is car-  
 ried,

You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married;  
 Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,

If you're dying for a surgeon, you must fetch him from  
 the "Arms:"

While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of  
 their scholars,

To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and  
 shame

Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the  
 same;

Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup, —

But they'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up, —

With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of  
 bears,

While they've damaged many articles, and broken lots  
 of squares,

And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and  
 smother,

By throwing *Morning Herald*s, *Times*, and *Standards*  
 at each other;

Not to name the ugly language Gemmen ought n't to  
 repeat,

And the names they call each other — for I've heard  
 'em in the street —

Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and Vipers, and  
what not,

For Pasley and his divers an't so blowing-up a lot.

And then such awful swearing!—for there's one of  
them that cusses

Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition  
'busses ;

For he cusses every member that's agin him at the poll,  
As I wouldn't cuss a donkey, though it hasn't got a soul ;  
And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob, or  
Jim,

To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him.  
Whereby, although as yet they have not took to use  
their fives,

Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their  
knives,

I'm bound there'll be some milling yet, and shakings by  
the collars,

Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers !

To be sure, it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,  
Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his  
call —

And as if there was n't Whigs enough and Tories to fall  
out,

Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about —

Why, a corn-field is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,  
For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking  
crows —

Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish  
stews,

To agitate society and loosen all its screws ;

And which all may be agreeable and proper to their  
spheres, —

But it's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.

And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,  
 And I've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college  
 coach,

And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,  
 And he says that Oxford's famouser for sausages than  
 songs,

And seldom turns a poet out like Hudson that can  
 chant,

As well as make such ditties as the Free and Easies  
 want,

Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind —  
 But it's not the classic system for to propagate the  
 kind.

Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them  
 Scholars

May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,  
 It's the best among the vocalists I'd honor with the  
 choice;

Or a poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the Bunch;  
 Or, at any rate, the surest hand at mixing of the punch;  
 'Cause why, the members meet for that and other tune-  
 ful frolics —

And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and  
 Collec's.

But you see them there Initerants that preach so long  
 and loud,

And always take advantage like the prigs of any crowd,  
 Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they  
 can compass,

Have turned a tavern shindy to a seriouser rumpus,  
 And him as knows most hymns — although I can't see  
 how it follers —

They want to be the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

Well, that's the row — and who can guess the upshot  
after all?  
Whether Harmony will ever make the "Arms" her  
House of call,  
Or whether this here mobbing — as some longish heads  
foretell it,  
Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must  
quell it,  
Howsomever, for the present, there's no sign of any  
peace,  
For the hubbub keeps a growing, and defies the New  
Police ;  
But if I was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of Man,  
Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my  
plan,  
Why, I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a  
needle,  
For I'd have another candidate — and that's the Parish  
Beadle,  
Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by  
proxy,  
And no one never has no doubts about his ortho-  
doxy ;  
Whereby — if folks was wise — instead of either of  
them Scholars,  
And straining their own lungs along of contradictious  
hollers,  
They'll lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as  
follers,  
Namely — Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious  
Apollers !

## ETCHING MORALIZED.

TO A NOBLE LADY.

"To point a moral." — JOHNSON.

FAIREST Lady and Noble, for once on a time,  
 Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,  
 And a style more of Gay than of Milton,  
 A few opportune verses designed to impart  
 Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,  
 Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand  
 Of the fairest and first in this insular land,  
 But in Patronage Royal delighting ;  
 And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,  
 Though it scarce seems a lady-like work that begins  
 In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting*!

Yet, O! that the dames of the Scandalous School  
 Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,  
 That are plied in the said operations —  
 O! would that our Candors on copper would sketch!  
 For the first of all things in beginning to etch  
 Are — good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,  
 Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks  
 That would ruin the copper completely ;  
 Thin cerements which whoso remembers the Bee,  
 So applauded by Watts, the divine I.L. D.,  
 Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why? like some intricate deed of the law,  
 Should the ground in the process be left with a flaw,

Aquafortis is far from a joker ;  
 And attacking the part that no coating protects  
 Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*  
 As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,  
 Until all the bright metal is covered enough  
 To repel a destructive so active  
 For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note  
 That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,  
 Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,  
 And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,  
 Still from future disasters to screen it,  
 Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,  
 You must hinder the footman from changing your *plate*,  
 Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,  
 May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,  
 Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember —  
 Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,  
 Such as having your copper made up into caps  
 To be worn on the First of September.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,  
 You secure the veiled surface, and trace thereupon  
 The design you conceive the most proper :  
 Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,  
 Lest it pierce to the wax through the paper between,  
 And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man  
 Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,  
 Witness Shylock's judicial exposure ;

Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,  
That while urging his *point* he was losing his *ground*,  
And incurring a fatal disclosure.

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose  
To indulge in some little extempore views,  
Like the older artistical people ;  
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,  
In a Low Country Marsh, with a Cow after Cuyp,  
And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,  
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,  
Like the columns of certain diurnals ;  
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,  
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail —  
Or a bevy of Retzsch's *Infernales*.

Architectural study — or rich Arabesque —  
Allegorical dream — or a view picturesque,  
Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence ;  
Or “as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,”  
A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,  
Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste  
Will insure a design very charming and chaste,  
Like yourself, full of nature and beauty —  
Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,  
You will need a few others — of well-tempered steel.  
And especially formed for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,  
Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,  
Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton  
Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,

While the jack, trout, or barbel, effects its escape  
Through the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore let the steel point be set truly and round,  
That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,  
Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.  
But, alas for the needle that fetters the hand,  
And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land  
To be drawn with the requisite freedom!

O! the botches I've seen by a tool of the sort,  
Rather hitching, than etching, and making, in short,  
Such stiff, crabbed, and angular scratches,  
That the figures seemed statues or mummies from tombs,  
While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,  
And the herbage like bunches of matches!

The stiff clouds as if carefully ironed and starched,  
While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arched  
Something more like a road than a river.  
Prithee, who in such characteristics could see  
Any trace of the beautiful land of the free —  
The Free-Mason — Free-Trader — Free-Liver!

But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,  
The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,  
At the will of the Gentle Designer,  
Who impelling the needle just presses so much,  
That each line of her labor *the copper may touch*,  
As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And, behold! how the fast-growing images gleam!  
Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,  
Till, perplexed by the glittering issue,  
You repine for a light of a tenderer kind —  
And in choosing a substance for making a blind,  
Do not sneeze at the paper called *tissue*.

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,  
 Your design will appear in a soberer light,  
 And reveal its defects on inspection,  
 Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,  
 And some more of our dazzling performances, seem  
 Not so bright on a *cooler reflection*.

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views  
 His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his Muse  
 Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender —  
 Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,  
 And, alas! *takes the shine out of every line*  
 That had formed such a vision of splendor.

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,  
 Which, designed by a hand unaccustomed to etch,  
 With a luckless result may be branded ;  
 Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,  
 Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,  
 And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed*.

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,  
 But remember how often mere blessings fall out,  
 That at first seemed no better than curses ;  
 So, till *things take a turn*, live in hope, and depend,  
 That whatever is wrong will come right in the end,  
 And console you for all your *reverses*.

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth  
 Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,  
 Of that Club (may all honor betide it!)  
 Which, though dealing in copper, by genius and taste  
 Has accomplished a *service of plate* not disgraced  
 By the work of a Goldsmith beside it! \*

\* The Deserted Village, illustrated by the Etching Club.

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate  
 It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,  
 Which involves a precise operation,  
 With a keen-biting fluid, which *eating its way* —  
 As in other professions is common, they say —  
 Has attained an artistical station.

And it's O! that some splenetic folks I could name,  
 If they *must* deal in acids, would use but the same  
 In such innocent graphical labors!  
 In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith —  
 Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith —  
 They keep biting the backs of their neighbors!

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's pitch,  
 You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in which  
 You may pour the dilute aquafortis.  
 For if raw, like a dram, it will shock you to trace  
 Your design with a horrible froth on its face,  
 Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too many endure,  
 From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,  
 A vile practice, most sad and improper!  
 For, from painful examples, this warning is found,  
 That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,  
 In the church-yard, as well as on copper!

But the Acid has duly been lowered, and bites  
 Only just where the visible metal invites,  
 Like a nature inclined to meet troubles;  
 And, behold! as each slender and glittering line  
 Effervesces, you trace the completed design  
 In an elegant bead-work of bubbles!

And yet, constantly, secretly, eating its way,  
 The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,  
 Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,  
 Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the while  
 That the face is illumed by its cheerfullest smile,  
 And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff  
 Has corroded and deepened some portions enough —  
 The pure sky, and the water so placid —  
 And, these tenderer tints to defend from attack,  
 With some turpentine, varnish, and sooty lampblack,  
 You must *stop* out the ferreting acid.

But before with the varnishing brush you proceed,  
 Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed  
 From the other less innocent liquor —  
 After which, on whatever you want to protect,  
 Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,  
 Like the black one that hangs on the Vicar.

Then the varnish well dried — urge the biting again,  
 But how long at its meal the *eau forte* may remain,  
 Time and practice alone can determine :  
 But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,  
 The rude Bridge, and the Figures, whatever you will,  
 Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap,  
 With a sort of Blackheath, and Black Forest, mayhap,  
 Is considered as rather Rembrandty ;  
 And that very black cattle, and very black sheep,  
 A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep,  
 Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,  
 All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,  
     From our birth to our final adjourning —  
 Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack !  
 What with ravens, palls, cottons, and devils, as black  
     As a Warehouse for Family Mourning !

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,  
 While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though  
     rich,  
     More transparent than ebony shutters,  
 Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,  
 Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,  
     As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat*,  
 Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti, or sweet —  
     For your hand a performance scarce proper —  
 So some careful professional person secure —  
 For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur —  
     To assist you in *cleaning the copper*.

And, in truth, 'tis a rather unpleasantish job,  
 To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob —  
     Though as sure of an instant forgetting :  
 When — as after the dark clearing off of a storm —  
 The fair landscape shines out in a lustre as warm  
     As the glow of the sun in its setting !

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,  
 That with certain assistance from paper and print,  
     Which the proper Mechanic will settle,  
 You may charm all your Friends — without any sad tale  
 Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale —  
     With a *fine India Proof of your Metal*.

## ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

AH me! those old familiar bounds!  
 That classic house, those classic grounds,  
     My pensive thought recalls!  
 What tender urchins now confine,  
 What little captives now repine,  
     Within yon irksome walls!

Ay, that's the very house! I know  
 Its ugly windows, ten a-row!  
     Its chimneys in the rear!  
 And there's the iron rod so high,  
 That drew the thunder from the sky,  
     And turned our table-beer!

There I was birched! there I was bred!  
 There like a little Adam fed  
     From Learning's woful tree!  
 The weary tasks I used to con! —  
 The hopeless leaves I wept upon! —  
     Most fruitless leaves to me! —

The summoned class! — the awful bow! —  
 I wonder who is master now,  
     And wholesome anguish sheds!  
 How many ushers now employs,  
 How many maids to see the boys  
     Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S \* \* \*? — Doth she abet  
 (Like Pallas in the parlor) yet  
     Some favored two or three, —

The little Crichtons of the hour,  
 Her muffin-medals that devour,  
 And swill her prize — bohea ?

Ay, there's the playground ! there's the lime,  
 Beneath whose shade in summer's prime  
 So wildly I have read ! —  
 Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream  
 Of young Romance, and weaves a dream  
 Of Love and Cottage-bread ?

Who struts the Randall of the walk ?  
 Who models tiny heads in chalk ?  
 Who scoops the light canoe ?  
 What early genius buds apace ?  
 Where's Poynter ? Harris ? Bowers ? Chase ?  
 Hal Baylis ? blithe Carew ?

Alack ! they're gone — a thousand ways !  
 And some are serving in “ the Greys,”  
 And some have perished young ! —  
 Jack Harris weds his second wife ;  
 Hal Baylis drives the *wayne* of life ;  
 And blithe Carew — is hung !

Grave Bowers teaches A B C  
 To Savages at Owhyee ;  
 Poor Chase is with the worms ! —  
 All, all are gone — the olden breed ! —  
 New crops of mushroom boys succeed,  
 “ And push us from our *forms* !”

Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,  
 And leap, and skip, and mob about,  
 At play where we have played !

Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine  
 Their crony arms ; some in the shine,  
 And some are in the shade !

Lo there what mixed conditions run !  
 The orphan lad ; the widow's son ;  
 And Fortune's favored care —  
 The wealthy born, for whom she hath  
 Macadamized the future path —  
 The nabob's pampered heir !

Some brightly starred — some evil born, —  
 For honor some, and some for scorn, —  
 For fair or foul renown !  
 Good, bad, indifferent — none they lack !  
 Look, here's a white, and there's a black !  
 And there's a creole brown !

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,  
 And wish *their* frugal sires would keep  
 Their only sons at home ; —  
 Some tease the future tense, and plan  
 The full-grown doings of the man,  
 And pant for years to come !

A foolish wish ! There's one at hoop ;  
 And four at *fives* ! and five who stoop  
 The marble taw to speed !  
 And one that curvets in and out,  
 Reining his fellow-cob about,  
 Would I were in his *steed* !

Yet he would gladly halt and drop  
 That boyish harness off, to swop  
 With this world's heavy van —  
 To toil, to tug. O little fool !

While thou canst be a horse at school  
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing  
To wear a crown,—to be a king!

And sleep on regal down!  
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;  
Far happier is thy head that wears  
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire  
New added joys? Dost think thy sire  
More happy than his son?  
That manhood's mirth? — O, go thy ways  
To Drury-lane when —— *plays*,  
And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave! — thy tops are rare! —  
*Our* tops are spun with coils of care,  
*Our dumps* are no delight! —  
The Elgin marbles are but tame,  
And 'tis at best a sorry game  
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,  
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead,  
Like balls with no rebound!  
And often with a faded eye  
We look behind, and send a sigh  
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got  
The most of heaven in thy young lot;  
There's sky-blue in thy cup!  
Thou'lt find thy manhood all too fast —  
Soon come, soon gone! and age at last  
A sorry *breaking up*!

## A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

O, WHEN I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind! —  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing; —  
But now those past delights I drop;  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles, — once my bag was stored, —  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
With Theseus for a taw!  
My playful horse has slipt his string!  
Forgotten all his capering,  
And harnessed to the law!

My kite — how fast and far it flew!  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
My pleasure from the sky!  
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,  
The tasks I wrote — my present dreams  
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;  
My dumps are made of more than lead;  
My flights soon find a fall;  
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,  
Joy never cometh with a hoop,  
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;  
I am a shuttlecock myself  
The world knocks to and fro ; —  
My archery is all unlearned,  
And grief against myself has turned  
My arrows and my bow !

No more in noontide sun I bask :  
My authorship's an endless task,  
My head's ne'er out of school ;  
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,  
I have too many foes to fight,  
And friends grown strangely cool !

The very chum that shared my cake  
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,  
It makes me shrink and sigh : —  
On this I will not dwell and hang,  
The changeling would not feel a pang  
Though these should meet his eye !

No skies so blue or so serene  
As then ; — no leaves look half so green  
As clothed the play-ground tree !  
All things I loved are altered so,  
Nor does it ease my heart to know  
That change resides in me !

O, for the garb that marked the boy,  
The trousers made of corduroy,  
Well inked with black and red !  
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill —  
It only let the sunshine still  
Repose upon my head !

O, for the riband round the neck !  
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck

My book and collar both!  
 How can this formal man be styled  
 Merely an Alexandrine child,  
 A boy of larger growth?

O, for that small, small beer anew!  
 And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue  
 That washed my sweet meals down;  
 The master even! — and that small Turk  
 That fagged me — worse is now my work —  
 A fag for all the town!

O, for the lessons learned by heart!  
 Ay, though the very birch's smart  
 Should mark those hours again;  
 I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned  
 Beneath the stroke, and even find  
 Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!  
 The Fairy Tales in school-time read,  
 By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!  
 The angel form that always walked  
 In all my dreams, and looked and talked  
 Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene* — Christmas come!  
 The prize of merit, won for home —  
 Merit had prizes then!  
 But now I write for days and days,  
 For fame — a deal of empty praise,  
 Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach —  
 The joyous shout — the loud approach —

The winding horns like rams'!  
 The meeting sweet that made me thrill,  
 The sweet-meats almost sweeter still,  
 No "satis" to the "jams!"—

When that I was a tiny boy  
 My days and nights were full of joy,  
 My mates were blithe and kind!  
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
 To cast a look behind!



## FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

"Aurum *pot-a-bile*:"—Gold biles the pot.—FREE TRANSLATION.

FAREWELL then, my golden repeater,  
 We're come to my Uncle's old shop;  
 And hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,  
 The Cerberus growls for a sop.

To quit thee, my comrade diurnal,  
 My feelings will certainly scotch;  
 But O! there's a riot internal,  
 And Famine calls out for the Watch!

O! hunger's a terrible trial,  
 I really must have a relief—  
 So here goes the plates of your dial  
 To fetch me some Williams's beef!

As famished as any lost seaman,  
 I've fasted for many a dawn,  
 And now must play chess with the Demon,  
 And give it a *check* with a *pawn*.

I've fasted, since dining at Buncle's,  
Two days with true Perceval zeal —  
And now must make up at my Uncle's,  
By getting a *duplicate* meal.

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,  
That rifles my fob with a snatch ;  
Alas ! I must pick my own pocket,  
And make gravy-soup of my watch !

So long I have wandered a starver,  
I'm getting as keen as a hawk ;  
Time's long hand must take up a carver,  
His short hand lay hold of a fork.

Right heavy and sad the event is,  
But O ! it is Poverty's crime ;  
I've been such a Brownrigg's Apprentice,  
I thus must be "out of my Time."

Folks talk about dressing for dinner,  
But I have for dinner undrest ;  
Since Christmas, as I am a sinner,  
I've eaten a suit of my best.

I haven't a rag or a mummock  
To fetch me a chop or a steak ;  
I wish that the coats of my stomach  
Were such as my Uncle would take !

When dishes were ready with garnish  
My watch used to warn with a chime —  
But now my repeater must furnish  
The dinner in lieu of the time !

My craving will have no denials,  
 I can't fob it off, if you stay,  
 So go — and the old Seven Dials  
 Must tell me the time of the day.

Your chimes I shall never more hear 'em,  
 To part is a Tic Douloureux !  
 But Tempus has his edax rerum,  
 And I have my Feeding-Time too !

Farewell then, my golden repeater,  
 We're come to my Uncle's old shop —  
 And Hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,  
 The Cerberus growls for a sop !

Alas! when in Brook Street the upper  
 In comfort I lived between walls,  
 I've gone to a dance for my supper; —  
 But now I must go to Three Balls !

---

### THE BROKEN DISH.

WHAT'S life but full of care and doubt,  
 With all its fine humanities ?  
 With parasols we walk about,  
 Long pigtails and such vanities.

We plant pomegranate trees and things,  
 And go in gardens sporting,  
 With toys and fans of peacock's wings,  
 To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,  
 And fish in boats for fishes,

Build summer-houses painted blue —  
But life's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,  
Blue bridges and blue rivers,  
How little thought them two Chinese,  
They'd both be smashed to shivers.

---

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT.

O PEACE! O come with me and dwell —  
But stop, for there's the bell.

O Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,  
On Wednesday, when there's very few  
In loft or pew —

Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.

O Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage —  
Hush! there's a carriage.

O Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods —  
The five Miss Woods.

O Peace! thou art the Goddess I adore —  
There come some more.

O Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet —  
That's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.

O Peace!

Knocks will not cease.

O Peace! thou wert for human comfort planned —  
That's Weippert's band.

O Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches —  
I hear the sound of coaches.

O Peace! O Peace! — another carriage stops —  
It's early for the Blenkinsops.

O Peace! with thee I love to wander,  
But wait till I have showed up Lady Squander,  
And now I've seen her up the stair,  
O Peace! — but here comes Captain Hare.  
O Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,  
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken —  
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,  
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind;  
O Peace! serene in worldly shyness —  
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

O Peace! if you do not disdain  
To dwell amongst the menial train,  
I have a silent place, and lone,  
That you and I may call our own;  
Where tumult never makes an entry —  
Susan, what business have you in my pantry?  
O Peace! but there is Major Monk,  
At variance with his wife — O Peace!  
And that great German, Vander Trunk,  
And that great talker, Miss Apreece;  
O Peace! so dear to poets' quills —  
They're just beginning their quadrilles —  
O Peace! our greatest renovator;  
I wonder where I put my waiter —  
O Peace! — but here my Ode I'll cease;  
I have no peace to write of Peace.

## POMPEY'S GHOST.

## A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Skins may differ. but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same."

COWPER.

'Twas twelve o'clock, not twelve at night,  
But twelve o'clock at noon ;  
Because the sun was shining bright  
And not the silver moon.  
A proper time for friends to call,  
Or Pots, or Penny Post ;  
When, lo ! as Phœbe sat at work,  
She saw her Pompey's Ghost !

Now when a female has a call  
From people that are dead,  
Like Paris ladies she receives  
Her visitors in bed.  
But Pompey's spirit would not come  
Like spirits that are white,  
Because he was a Blackamoor,  
And wouldn't show at night !

But of all unexpected things  
That happen to us here,  
The most unpleasant is a rise  
In what is very dear.  
So Phœbe screamed an awful scream  
To prove the seaman's text,  
That after black appearances,  
White squalls will follow next.

"O, Phœbe dear ! O, Phœbe dear !  
Don't go to scream or faint ;

You think because I'm black I am  
The Devil, but I ain't !  
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe  
I walked while I had breath ;  
But that is past, and I am now  
A-walking after Death !

“No murder, though, I come to tell  
By base and bloody crime ;  
So, Phœbe dear, put off your fits  
To some more fitting time.  
No Coroner, like a boatswain's mate,  
My body need attack,  
With his round dozen to find out  
Why I have died so black.

“One Sunday, shortly after tea,  
My skin began to burn  
As if I had in my inside  
A heater, like the urn.  
Delirious in the night I grew,  
And as I lay in bed,  
They say I gathered all the wool  
You see upon my head.

“His Lordship for his Doctor sent,  
My treatment to begin ; —  
I wish that he had called him out,  
Before he called him in !  
For though to physic he was bred,  
And passed at Surgeon's Hall,  
To make his post a sinecure  
He never cured at all !

“The Doctor looked about my breast,  
And then about my back,

And then he shook his head and said,  
    'Your case looks very black.'  
And first he sent me hot cayenne  
    And then gamboge to swallow,  
But still my fever would not turn  
    To Scarlet or to Yellow!

"With madder and with turmeric,  
    He made his next attack ;  
But neither he nor all his drugs  
    Could stop my dying black.  
At last I got so sick of life,  
    And sick of being dosed,  
One Monday morning I gave up  
    My physic and the ghost!

"O, Phœbe, dear, what pain it was  
    To sever every tie!  
You know black beetles feel as much  
    As giants when they die.  
And if there is a bridal bed,  
    Or bride of little worth,  
It's lying in a bed of mould,  
    Along with Mother Earth.

"Alas! some happy, happy day,  
    In church I hoped to stand,  
And like a muff of sable skin  
    Receive your lily hand.  
But sternly with that piebald match  
    My fate untimely clashes,  
For now, like Pompe-double-i,  
    I'm sleeping in my ashes!

"And now farewell! a last farewell!  
    I'm wanted down below,

And have but time enough to add  
 One word before I go —  
 In mourning crape and bombazine  
 Ne'er spend your precious self-  
 Don't go in black for me — for I  
 Can do it for myself.

“Henceforth within my grave I rest,  
 But Death, who there inherits,  
 Allowed my spirit leave to come,  
 You seemed so out of spirits ;  
 But do not sigh, and do not cry,  
 By grief too much engrossed,  
 Nor for a ghost of color, turn  
 The color of a ghost !

“Again, farewell, my Phœbe dear !  
 Once more a last adieu !  
 For I must make myself as scarce  
 As swans of sable hue.”  
 From black to gray, from gray to nought  
 The shape began to fade —  
 And, like an egg, though not so white,  
 The Ghost was newly laid !

---

ODE TO DR. HAHNEMANN, THE HOMŒ-  
 OPATHIST.

WELL, Doctor,  
 Great concoctor  
 Of medicines to help in man's distress ;  
 Diluting down the strong to meek,  
 And making ev'n the weak more weak,

“Fine by degrees, and beautifully less” —  
 Founder of a new system economic,  
 To druggists any thing but comic ;  
 Framed the whole race of Ollapods to fret  
 At profits, like thy doses, very small ;  
 To put all Doctors’ Boys in evil case,  
 Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place —  
 And show us old Apothecaries’ Hall  
 “To Let.”

How fare thy Patients ? are they dead or living,  
 Or well as can expected be, with such  
 A style of practice, liberally giving  
 “A sum of more to that which had too much ?”  
 Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it ?  
 Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not ?  
 Do fevers yield to any thing that’s hot ?  
 Or hearty dinners neutralize a surfeit ?  
 Is’t good advice for gastronomic ills,  
 When Indigestion’s face with pain is crumpling,  
 To cry, “Discard those Peristaltic Pills.  
 Take a hard dumpling ?”

Tell me, thou German Cousin,  
 And tell me honestly, without a diddle,  
 Does an attenuated dose of rosin  
 Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle* ?  
 Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,  
 Like eels just caught by sniggle,  
 Martyrs to some acidity internal,  
 That gives them pangs infernal,  
 Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges ;  
 Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,  
 Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,  
 The half of half of half a drop of “*varges* ?”

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,  
 A soldier pillowed on a heap of slain,  
 In urgent want both of a priest and proctor ;  
 When lo ! there comes a man in green and red,  
 A featherless cocked hat adorns his head,  
 In short, a Saxon military doctor —  
 Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,  
     To cure a horrid gaping wound,  
     Made by a ball that weighed a pound,  
 If he well peppered it with number six ?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing  
     Within a *rope*,  
     Might friends not hope  
 To cure him with a *string* ?  
 Suppose his breath arrived at a full stop,  
 The shades of death in a black cloud before him,  
 Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop  
     Restore him ?

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,  
     Snapping to left and right,  
 And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,  
     Terrific sounds,  
 The pallid neighborhood with horror cowing,  
 To hit the proper homœopathic mark ;  
 Now, might not "the last taste in life" of *bark*  
     Stop his *bow-wow-ing* ?  
 Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,  
 Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,  
     He took "*a hair*  
*Of the dog that bit him ?*"

Picture a man — we'll say a Dutch Meinheer —  
     In evident emotion,

Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,  
 Owing those symptoms queer  
 Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,  
 Can any thing in life be more pathetic  
 Than when he turns to us his wretched face? —  
 But would it mend his case  
 To be decillionth-doséd  
 With something like the ghost  
 Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darkened room!  
 Look through the dreary gloom,  
 And see that coverlet of wildest form,  
 Tost like the billows in a storm,  
 Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges  
 A ghastly head! —  
 While two impatient arms still beat the bed,  
 Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges:  
 There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,  
 With many a mortal ecstacy of pain —  
 What shall support the body in its trial,  
 Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,  
 And tame the raging Malady within —  
 A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial?

O! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh  
 And cry together, half and half,  
 Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,  
 To think, whilst I have crowed like chanticleer,  
 Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear  
 Hath gushed with my light levity at schism,  
 To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism:  
 Perchance, upon thy system, I have given  
 A pang, superfluous, to the pains of Sorrow,  
 Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;

Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,  
 Sighing to one sad strain,  
 "She will not come again,  
 To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow!"

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe  
 A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,  
 Inserting a few serious words by stealth;  
*Above all price of wealth*  
*The Body's jewel — not for minds profane,*  
*Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain —*  
*Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.*  
*A heavenly gift within a holy shrine!*  
*To be approached and touched with serious fear,*  
*By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,*  
*Ev'n as the Priesthood of the ONE divine!*

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,  
 And, strange to fame,  
 With a diploma'd name,  
 That carries two more letters pick-a-back,  
 With cane, and snuffbox, powdered wig, and block,  
 Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,  
 And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism  
 Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;  
 Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,  
 O how, my unrelated German cousin,  
 Who having some such time-keeper on trial,  
 And finding it too fast, enforced the dial,  
 To strike upon the Homœopathic plan  
 Of fourteen to the dozen?

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,  
 Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep,

Like Prospero's, beneath the briny sea,  
 For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!  
 Leave no decillionth fragment of your works  
 To help the interest of quacking Burkes;  
 Aid not in murdering even widows' mites —  
 And now forgive me for my candid zeal,  
 I had not said so much, but that I feel  
 Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,  
 An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

---

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S EVE.

“Look out for squalls.” — THE PILOT.

O COME, dear Barney Isaacs, come,  
 Punch for one night can spare his drum  
 As well as pipes of Pan!  
 Forget not, Popkins, your bassoon,  
 Nor, Mister Bray, your horn, as soon  
 As you can leave the Van;  
 Blind Billy, bring your violin;  
 Miss Crow, you're great in Cherry Ripe!  
 And Chubb, your viol must drop in  
 Its bass to Soger Tommy's pipe.  
 Ye butchers, bring your bones:  
 An organ would not be amiss;  
 If grinding Jim has spouted his,  
 Lend yours, good Mister Jones.  
 Do, hurdy-gurdy Jenny — do  
 Keep sober for an hour or two,  
 Music's charms to help to paint;  
 And, Sandy Gray, if you should not  
 Your bagpipes bring — O tuneful Scot!  
 Conceive the feelings of the Saint!

Miss Strummel issues an invite,  
 For music, and turn-out to-night  
 In honor of Cecilia's session ;  
 But ere you go, one moment stop,  
 And with all kindness let me drop  
 A hint to you and your profession.  
 Imprimis then : Pray keep within  
 The bounds to which your skill was born ;  
 Let the one-handed let alone Trombone,  
 Don't — Rheumatiz ! seize the violin,  
 Or Ashmy snatch the horn !  
 Don't ever to such rows give birth,  
 As if you had no end on earth  
 Except to " wake the lyre ; "  
 Don't " strike the harp," pray never do,  
 Till others long to strike it too,  
 Perpetual harping's apt to tire ;  
 O I have heard such flat-and sharpers,  
     I've blest the head  
     Of good King Ned,  
 For seragging all those old Welsh Harpers !

Pray, never, ere each tuneful doing,  
 Take a prodigious deal of wooing ;  
 And then sit down to thrum the strain  
 As if you'd never rise again —  
 The least Cecilia-like of things ;  
 Remember that the Saint has wings.  
 I've known Miss Strummel pause an hour,  
 Ere she could " Pluck the Fairest Flower,"  
 Yet without hesitation, she  
 Plunged next into the " Deep, Deep Sea,"  
 And when on the keys she *does* begin,  
 Such awful torments soon you share,

She really seems like Milton's "Sin,"  
 Holding the keys of — you know where!

Never tweak people's ears so toughly,  
 That urchin-like they can't help saying —  
 "O dear! O dear — you call this playing,  
 But O, it's playing very roughly!"  
 Oft, in the ecstasy of pain,  
 I've cursed all instrumental workmen,  
 Wished Broadwood Thurtelled in a lane,  
 And Kirke White's fate to every Kirkman —  
 I really once delighted spied  
 "Clementi Collard" in Cheapside.

Another word — don't be surprised,  
 Revered and ragged street Musicians,  
 You have been only half-baptized,  
 And each name proper, or improper,  
 Is not the value of a copper,  
 Till it has had the due additions,

Husky, Rusky,  
 Ninny, Tinny,  
 Hummel, Bummel,  
 Bowski, Wowski,

All these are very good selectables;  
 But none of your plain pudding-and-tames —  
 Folks that are called the hardest names  
 Are music's most respectables.

Ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,  
 Look as foreign as you can,  
 Don't cut your hair, or wash your skin,  
 Make ugly faces and begin.

Each Dingy Orpheus gravely hears,  
 And now to show they understand it!

Miss Crow her scannel throttle clears,  
 And all the rest prepare to band it.  
 Each scraper ripe for concertante,  
 Rozins the hair of Rozinante :  
 Then all sound A, if they know which,  
 That they may join like birds in June :  
 Jack Tar alone neglects to tune,  
 For he's all over concert-pitch.  
 A little prelude goes before,  
 Like a knock and ring at music's door,  
 Each instrument gives in its name ;  
     Then sitting in  
     They all begin  
 To play a musical round game.  
 Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,  
 Leads a first fiddle to the band,  
     A second follows suit ;  
 Anon the ace of Horns comes plump  
 On the two fiddles with a trump ;  
     Puffindorf plays a flute.  
 This sort of musical revoke,  
 The grave bassoon begins to smoke,  
 And in rather grumpy kind  
 Of tone begins to speak its mind ;  
 The double drum is next to mix,  
 Playing the Devil on Two Sticks —  
     Clamor, clamor,  
     Hammer, hammer,  
 While now and then a pipe is heard,  
 Insisting to put in a word  
     With all his shrilly best ;  
 So to allow the little minion  
 Time to deliver his opinion,  
     They take a few bars rest.

Well, little Pipe begins — with sole  
 And small voice going thro' the *hole*,  
     Beseeching,  
     Preaching,  
     Squealing,  
     Appealing,  
 Now as high as he can go,  
 Now in language rather low,  
 And having done — begins once more,  
 Verbatim what he said before.  
 This twiddling-twaddling sets on fire  
 All the old instrumental ire,  
 And fiddles, for explosion ripe,  
 Put out the little squeaker's pipe ;  
 This wakes bass viol — and viol for that  
 Seizing on innocent little B flat,  
 Shakes it like terrier shaking a rat —  
     They all seem miching malico !  
 To judge from a rumble unawares,  
 The drum has had a pitch down stairs ;  
     And the trumpet rash,  
     By a violent crash,  
 Seems splitting somebody's calico !  
 The viol too groans in deep distress,  
 As if he suddenly grew sick ;  
 And one rapid fiddle sets off express —  
     Hurrying,  
     Scurrying,  
     Spattering,  
     Clattering,  
 To fetch him a Doctor of Music.  
 This tumult sets the Haut-boy crying  
 Beyond the Piano's pacifying,

The cymbal  
 Gets nimble,  
 'Triangle  
 Must wrangle,

The band is becoming most martial of bands,  
 When just in the middle,

A quakerly fiddle,

Proposes a general shaking of hands !

Quaking,

Shaking,

Quivering,

Shivering,

Long bow — short bow — each bow drawing :

Some like filing — some like sawing ;

At last these agitations cease,

And they all get

The flageolet,

To breathe “a piping time of peace.”

Ah, too deceitful charm,

Like lightning before death,

For Scrapenberg to rest his arm,

And Puffindorf get breath !

Again without remorse or pity,

They play “The Storming of a City.”

Miss S. herself composed and planned it —

When lo ! at this renewed attack,

Up jumps a little man in black —

“The very Devil cannot stand it !”

And with that,

Snatching hat,

(Not his own,)

Off is flown,

Thro' the door,

In his black,  
 To come back,  
 Never, never, never, more !  
 O Music ! praises thou hast had,  
 From Dryden and from Pope,  
 For thy good notes, yet none I hope,  
 But I, e'er praised the bad.  
 Yet are not saint and sinner even ?  
 Miss Strummel on Cecilia's level ?  
 One drew an angel down from heaven !  
 The other scared away the Devil !

---

### THE LOST HEIR.

“ O where, and O where  
 Is my bonnie laddie gone ? ” — OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by  
 That part of Holborn christened High,  
 I heard a loud and sudden cry  
 That chilled my very blood ;  
 And lo ! from out a dirty alley,  
 Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,  
 I saw a crazy woman sally,  
 Bedaubed with grease and mud.  
 She turned her East, she turned her West,  
 Staring like Pythoness possest,  
 With streaming hair and heaving breast,  
 As one stark mad with grief.  
 This way and that she wildly ran,  
 Jostling with woman and with man —  
 Her right hand held a frying-pan,  
 The left a lump of beef.

At last her frenzy seemed to reach  
 A point just capable of speech,  
 And with a tone, almost a screech,  
 As wild as ocean birds,  
 Or female Ranter moved to preach,  
 She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick  
 stark staring wild!

Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a  
 crying lost-looking child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if  
 I only knew which way —

A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially  
 Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver — get out of my sight, do, you  
 wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!

You promised to have half an eye to him, you know  
 you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with  
 my own blessed Motherly eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making  
 little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court, where he was better off than  
 all the other young boys,

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a  
 dead kitten by way of toys.

When his Father comes home, and he always comes  
 home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,

He'll be rampant, he will, at his ehild being lost; and  
 the beef and the inguns not done!

La bless you, good folks, mind your own concerns, and  
 don't be making a mob in the street;

O Serjeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my  
 poor little boy, have you, in your beat?

Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me  
like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;  
Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a  
court for the sake of his clothes by the priggs;  
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it my-  
self for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;  
And his trousers considering not very much patched, and  
red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.  
His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or  
that might have gone with the rest;  
But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits  
and a burn on the breast.  
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in,  
and not quite so much jagged at the brim.  
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not  
a fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.  
Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive,  
some old beggar woman in want of an orphan  
Had borrowed the child to go a begging with; but I'd  
rather see him laid out in his coffin!  
Do, good people, move on; such a rabble of boys! I'll  
break every bone of 'em I come near;  
Go home — you're spilling the porter — go home —  
Tommy Jones, go along with your beer.  
This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since  
my name was Betty Morgan.  
Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all  
along of following a Monkey and an Organ:  
O my Billy — my head will turn right round — if he's  
got kiddynapped with them Italians  
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will,  
the outlandish tatterdemalions.  
Billy — where are you, Billy? — I'm as hoarse as a crow,  
with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!

And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying  
fresh herrings to-morrow.

O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life  
won't be of no more vally,

If I'm to see other folks' darlins, and none of mine, play-  
ing like angels in our alley.

And what shall I do but ery out my eyes, when I looks  
at the old three-legged chair

As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there  
a'nt no Billy there !

I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only  
knowed where to run ;

Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a  
month through stealing a penny-bun —

The Lord forbid of any ehild of mine ! I think it would  
kill me raily

To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the  
Old Bailey.

For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may  
search for miles and mileses

And not find one better brought up, and more pretty  
behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.

And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a  
Mother ought to speak ;

You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it  
hasn't been washed for a week ;

As for hair, though it's red, it's the most nicest hair when  
I've time to just show it the comb ;

I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will  
only bring him safe and sound home.

He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a  
little cast he's certainly got ;

And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is  
broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot ;

He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and  
very large teeth for his age ;  
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play  
Cupid on the Drury Lane Stage.  
And then he has got such dear winning ways — but O I  
never never shall see him no more !  
O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing him  
back from death's door !  
Only the very last month, when the windfalls, hang 'em,  
was at twenty a penny !  
And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in  
plums, and sixty for a child is too many.  
And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us all, and,  
drat him, made a seize of our hog. —  
It's no use to send the Cryer to cry him about, he's such  
a blunderin' drunken old dog ;  
The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was  
guzzling with his bell at the Crown,  
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a dis-  
tracted Mother and Father about Town.  
Billy — where are you, Billy, I say ? come, Billy, come  
home, to your best of Mothers !  
I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive  
so, they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.  
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch,  
to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,  
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when  
the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.  
O I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine,  
to clap my two longin' eyes on his face.  
For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come  
back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.  
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms,  
and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him !

Lauk ! I never knew what a precious he was — but a  
 child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.  
 Why, there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the young  
 wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin !  
 But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and  
 I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin !

---

### THOSE EVENING BELLS.

“ I'D BE A PARODY.”

THOSE Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,  
 How many a tale their music tells,  
 Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,  
 And letters only just in time ! —

The Muffin-boy has passed away,  
 The Postman gone — and I must pay,  
 For down below Deaf Mary dwells,  
 And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when she is gone,  
 That tuncful peal will still ring on,  
 And other maids with timely yells  
 Forget to stay those Evening Bells.





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 266 378 9

